THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

HOME PUBLISHING CO., WINNIPEG. FEBRUARY, 1912 PRICE TEN CENTS.

New Friends Every Day

Grocers tell us Blue Ribbon Tea makes new friends every day. Customers who bought other tea before now ask for Blue Ribbon. They hear from friends how good it is and decide to try it. And in any case if it is not found fully satisfactory the packet can be returned and the money refunded.

It Is For You To Say

Try Blue Ribbon once. Then it is for you to say if you will use it after that. If you find that it is not superior to the tea you have been using you may take the packet back and your money will be refunded. But we know you will like it.

Blue Ribbon Products are Pure Food Products

Purity in food, so much desired by every housewife, is the absolute standard of Blue Ribbon goods. Buy Blue Ribbon Baking Powder, Coffee, Jelly Powders or Spices. They are all of the same high quality. If you are not satisfied, take back the packet or tin and your money will be refunded.

Be a Bit Curious

You have tried other brands of tea. Now try Blue Ribbon. Only in this way can you find out just how rich, strong and delicious Blue Ribbon is. No other tea compares with it. And if you don't find it superior to other tea, take back the packet—the grocer will refund your money.

It is the Home Tea of the West

There are good reasons why Blue Ribbon is the home tea of the West. It is guaranteed satisfactory. A small amount of Blue Ribbon makes more tea than a much larger quantity of other teas. The superior flavor of Blue Ribbon is noticeable at once. Buy a packet. If you don't find it satisfactory, return the balance to your grocer and he will refund your money.

All are Guaranteed

Whether you buy Blue Ribbon Tea, Blue Ribbon Coffee or Blue Ribbon Baking Powder, our refund offer is just the same. If you are not fully satisfied after a fair trial you may return what is left and receive your money from the grocer. We could not afford to make this general offer if we did not know that Blue Ribbon goods are pure, wholesome and superior to other brands.

BLUE RIBBON, LIMITED

WINNIPEG, MAN.

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One Cube to a Cup.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XIII. **Published Monthly** **No 2**

By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is $1 per annum to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is $1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States $1.25 a year.

REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash or the fractional parts or a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one cent or two cent denomination.

WE ALWAYS STOP THE PAPER at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

WHEN YOU RENEW be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat with our Readers.

Have you ever stopped to think that every one has somewhere a house of dreams?

Even editors have theirs.

Their air-castles cluster around their magazine. They dream always of making it more useful, more forceful, more beautiful.

Especially is this true in the case of the editors of a household magazine.

To them it is not a few sheets of paper peppered with print and pictures. So much of their most earnest effort and thought does it represent, that it seems to them a part of themselves. It is as if they actually dropped in once a month on their subscribers for a neighborly visit.

In their imagination something like this occurs:

"What, Mrs. Jones, wouldn't your currant jelly jell this time? I know just what the trouble is. Now—" But it s all told on page 00.

In another home somebody is wondering how to make over last year's brown dress. Twenty minutes' quiet visit with the magazine will settle that.

"A friend," some one has said, "is a person who thinks more of your interests than of his own."

This, in a nutshell, is the attitude of the editors of the Western Home Monthly toward their subscribers. They want to serve you intelligently, they want to understand your needs.

And so we beg you at the beginning of the New Year for a closer intimacy than has ever before existed between you and us. We want you to write us what features you would like to see in the Western Home Monthly that are not already there. We want to know if what is already there is satisfactory to you in every way, and if not, why?

We know that you are busy housewives and mothers, business women and girls; but surely if there is a very great need in your life which your magazine, the Western Home Monthly, is not now filling, you can find time to write us about it.

We have anticipated your wants in many directions in the past. We hope to do so in mny more directions in the months to come. We realize that chiefly with us lies the task of making, as nearly as possible, a perfect magazine. Yet it rests a bit with you, too.

It is almost fitting to name this page "Our Page and Yours."

Sometimes it will be all yours. Sometimes we'll have it together. Once in a while we'll be selfish and keep it all to ourselves.

That we may not be obliged to do this for long, please send us your letters at once, so that we may publish here your suggestions and ideas and criticisms.

And speaking of criticisms recalls the story of a Sunday-school where there is a Boys' Brigade. The new corporal was told by the captain to criticise a line that was drawn up on the gymnasium floor.

"Tell what you think about them, you know," explained the higher officer.

The youthful corporal glanced them over carefully.

"Sir," he said at last, saluting respectfully and then pointing to a boy, "I think his feet are too big."

Now that's the kind of criticism we implore you not to make. We have faults, but most of them are of the big feet variety and can't be altered. For instance, we can't reduce the magazine to a more convenient shape. We can't print any more fashion pages than those we are now giving. We can't have colored cut-outs for the children just yet.

But for every other kind of suggestion we will, as has been said before, be deeply grateful.

And now may we make a suggestion to you? We introduced last month a department that should be of the greatest value to every woman and girl reader. We urge you to read Bess's column.

In this department will be discussed a problem that confronts every woman tied down with household duties, and also, matters of vital interest to girls and women out in the world.

Thus are we brought, we hope, one step nearer to magazine perfection.

Thus is added one more room to our house of dreams.

For the men folks the Western Home Monthly has its strong departments, such as the Editorial pages, the Philosopher, the Young Man and His Problem by Dr. J. L. Gordon, What the World is Saying and its Fiction pages.

A Kindly Appreciation from a Large English Advertiser.

The Yorkshire Manfg. Company.
Shipley, Yorkshire, Eng.,
December 21st, 1911.

Dear Sirs,—I take the liberty of informing you, that you are the first by word or mail to convey to me the Season's Greetings. May I in return wish you and the staff the very best of health and happiness during the coming year. I received a voucher copy yesterday, it being the 12th received during the year, and it may interest you to know that I have sent eight out of the twelve back across the Atlantic to friends and relations in Canada, several of whom have gone over during the past year, but I can assure you that not one copy has left my hands until I myself have had hours of enjoyment out of its excellent pages. We have few papers over here to equal the W.H.M., none I think better, and as an advertising medium has never yet lost us money. It is the best by far for results of any paper we have yet tried in Canada. I will here conclude with the best of wishes for your health and happiness, and the continued success of your up-to-date magazine.

Albert E. Walton, Proprietor.

Helpful to the Farmer.

December 9th, 1911.

To The Western Home Monthly:

Dear Sirs,—I have been reading your paper for the last two years and I think that for practical hints and suggestions it is "Excelsior" as a farm periodical. Before I came to the City, a year ago, and since I came to this country five years ago, I have been farming both east and west, and I know of several farmers who would have been better off for reading your paper. I still take it, as I intend to go homesteading.

Yours truly,
George J. Pratt, Winnipeg.

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Is good for Growing Girls and Boys—and they like it. It nourishes their little bodies and makes them healthy and strong.

Cowan's Cocoa, as you get it from your grocer, **is absolutely pure.** Its delicious flavor is obtained by the use of the highest grade of Cocoa beans, skilfully blended. Nothing is added to impair the health-building properties of the Cocoa.

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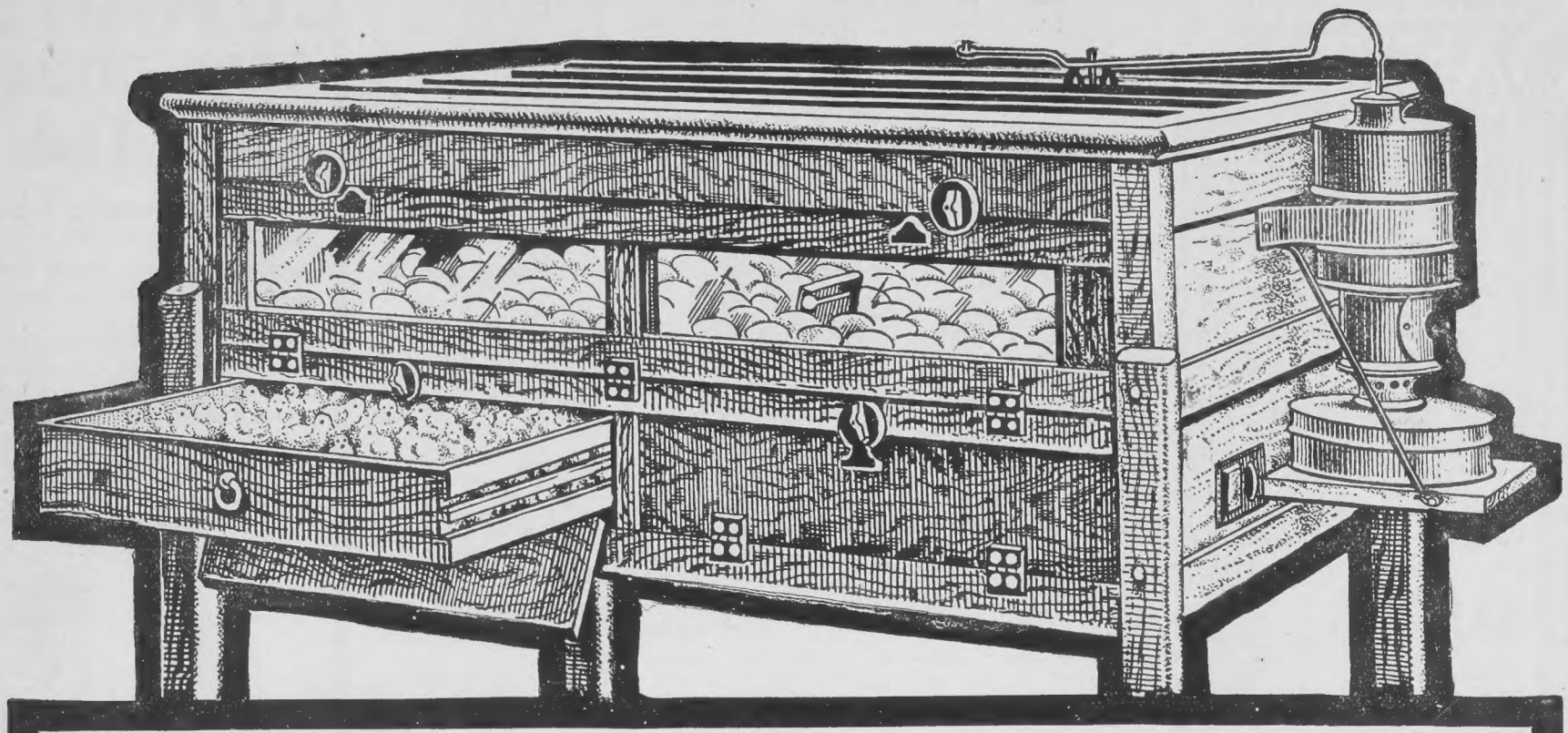
For only 35c you can now make a will as perfectly legal and binding as any lawyer. Not only that but you can make it at home and keep your private affairs to yourself. It is as important to make a will as to take out fire or life insurance. You cannot read the future. In case of your sudden death how would your wife and family be placed? For the small sum of 35c would you wish your heirs to be involved in a series of costly court expenses? This will form has stood the test and is a cast iron legal document which will stand in any court. Any one can fill one out. Full instructions are sent with each form Remember it is registered at Ottawa and cannot be successfully contested. For sale by all druggists and stationers or sent post paid by Bax Will Form Co., 275K College St., Toronto



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ANY farmer can raise "poultry-for-profit" on the same plan and under the same conditions as we do it at the Poultry Yards of Canada, Limited, and make just as big a success as we have made of this, the largest and most profitable poultry farm in the Dominion. You can do it. You can put to work for you The Peerless Way and the Peerless Incubator and double or treble your profits right from your first month. Over 20,846 Canadian poultrymen have proven this. By following our system, they are making their poultry pay them greater profits than they ever dreamed were in the business.

THE book, "When Poultry Pays," tells what hundreds of followers of The Peerless Way have accomplished. It tells why the price of eggs doubled in seven years; it tells about a market that exceeds the supply by 200%—a market you can help supply at constantly rising prices; it tells about a plan that is more than merely a system of poultry raising—a plan that raises poultry **at a profit;** it tells about co-operative marketing—how the highest prices are secured in either large or small quantities; and, by no means least, it tells you exactly how to get started in this field of profits that lies right at your door.

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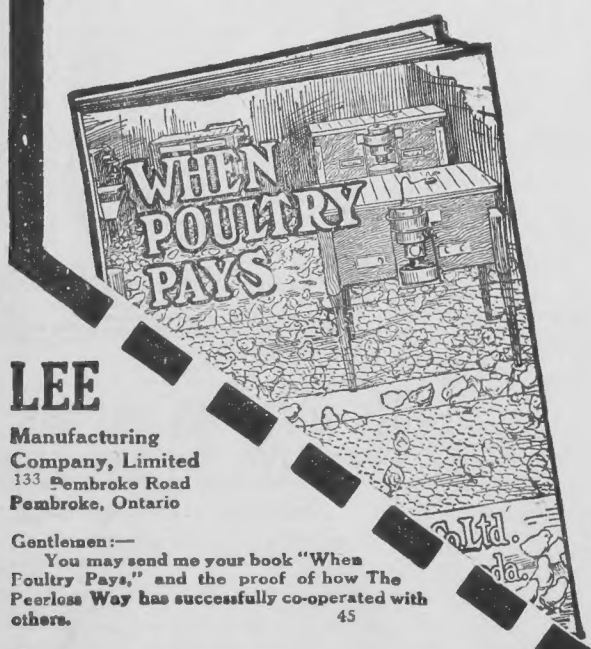

Remember, we will not send you this book unless you ask for it. "When Poultry Pays," illustrated throughout, has cost a good deal of money to produce and you will have to signify by asking that you are interested. Do not send for it with the idea that it offers any "get-rich-quick" plan, however; but if you have just a little money, a fair amount of horse-sense and a willingness to follow the advice of experts and look after your business, you can double your profits from the start. Indeed, if you will work just a little harder, you can treble them. If you want the book

Use the Coupon

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Pembroke, Ontario

Gentlemen:—
You may send me your book "When Poultry Pays," and the proof of how The Peerless Way has successfully co-operated with others. 45

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We Will Show You How To Raise At A Profit.

THE Peerless Way; more than merely a system for raising poultry, will show you how to raise at a profit. Our Poultry Advisory Board sees to it that no followers of our methods ever fail. They give advice, counsel and detailed instructions in every step—from starting to marketing. Our 20,846 successful followers can testify to this—and many of them do so in our book.

We Will Show You How To Get Better Prices.

THIS alone is a valuable part of the service included in The Peerless Way. We guarantee to find, for all your poultry products, buyers who will pay you the highest spot-cash prices and who will charge you no commission for the service either. You do not need to be dependent upon the middleman and cold-storage buyer when you understand co-operative marketing. You do not need to give away part of your profits; the last few cents on every deal is your own "velvet"—and goes into your own bank-account.

We Will Show You The Best Way to Start

YOUR start is important; without experience or guidance, you can badly handicap yourself in the beginning. It may take years to overcome a bad start. The Peerless Way will put your first step on the right road to success, will show you the incubator and brooder that meets the climatic conditions of Canada's cold winters, and will furnish you with plans, blue-prints and complete specifications of poultry houses, etc., that are actually being successfully used today in Pembroke at the Poultry Yards of Canada, Limited.

You Can Learn At Home Or Come To Pembroke—As You Prefer.

THE Peerless Way, combined with the free, personal advice of our Poultry Advisory Board, will make poultry raising profitable for you. If you will take the Peerless Incubator and Brooder and just follow the plain, explicit directions of The Peerless Way, step by step, you cannot go astray. Or if you prefer it, you can come to Pembroke and, on payment of a small tuition fee, take a course of personal instruction at the Poultry Yards of Canada, Limited. But don't think you have to do that to make a success—for you don't.

Consult Our Poultry Advisory Board.

GET a Peerless Incubator and follow the instructions of our Poultry Advisory Board as outlined in The Peerless Way. Or, in special cases, consult them by mail free. You can't fail to increase your profits. If you are interested in greater profits from poultry, send for our book—NOW.

LEE Manufacturing Co. Ltd. 133 Pembroke Rd. **PEMBROKE** ONTARIO CANADA

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If He Were Your Boy.

He was born and bred in a Canadian village. His father was one of the wealthiest men in the community. He made his wealth through close attention to business, and because his business occupied his attention so fully, he neglected the duties of home. The responsibility of managing the family was placed upon the mother of the flock, and as she had many household cares, limited physical energy and perhaps less energy of will, the children were allowed to grow up pretty much as they pleased. At the age of ten the young lad began to go to school irregularly. At twelve he was leader of a gang that spent the evenings on the streets without supervision. At fourteen he was considered unmanageable and his parents sent him to a residential school. At sixteen he was withdrawn to enter business and shift for himself. It was right here that the trouble began. All his life he had been accustomed to luxury. To express a wish was to have it gratified. So with expensive habits in dress, food, and luxury, he found that his slender salary was insufficient. And his father was determined not to aid him. The result is that at seventeen he forged a note and the responsibility of the siguature was easily traced to him. Now he is serving a sentence of two years in one of our penitentiaries.

HIS COMPANIONS

Who are his companions in confinement? Let us look at a few of them as they are working at that long stone wall which surrounds their prison. This first is a man of fifty. He is imprisoned for life. He was proven guilty of manslaughter and of burglary. Certainly there is nothing attractive in his appearance. His furtive glances and his wrinkled brow declare that if he could he would commit even greater crimes than are already charged to his account. Next to him is a wife-beater, a man who also cruelly beat his children and his dog—a veritable brute. Surely he is not a fit companion for a boy of seventeen, but he is placed next him on the wall. Then comes one whose home was in Central Europe. He drank too much at a wedding feast. He became a participant in the quarrel which followed. When the shouting died a motionless form was found in the yard and a man with an unpronounceable name was being taken into custody. And so we pass along the row of workers and we find bigamist, thief, incendiary, train wrecker—all men well up in years. In the centre of the gang is the boy of seventeen—guilty of wrong-doing without doubt—but who will say that he should be working out his sentence under such conditions? What would you say if he were your boy? In the long run that is one of the best ways to answer a question—to apply it personally.

HIS OUTLOOK.

The most serious feature of this young man's imprisonment, however, is not that he is associated with hardened and frequent offenders but it is this—that during his whole term of confinement there is nothing enters his life to give him hope or courage or an upward look. He knows that he is for all time an outcast from society. The future offers him nothing. Therefore he is becoming harder and more rebellious. Though he may have been an unworthy member of society on entering the prison, he will be more unworthy and vastly more dangerous when he is liberated. So that again it is in order to ask: What would you say if he were your boy?

THE EFFECT UPON SOCIETY.

It is sometimes said that punishment by imprisonment is necessary for three reasons: It protects society; it deters others from crime; it improves the offenders. It needs no comment to prove the hallowness of the claim in this case. The young man will not come back improved. If owing to faulty home training he erred, he still had a genial disposition and was generous and kind. He will return bitter and cruel. He was learning a useful business and would have been proficient in his calling, but on his return he will have nothing which will fit him to take up a man's work among men. Moreover he knows, and you know, and all society knows, that his parents are more to blame than he was, and that there are thousands who are greater sinners against the good customs of society and who yet are enjoying the sunshine of freedom. Because of this, his punishment does not deter others from crime. It may make people a little more careful in the selection of crime, and that is all. Even although we grant that punishment for such offences is necessary, we must conclude that the punishment in this case is not suitable to the offence. That it is not fair to the unfortunate young man to surround him with seasoned criminals; that it is unjust to send him back into society without ability to enter a useful calling. What would you say if this were your own boy?

WHEN PREVENTION AVAILS.

This would be a very insipid world if it were not full of temptation, but where temptation is there must be some crime. The two grave duties that face us are to lessen crime through prevention, and to deal wisely with it when prevention has not been possible. It is evident to everybody that prevention is better than cure. "Better a fence at the top of the cliff than an ambulance down in the valley." Therefore, schools are more important than prisons; teachers and preachers are more useful than judges and juries. Careful public supervision of playgrounds, bill-boards, picture-shows, and book-shops, is of more account than the maintenance of a police force. Our homes should be places of happy and helpful experience; our schools should in word and in deed stand for morality. Economic reform is also of preventive importance. Men provided with and trained for well-paid labor under healthy conditions and with proper hours are not likely to develop crime. It is the sense of injustice in industrial and economic conditions, that so often goads or leads men to crime. When men see or read of millions made by speculation, at corporations laughing at or ignoring the country's laws, of public graft and private greed, they come to feel that moral laws have little efficacy, and the man who can not steal a railroad will break a railroad's bank. Cheap justice is one of our needs in preventing crime.

WHEN PUNISHMENT IS NECESSARY.

But when crime has been committed what then? Surely the first duty is to consider the effect upon society and upon the individual who has transgressed. Just as a parent frequently forgives his erring child, so society may forgive those who have violated its laws. When forgiveness seems to be unwise, separation is necessary. Hence our jails and other places of confinement. Now, just as the wise parent in inflicting punishment upon his children, makes the penalty suitable to the offence and the offender, so the state, through its courts should mete out its punishments in such a manner that not only the gravity of the offence but the age, sex, physical and social condition of the wrong-doer should be recognized. A court for men, and a juvenile court. A place of detention for hardened criminals perhaps such as was pictured in the opening paragraph, but a reformatory for those who are still young and who may be trained to useful service. A boy's prison should be a school. In it he should be taught morality through practice, and he should learn how to work at some useful calling. He should be separated from society, not chiefly in order to be punished, but in order to be educated for good citizenship.

THE JUVENILE COURT.

The juvenile court has come to stay. The judge should be one who knows boys and can sympathize with their frailties. Down in one of the American cities some boys were brought before a judge for vandalism and for trespassing on private property. After a confession of their wrong-doing, during which the judge ascertained that the boys had no place in which to play unless they trespassed, he asked the gang to go out and find some vacant place which in their opinion would be suitable for play. They returned in twenty minutes with a very definite proposition. Then the judge dismissed the boys and began an agitation which ended in the purchase of the very grounds the boys had selected. And so vandalism and trespassing ceased. The boys retained their boyhood and the city regained its happiness. All of which is to say that for some boyish crimes it is not punishment of the boys that is necessary but a little Christian justice on the part of the older people.

THE FARM HOME.

All crimes are not of the kind just mentioned. There are real reprobates among boys. Then let us send them to a reformatory where they may have something of use. Call it not a prison, or even a reformatory, but a continuation school or something of the kind, so that the name jail-bird may not forever curse the young unfortunates. Let us make their school a place of real education. Let there be book-learning, of course, but a very little of it will do. Physical training, work with the hands, in the shop and in the fields—regular hours, plain food, fresh air, and above all a body of directors who know boys—who are humane and yet not to be imposed upon—these are some of the things that the state must provide. Would you not wish it to be so if your boy had committed the crime?

THE FOSTER PARENT.

Parents, you do not always perform your duty; because you are unwise, unwilling, or unable your boy slips into sin and wrong. It is not right that he should be put under a foster parent for a time to learn how to act the part of citizen and gentleman? That is after all the meaning of the reformatory or continuation school. Will you help the agitation to secure such in every province of this Dominion? The farm home, in which are taught not only farming but many useful callings, will save many a young man from a life of crime. It will create a sense of personal worth, and will develop skill and capacity, and will restore to society those who had made a bad start, but who will do better on a second trial. Somehow we all feel that every fellow is entitled to a second chance. How would it be in the case of your own boy?

YUSSOUF.

A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent,
Saying, "Behold one outcast and in dread,
Against whose life the bow of power is bent,
Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head;
I come to thee for shelter and for food,
To Yussouf, called through all our tribes 'The Good.'"

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but no more
Than it is God's; come in and be at peace;
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store,
As I of His who buildeth over these
Our tents his glorious roof of night and day,
And at whose door none ever yet heard nay."

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
And, waking him ere day, said, "Here is gold;
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight;
Depart before the prying day grows bold."
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness,

That inward light the stranger's face made grand
Which shines from all self-conquest. Kneeling low,
He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand.
Sobbing, "O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so;
I will repay thee: all this thou hast done
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son

"Take thrice the gold." said Yussouf; for with thee
Into the dessert, never to return,
My one black thought shall ride away from me.
First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,
Balanced and just are all of God's decrees;
Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace!"

—James Russell Lowell.

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Dinner Napkins, ⅝×⅝ yd. $1.42 doz. Tablecloths, 2½×3 yds., $1.42 ea. Linen Sheets, $3.24 pair. Linen Pillow Cases, frilled, .33c each. Linen Huckaback Towels, $1.08 doz. Glass Cloths, $1.18 doz. Kitchen Towels, $1.32 doz.

Embroidered Linen.

Afternoon Teacloths, from .90c ea. Sideboard Cloths from .90c ea. Cushion Covers from .48c ea. Bedspreads for double beds, from $3.30 ea. Linen Robes, unmade, from $3.00 each.

Dress Linen.

White Dress Linen, 44in. wide, soft finish, .48c yard. Coloured Linen, 44 in. wide, 50 shades, .48c yard. Heavy Canvas Linen, in colours, 48 in. wide, 42c yard.

Handkerchiefs.

Ladies' All Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, ⅛ & ¼ in. hems, .84c doz. Ladies' Linen Handkerchiefs, hemstitched with drawn thread border, $1.08 doz. Gent's Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, ½ in. hem, $1.66 doz.

Underclothing & Laces.

Ladies' Nightdresses from .94c ea. Chemises trimmed embroidery, .56c ea. Combinations, $1.08 each. Bridal Trousseaux, $32.04. Layettes, $1.00. Irish Lace goods direct from workers at very moderate prices.

Collars & Shirts.

Gentlemen's Collars, made from our own linen, from $1.18 doz. Dress Shirts, "Matchless" quality, $1.42 each. Zephyr, Oxford, and Flannel Shirts, with soft or stiff cuffs and soft fronts, at manufacturers' prices.

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—made quick as lightning!—and with all the flavour, fragrance, and richness of the finest coffee.

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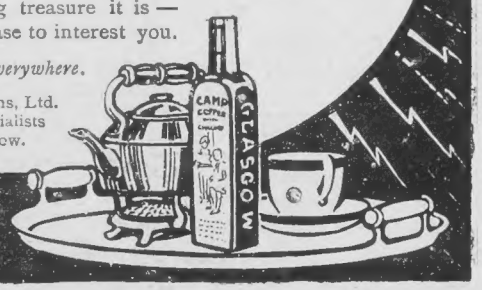

The Pickle Season is now on.

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From Great Slave Lake to the Atlantic.

Past and Present Water Routes into the Mackenzie. By Isaac Cowie, Winnipeg.

Introduction.

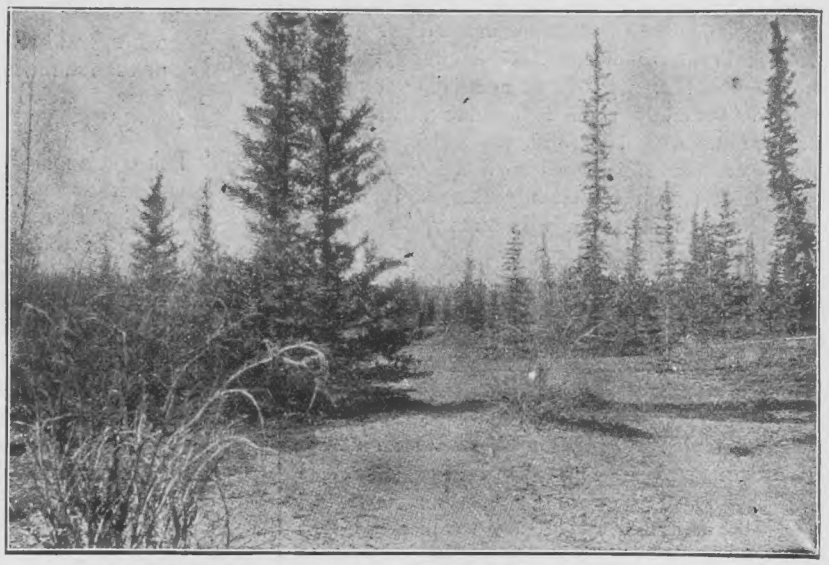
THIRTY years ago I was in charge of the Hudson's Bay Company's northern transport across the 12 mile Portage La Loche, which is the height of land between the utilized waterways flowing on the one side down the Churchill to Hudson's Bay and on the other side those going down the Athabasca and the Mackenzie to the Arctic Ocean.

The transport was conducted by "York" boats, rowed or towed by crews of eight men and carrying from 3 to 3½ tons of cargo. This cargo was made up in packages of from 90 to 100 lbs., two of which were carried at a time by each of the crew over the numerous portages. Often the boats, too, had to be dragged across these by the main strength of the crews. Had the magnificently spirited and muscular voyageurs not gloried in their strength and power of enduring every toil and privation of the wilderness, men could never have submitted to the terrible toil of towing the boats upstream and carrying at a trot,, meanwhile vying with each other, their big burdens across the portages, of which the twelve miles across La Loche was the longest.

Originally the boat route started at York Factory, on Hudson's Bay, crossed Lake Winnipeg, ascended the Saskatchewan to Cumberland, crossed thence to the Upper Churchill, and continued by Ile a la Crosse to Portage La Loche. There were about eighty portages on this route, thirty being below Lake Winnipeg. In the seventies advantage was taken of the increased facilities between Fort Garry and St. Paul, Minnesota, and later of the steamboats on the Saskatchewan, York Factory having ceased to be the terminal. The goods landed at Carlton by the steamers were carted over to Green Lake, a feeder of the Upper Churchill, and thence by boat to Ile a la Crosse and on to the La Loche. Finally, in 1881, machinery for the construction of a steamboat—"Grahame"—on the lower Athabasca was brought via Edmonton down the Athabasca, and in 1887 the Portage La Loche route was abandoned for that by Edmonton.

While these very greatly increased facilities were coming into use south of "the Long Portage" — La Loche — increasing difficulties in manning the boats north of the divide, in Athabasca and Mackenzie River, became so great that in spite of the traditional policy of the Company to adhere to the cruder means of carriage, it became imperative to introduce steamboats on the secluded waterways of the north. But this step was delayed for several years by the opposition, in Council, of the Chief Factors of southern districts, already provided with more or less modern means of transport, who deprecated any demonstration of the splendid capacity for steam navigation provided by the mighty rivers of the last refuge of the monopoly of the fur trade in Athabasca and Mackenzie River districts.

Until steamboats were at length placed on the northern waters, we were obliged to resort to every device to meet the constantly increasing difficulties of handling bigger outfits with a diminishing supply of men and means. In these circumstances I urged upon the Chief Factors af Athabasca and Mackenzie River districts, Messrs. MacFarlane and Campbell, the examination of what appeared to be, on some maps, a possible fur traders' boat and portage route from Great Slave Lake to the head of the Chesterfield Inlet of Hudson's Bay. The suggestion was not acted upon, just as that made by Mr. MacFarlane many years before, while he was a junior officer, to bring the MacKenzie River outfit to the mouth of that river on ocean vessels via Bering Straits.



Deer Trails at Fort Reliance, May 8th.

So it came about that the Hudson's Bay Company lost the honor and credit of discovering—perhaps rediscovering—the route explored by Mr. Hanbury, and found by him to be "absurdly easy," which is described in this article. Naturally I read of his achievement, and that of Mr. J. W. Tyrrell which followed, with the greatest interest. While the general reader cannot feel the same personal — I might say professional—interest as I do in the good fur traders' route offered by their explorations, all who love sport and travel in hitherto unknown regions will read with pleasure the modest narratives of these two courageous and adventurous travellers.

Moreover the recent announcement of the early extension of the boundaries of Manitoba northwards has created unusual interest in the regions beyond, and this, together with the perennial public attention directed to any advantage to be derived from the utilization of the Hudson's Bay route may render the descriptions herein published acceptable to a wider circle of readers.

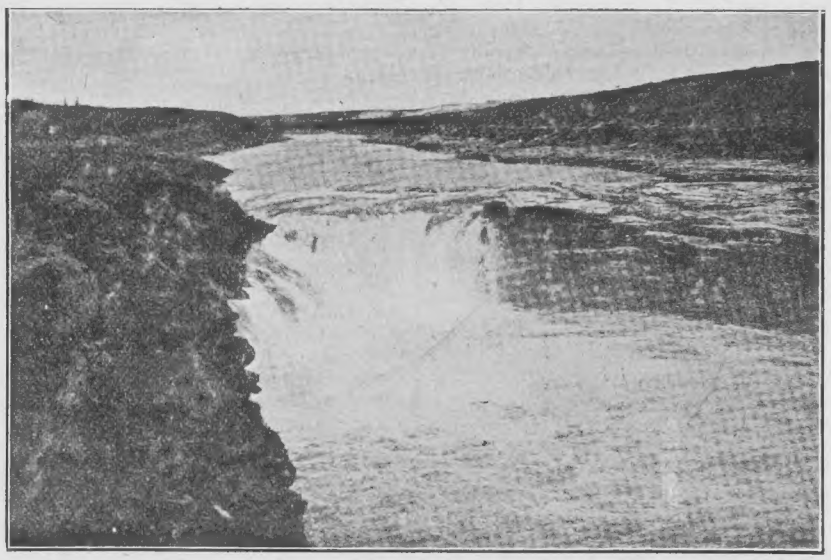
* * * * *

From Hudson's Bay to the Mackenzie Basin.

The importance to the prairie pro-

vinces of the outlet and inlet of Hudson's Bay to and from Britain has rather overshadowed other advantages which will follow upon the opening of the bay to commerce. It was generally thought that the eastern maritime provinces had nothing directly to gain by the Hudson's Bay route until at the time of Lord Grey's summer voyage through it, it was pointed out that the coal of Nova Scotia would find thereby cheap transport to Western Canada. Ontario also, with her northern boundary on the southern portion of the bay, is interested in its development, and anxious to obtain a good seaport on it. But it may not be generally known that in 1898, when every possible and impossible means of access to the Yukon were being discussed, there was projected by a Mr. Harvey, C.E., of Toronto, a "Central Canadian Waterways Transit System," which proposed building a railway from Missinabie, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, to Moose Factory on Hudson's Bay, placing steamboats to run from Moose across the bay to Chesterfield Inlet, and constructing a railway from the head of navigation of the inlet to the eastern shore of Great Slave Lake. From the great lake, steamers were run down the Mackenzie to Peel's River, thence a short railway was to be run across the divide to the eastern branch of the Yukon.

At that time the only part of the route which was unknown was the



Helen Falls—60 feet—Hanbury River

Divide between the mouth of the Doobaunt River and Clinton Golden Lake, which send their waters respectively to Chesterfield Inlet and Great Slave Lake During the years 1893 and 1894 the Doobaunt had been explored to the sea by the famous travellers J. B. and J. W. Tyrrell as is told in the interesting volume, "Through the Sub-Arctics of Canada;" and in April, 1898, Mr. J. W. Tyrrell delivered an able address at the Canadian Institute, Toronto, on the navigable waterways of the interior of Canada, from which this extract is made:—

None of the rivers running into Hudson's Bay present specially favorable features as commercially valuable waterways, but . . . Chesterfield Inlet . . . Extending westerly from the northwest corner of the bay it seems like an arm stretched out to grasp one from the Mackenzie basin projecting eastward to meet it in the contours of Great Slave and Clinton Golden Lakes with a large river known as the Telzoa winding between them. Chesterfield Inlet is wide and deep, and extends westerly from the bay 140 miles, communicating by two narrow but deep channels with Baker Lake, which extends 70 miles further west, but is unaffected by tides like the inlet, and its water is fresh, being fed by several big rivers, one of which, the Doobaunt, the Tyrrells explored for 600 miles. Ascending from Baker Lake for 30 miles, by a deep channel, two slight rapids occur, and beyond these the navigation is unobstructed for 120 miles to Beverley Lake, into which the Doobaunt falls from the south and the large river unexplored in 1893, empties from the west.

The River Unexplored in 1893.

Of this large river, the outlet of which was observed by the Tyrrells in 1893, Mr. Tyrrell said in his address, it is a stream that is destined to become an important factor in the establishment of a through route from Hudson's Bay to the Mackenzie River, insomuch as it not only tends to form a water connection between the two great systems, but its valley affords an inestimable boon for that district, in the shape of a timber supply. This was clearly proven by the quantity of well preserved drift timber (at the mouth), none of which had come down the Doobaunt. To what extent this river may afford navigable facilities it is impossible to state, but judging by the well-preserved condition of bark on its driftwood it is pretty certain that few, if any, rapids occur between the forks and the forest area. At any rate the distance in an air line from the Forks of the Telzoa to the waters of Clinton Golden Lake cannot be more than 120 miles.

Explored by Hanbury in 1899.

The probability of the existence of a route for "York" boats between Chesterfield Inlet and Great Slave Lake was mentioned by Admiral Sir George Back in his account of his discovery of the Great Fish River in 1834, but the honor of proving its actual existence was reserved for a private English gentleman with a taste for travel and sport in wild countries, Mr. David T. Hanbury, F.R.G.S., who gives a modest account of his journey in the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society of July, 1900.

Going in by Winnipeg to Churchill, Mr. Hanbury reached the head of ocean navigation at the west end of Baker Lake, on 19th July, 1899. Thence ascending the Telzoa River and passing through the lakes named Schultz and Aberdeen by Tyrrell, by canoe and kyak, and often assisted by Esquimaux, his party hunted their way through "a land of plenty, flowing with fish, deer and small game." The mouth of the Doobaunt River was passed, and he entered the driftwood bearing stream above mentioned by Tyrrell, now named by Hanbury the "Ark-e-leenik," which is presumably the name by which it is known to the Esquimaux.

(Here it is necessary to explain the various names given this stream before it was explored and mapped by Hanbury in 1899 and Tyrell in 1900. Its existence under the Chippewyan name of "Teh-lon-diseth" was reported by an Indian to Captain Back, when on his Arctic Epedition of 1833-5; Hearne, 1769-72, also heard of it, and both concluded that it ran into Chesterfield Inlet. In Mr. J. W. Tyrrell's report to the Surveyor-General, 1901, and on his maps, he has adopted the name "Thelon" for the main stream, giving its western headwater branch the name "Hanbury," "after," he says, "the first white man

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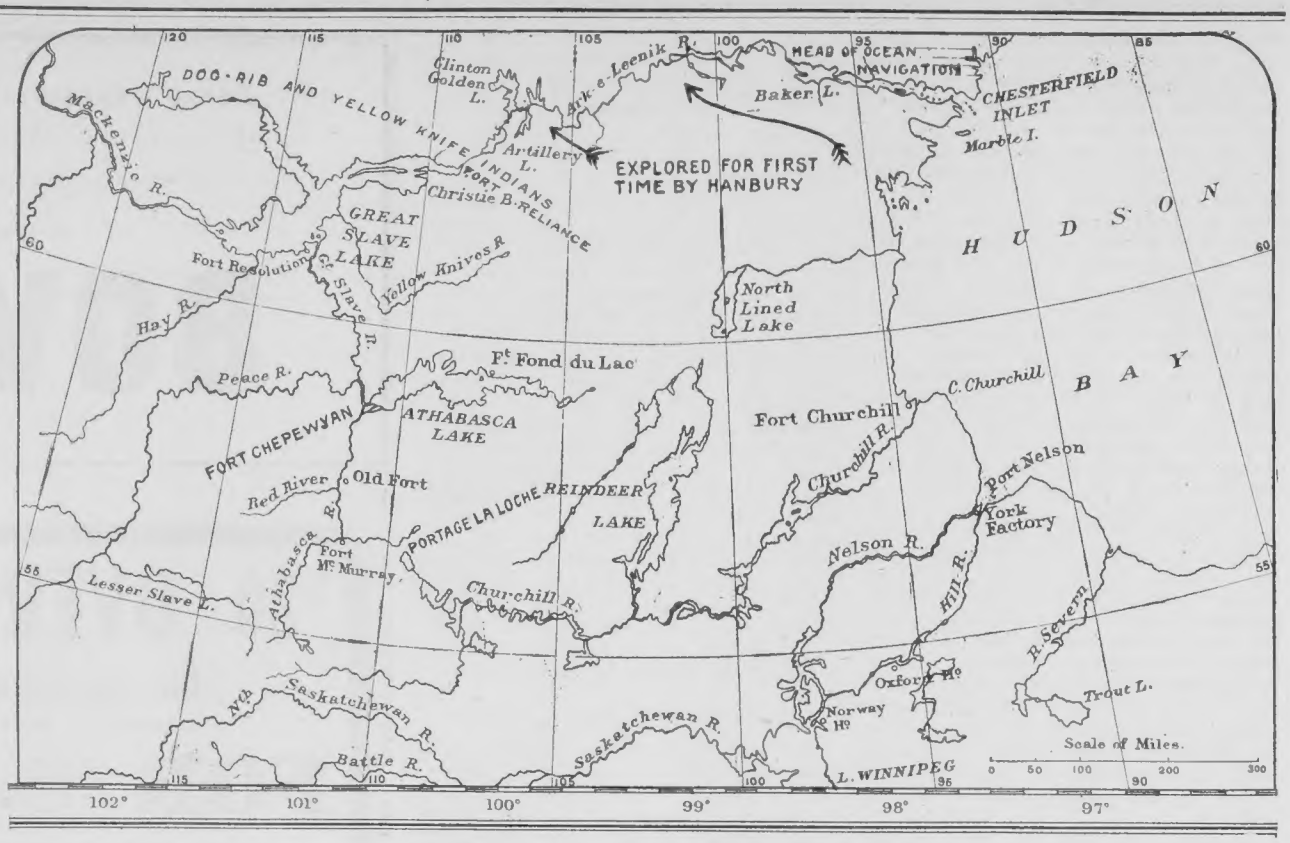

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to ascend it." It is curious that this name and the eight words just quoted are the only indications of Hanbury's exploration given in Tyrrell's otherwise very full report of prior discoveries connected with the region under review. While the Esquimaux "Ark-e-leenik" remains the name given by its first white discoverer on the map of the Royal Geographical Society in London, the Indian name "Thelon" will be that retained on all Canadian official maps.)

Route is Absurdly Easy.

Hanbury now entered an unexplored country, on a journey which he describes as "absurdly easy." He says: "The main branch of the 'Ark-e-leenik' was explored for a distance of 182 miles, and the western branch of it for 116 miles. The divide between the waters of the Hudson's Bay and Great Slave Lake, was crossed at an altitude of 1,394 feet, a short distance beyond which we reached Clinton Golden Lake, and our journey of exploration was safely accomplished.

"The 'Ark-e-leenik is a fine, large river—having an even, steady current of 4 or 5 miles an hour. The main stream is, without any interruption, navigable for a steamer of considerable draught nearly the whole way."

"A Musk Ox Sanctuary."

Musk ox were met in large numbers along the river. As the Esquimaux do not hunt so far west nor the Indians so far east, "there is a stretch of country about 80 miles in extent which is sacred to the musk ox," where they were tame and exhibited no fear of man, only curiosity.

"Other Game Abounds."

Fish and deer were plentiful, and moose and black bear were found on the main stream. With these and geese, ducks, ptarmigan and hare the party lived in abundance.

Homeward Bound.

"From Clinton Golden Lake to Fond du Lac on Great Slave Lake, the geography of the country is well known, if not very accurately surveyed. The river flowing from Artillery Lake to Great Slave Lake is only possible for canoes the first 5 miles or so, beyond which distance the river descends, torrent fashion, through a deep precipitous chasm, to Great Slave Lake." On this river Hanbury's canoe capsized, and he lost all his outfit and collections, but the canoe and a box containing note books were fortunately recovered. For six days after this disaster they subsisted solely on berries until, falling in with Indians, they procured sufficient dried venison to take them to Fort Resolution, which they reached on 25th September. They landed near Fort McMurray on the Athabasca on 17th October, and thence the journey to Edmonton was accomplished by dog train.

Esquimaux.

Esquimaux who had never seen white men before, were met on the "Ark-e-leenik, and, like all others, were quite friendly. They had come from the Arctic Coast for wood for implements, and told him of deposits of native copper there, from which their spears, arrowheads, needles, etc., were all beaten out. Mr. Hanbury, a few years afterwards, made another journey to these Esquimaux, lived and travelled with them during the winter, and going westward along the Arctic Coast, reached Great Bear Lake by canoe, and returned to civilization by the Mackenzie River recording his journey in a most interesting book.

Tyrrell's Exploratory Survey of Thelon River in 1900.

Mr. J. W. Tyrrell's report of this survey is published in the blue book of the Department of the Interior, 1902. Accompanied by Mr. C. C. Fairchild, O.L.S., and Archdeacon Lofthouse, who had been a missionary to the Esquimaux at Churchill, as assistants, Mr. Tyrrell, D.L.S., started on 31st January, 1900, for the west. They engaged two Red River voyageurs at St. Peters, Robert Bear and John Kipling, and were joined by three Iroquois at Edmonton, whence they proceeded by horse teams to Lac La Biche. From Lac La Biche they travelled by dog train to Fort Resolution on Great Slave Lake, arriving there on 1st April. With great difficulty the outfit, which had been shipped to Resolution during the previous summer, was at length rendered by dogtrain at the east end of the lake on the 9th of May, where the surveys were to commence at the ruins of old Fort Reliance, Captain Back's winter quarters in 1833-35.

The site of Fort Reliance is on the beautiful Charlton Harbor, "on one of the loveliest spots," says Tyrrell, "I have ever seen in the north, on a lovely green terrace 20 feet above the harbor and 200 feet from the shore. Back of the buildings the land rises in regular and beautiful terraces to a considerable elevation. These are thinly wooded with young white spruce trees, between which, in many places, the ground is covered with cranberries and blueberries. One of the most striking features of this lovely natural park is the occurrence of broad, winding well-beaten roadways, leading from nowhere to nowhere, formed only by innumerable tracks of the caribou, occasionally followed by that of a prowling timber wolf."

Discarding the difficult and laborious

route of Captain Back by the Lockhart River to Artillery Lake, Tyrrell employed his voyageurs in transporting the outfit over the chain of lakes portage route used by Mr. Warburton Pike in 1890, these small lakes covering three-quarters of the twenty-four mile portage. Meanwhile the surveyors were occupied in surveying Charlton Harbor and the Lockhart River. The Lockhart "having in its length of 24 miles a total fall of 668 feet. If not of use for purposes of navigation, however, it may some day prove none the less valuable for the generation of electric power, to be utilized in the development of the district, or in conducting traffic through it. As a town site, no place could be more beautifully or advantageously situated than the level park-like terraces at Fort Reliance."

The Height of Land.

The party, with outfit, reached Artillery Lake on 26th May, finding the ice decomposing, with much open water along the shores. They went on with the surveys, and transported the supplies over the ice, with the occasional use of canoes, till the 8th of June, when they camped at the most northerly grove of timber on the east shore of the lake, to wait till the ice cleared away. They had met a Chippewyan Indian, named "Pierre Fort Smith," who gave them much general information, as well as drawing a map of Artillery Lake and the Thelon River, which Mr. Tyrrell considered better than that published in Captain Back's book, wherein

South extremity Artillery Lake, Sept. 10th.

the Teh-lon is described by Indians to be "a broad and noble stream, decorated on either bank by tall pine and birch, and flowing with uninterrupted tranquillity to its journey's end." Back was urged by the Indians to cross the portage to this fine river, rather than proceed down the Great Fish River, as he did, to the Arctic Sea. But he seems to have concluded that the Thelon flowed into Hudson's Bay and therefore useless for the purpose of his expedition in search of the expedition of Sir John Ross. But the indications of the existence of the Teh-lon on the old maps are derived from the information given by the Indians to Back.

On the 26th June the expedition found the portage of 100 yards from Clinton Golden Lake running eastwards towards The Height of Land, moss-grown fragments of tepe poles indicating it had been travelled by Indians in past times. One and a half miles from the portage out of Clinton Golden Lake another of 300 yards took them across the divide. The elevation above the sea at the divide was only 1,234 feet and 406 feet above Artillery Lake. Descending, Tyrrell named the first three Lakes crossed Deville, Smart and Sifton.

A Musk Ox Hunt.

While windbound on Sifton Lake on the 27th June, in that land of daylight at night, Mr. Tyrrell spied, at 10 p.m., a band of 15 musk oxen feeding about a mile from camp. Procuring two modern rifles, with "soft-nosed" ammunition, Messrs. Tyrrell and Fairchild set off in a canoe with two Indians on the midnight hunt. Landing and creeping up the bank, "there we lay for some minutes in silent admiration witnin 60 yards of the foremost brute, in order to gain breath and steady our nerves, which being accomplished, and the two largest bulls selected, at a given word, we both fired.

"They were all taken by surprise, and at once were stricken with panic, and yet they had not located their source of danger, and knew not which way to flee. The ensuing ten minutes were assuredly most interesting around 'Musk Ox Hill.' Although our rifles were the most modern and very powerful, one 'soft-nose' was by no means sufficient to bring the bulls to earth. We had to spring to our feet and defend ourselves from the charge of several of the infuriated band, which, was, however, soon despatched before our deadly missiles. One of the large bulls killed was found upon examination to carry six mortal wounds, and three holes through his heart, all of which he had received before falling. Such was found to be the tenacity of these noble beasts.

"The whole night had passed without thought of sleep, but we had had a successful hunt, and were now well stocked with fresh meat. On the summit of "Musk Ox Hill"—seventy feet in height—a great cairn of rocks was built and the geographical position of the spot determined. About one mile east of the hill, a few small scrubby spruce trees were observed — the first seen since leaving Artillery Lake."

Down the Hanbury River.

From Sifton Lake the course zig-zagged S.E., N.E., and E., through a succession of small lakes down stream to Lac du Bois, so named from a few scattered spruce on its shores. It discharges by a wild rapid of 45 feet fall into a little lake, the discharging stream from which was given the name of the first white man who ascended it, David T. Hanbury. The route down stream was through lakes and rapids, the general character being a fine canoe route, with a mean volocity of 3½ miles an hour, to White Sandy Lake. The wildest section of the Hanbury begins a mile below this lake, with a beautiful fall of 50 feet named Macdonald. Thence the river rushes for three miles through "Dickson's" canyon, and falls 200 feet. The scenery of this canyon is the wildest and grandest on the whole route. A mile below the canyon "Ford's" Fall, of 60 feet, occurs, followed nine miles on by another beautiful fall of 60 feet—"Helen's"—a short distance below which another fall of 10 feet completes the list on the Hanbury River, which, after a fine, smooth run of eight miles, then joins the Thelon River.

Distance from Fort Reliance to Thelon Forks.

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course determined by astronomical observations 87 miles. From Fort Reliance (on Great Slave Lake) to the junction of Hanbury and Thelon Rivers the straight line distance is 150 miles, and by our route 280 miles. The elevation of Great Slave Lake 520 feet, that of Thelon Forks 530 feet above the sea. Nothing of a mountainous character was found in the "Divide" country, the greatest elevation to be crossed was The Height of Land, distant 115 miles from Great Slave Lake and 714 feet above it. The intervening country is composed of bare, rocky hills and stony low lands and lakes of great variety of forms and size."

Portages from Slave Lake to Thelon.

There are between Great Slave Lake and The Height of Land, in all 12 portages, aggregating 6 miles, longest 3¾ miles and shortest 100 yards, average ½ mile.

Between Height of Land and Thelon Forks 15 portages, 5¾ miles in all, the longest 2 miles and shortest 50 yards, average 676 yards.

Total, 27 portages, 11¾ miles.

Aspect of the Country.

"About the many likes forming the head waters of the Hanbury River the country was of a very barren appearance, with scarcely a growing tree till Lac du Bois was reached. Thence to the canyon occasional groves of small spruce had been met with along the river bank. Towards the foot of the canyon the formation changes (from gneiss) to a soft, white coarse grained sandstone. . . . With the change of rock a well marked change in the character of the country and its vegetation was noted. . . . The country assumed a more verdant appearance. Broad, grassy lowlands, affording luxuriant feeding grounds for musk oxen, began to make their appearance, whilst the occurrence of trees became more common. Many new variations of flowering plants were also collected below the canyon for the first time.

"In regard to game on the Hanbury River and headwater lakes, comparatively little was met with, excepting about twenty musk oxen, and a few broods of young geese. The deer had all preceded us to the northward, only an occasional straggler, which had been unable to keep up with the herd, remaining."

Down the Thelon River.

"This fine stream was reached by us on July 7, about mid-summer. No snow or ice was anywhere to be seen, and the river had apparently fallen somewhere near low watermark.

"Opposite the first grove of spruce, about two miles below the junction of the Hanbury River, where we made camp, some measurements of the Thelon were made, from which the volume of flow at the time was found to be over 50,000 cubic feet per second. The width of the stream measured 1,227 feet, depth of channels 5 feet, and velocity three and one-third miles an hour. These measurements being taken near the forks show a less depth, but greater width than exists at most parts.

"Eight miles farther down the stream soundings were taken, showing a depth of fourteen feet mid-channel. At this point well-grown spruce trees were plentiful on both banks.

"About twelve miles below the forks the channel became greatly contracted, and when descending the river has the appearance from a distance of being quite obstructed by bluffs of sandstone, 400 feet in height. Upon nearer approach, however, a gap is observed through which the river passes without falls or rapids, contrary to one's expectations. The 'gap' being passed, the river at once widens out beyond its usual width, and is confined by low sandy banks

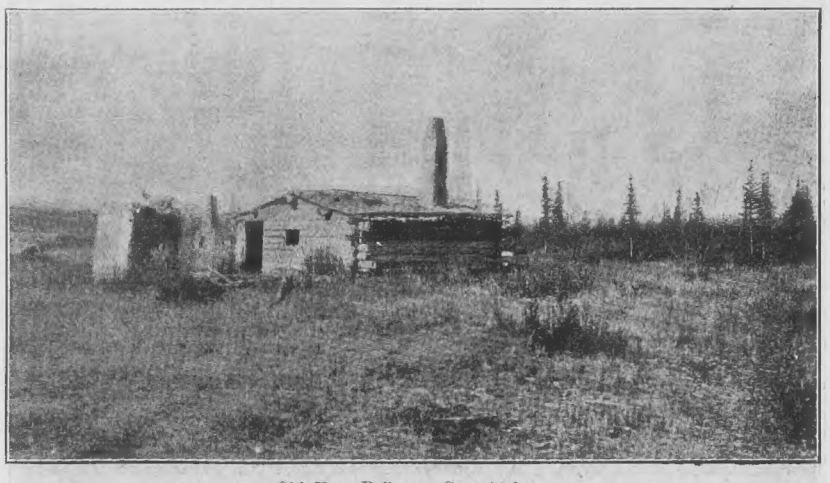
"Three miles below the 'gap' the stream is divided during high water by a large, low island, which I have named 'Grassy Island,' because of the rank growth of grass covering it upon which musk oxen were observed to be feeding. At times of low water the western channel is almost or entirely dry. Soundings at several places showed eleven and twelve feet of water in the channel, but at other places sand-bars were found to exist where the water was not more than three feet in depth.

"About thirty and thirty-two miles below the forks two slight rapids occur where ridges of rock project into the stream, but they are so slight as not to seriously interfere with navigation of the river, either by canoes or large river boats.

"Here, and for many miles below, the Thelon is a really fine and beautiful river, having grassy banks—well wooded in places by spruce trees—some of which measured fifteen inches in diameter."

An Oasis in the Barren Lands.—A Chippewyan Indian Eden.

The country which Hanbury describes as "The Paradise Sacred to the Musk Ox," on the Ark-e-leenik or Thelon River, is identified by Tyrrell as the site of an ancient Indian secluded community described by Hearne on his third voyage in 1771-2.



Old Fort Reliance, Sept 14th.

According to Hearne, his camp was visited by Indians from a remote and entirely isolated happy hunting ground to the northeast, who had come in seach of birch bark for their canoes and touchwood, the only two articles of necessity which their oasis in the barren lands did not afford. He says:—"The latitude of this place must be about 63½. . . the longitude very uncertain. It is some hundreds of miles both from the seaside and the woods to the westward. . . . It is situated on the banks of a river which has communication with several fine lakes. As the current sets north-eastwards, it empties itself, in all probability, into some part of Hudson's Bay, and, from the latitude, no part seems more likely than Baker's Lake, at the head of Chesterfield Inlet.

"The accounts given (by the few Northern trading Indians who have visited it) of the place and its inhabitants would fill volumes. It is remarkable for every kind of game that the barren grounds produce. But the uncertainty of the continuance of game, except fish and partridges, has evolved frugal and provident habits unknown to any tribe other than the Esquimaux. The astonishing numbers of deer, visiting the place in spring and fall are converted into provisions and stored away for a good winter's stock. Partridges, and geese, ducks and swans in their migration, are secured by snares and bow and arrow in great plenty. It is also reported, though I confess I

doubt the truth of it, that a remarkable species of partridge as large as English fowls, are found in that part of the country only.

"The rivers and lakes near the little forest, where the family above mentioned had fixed their abode, abounded with fine fish, particularly trout and barble, which are easily caught, the former with hooks, and the latter with nets. In fact I have not seen or heard of any part of this country which seems to possess half the advantages requisite for a constant residence, that are ascribed to this little spot."

Mr. Tyrrell, in describing the game met with on the Thelon, says its abundance assists in identifying the valley "as the site of the early and remote but highly-favored Indian settlement so well described, but so vaguely located by Hearne. In support of Mr. Hearne's story and my belief, . . . it may be noted that some very old choppings were observed, as well as decayed moss-grown remains of some very old camps, while scarcely any recent signs of habitation exist."

Numerous Musk Oxen.

"As we glided quickly and quietly down the river, one of the most interesting features met with was the occurrence of numerous bands of musk oxen feeding upon the luxuriant grass or sleeping on the river bank. Attempts were made to obtain photographs of some of these noble brutes, but such were not very successful, for two reasons. First, because of the weariness of the animals, and secondly, because of the weariness of the photographers. It was observed that when bands of cows with their young were met with they were usually very timid, and fled at first approach of danger, but in the case of straggling bulls which were frequently seen, they were much more fearless, and allowed us to approach as closely as prudence and their defiant attitudes would permit. On one occasion, when Mr. Fairchild climbed the river bank in order to photograph a fine specimen, he had no sooner snapped his camera and turned his back, than the brute charged and followed him to the bank. He was at once covered by our rifles, but as Fairchild stepped safely into his canoe no shots were fired. Indeed, day after day we passed numbers of musk oxen, without molesting them in any way, other than trying to photograph them. A notable fact in regard to the musk oxen was that every animal seen, with but one exception, was on the north side of Thelon, or on islands in the river. On one occasion when three musk oxen were met with upon an island, they immediately plunged into the water and swam rapidly to the north shore, after gaining which, they could be seen galloping across the plains for miles."

Caribou.

"Besides the musk oxen, the Thelon is evidently frequented on both sides by a great number of caribou, as their tracks were everywhere to be seen, though none of the deer were met with until the lower stretches of the river were reached, their northward migration having proceded us."

Geese.

"Many broods of geese were also observed along the low grassy banks of the Thelon. They were a small, grey species, with black necks and heads and white bands around the latter. Later in the season a great number of moulting geese were met with, and thirty or forty of them knocked over with sticks for supplying our kettles."

Ducks and Ptarmigan.

"Ducks and ptarmigan were also met with, though not in great numbers, whilst the spruce woods were enlivened by the songs of singing birds, notably American robins."

Bears.

Bear tracks were twice observed on the banks of the Thelon, and on the return journey Mr. Fairchild was fortunate enough to fall in with and slay 'Mr. Bruin,' after an interesting scrimmage. It was not a black bear, but a small silver grey, or doubtless the Barren Land grizzly, as reported by Sir John Franklin to have been found by him north of Great Slave Lake. Unfortunately the interesting hide was lost in a canoe accident the day after it was procured."

Moose.

"On two occasions moose antlers were found embedded in the sand of the river bank, and this is an interesting fact, proving the existence of the animals somewhere on the river, possibly higher up, as the antlers might have been carried down by the spring ice. This discovery proves the truth of the report made by the Indians to Sir George Back in 1834, regarding the game on the Thelon, as well as assisting in indentifying this river valley as the site of the early and remote but highly-favored Indians' settlement as well described but vaguely located by Samuel Hearne."

Woods.

"The wooded, or partially wooded banks of the Thelon extend for a distance of about 170 miles below the forks of the Hanbury. This is not continuous stretch of timber, but over that distance many fine spruce groves, as well as more or less continuous groves are found. The largest trees measured from 12 to 15 inches in diameter, but the average would be about 6 inches."

Volume and Velocity of the Thelon.

"Approximate averages of measurements from the Hanbury to the Doobaunt—width, 250 yards; depth, 6 feet; current, 3 miles per hour."

"The depth of channel in most places measured from 10 to 14 feet, but in few places sand bars were observed with not over 3 feet of water. At several points very swift currents were met with, but nothing too heavy to run either down or up with our canoes; for in ascending the river, having a strong, fair breeze, we sailed up through the worst places."

* * * * *

Summary of Results of Tyrrell's Survey.

That the Thelon River is "navigable for river steamers all the way from Hudson's Bay to the Hanbury, a distance of 550 miles, excepting perhaps at two rapids above Baker Lake, where some improvement to the channel might be made. I would judge the river portion to be open at least five months, and the inlet and larger lakes about a month less—July, August, September and October.

"Between these two terminal points (Great Slave Lake and Chesterfield Inlet) the only existing way of communication is by the excellent canoe route followed by my party."

Facilities for a Railway.

"For heavy commercial traffic a railway could be constructed without serious engineering difficulties, by avoiding the lakes along the Hanbury River route, there being no great elevations or other great difficulties to be overcome, unless it be the remoteness of the district and the scarcity of timber." Should any kind of electric transmission become desirable, the two grand waterpowers on the Lockhart River and the Dickson Canyon could be utilized to great advantage during the open season."

Agricultural and Mineral Prospects.

"The Thelon valley, though affording fine grazing lands for musk oxen and caribou can scarcely be looked upon as a desirable agricultural district, although I judge from the growth and great variety of plants observed there, that some of our cereals and most of our hardy vegetables could be grown there.

"As to mineral products. . . . the valley has little to offer." But he remarks that the Eskimaux met with had implements made of native copper picked up somewhere far to the northwards.

Esquimaux Scented.

Twenty miles below the last woods on the Thelon the party first smelt and then saw evidence of the neighborhood of Esquimaux in hundreds of the putrifying carcesses of caribou strewn along the shode. Arriving at the camp, Archdeacon Lofthouse was greeted by Eskimo who traded at Churchill and one

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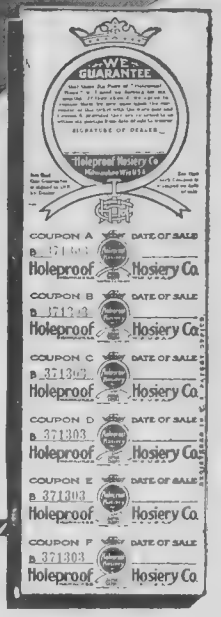

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who had met Mr. Tyrell in 1893. The party pushed downstream another 24 miles, where their progress was arrested by a storm on a lake.

The Party Separates.

Finding himself near the confluence with the Doobaunt River, which had been explored by Mr. J. B. Tyrrell and himself on their celebrated voyage "Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada." in 1893, Mr. Tyrell deemed it expedient that the whole party should proceed over the route to Hudson's Bay already half-surveyed, and he therefore detached Mr. Fairchild, accompanied by Archdeacon Lofthouse, to complete the survey of Aberdeen, Schultz and Baker Lakes, and to re-survey the whole of Chesterfield Inlet, while he himself should return up the Thelon, and devote himself to the upper part of the Thelon and the divide country.

The limits of this article do not admit of details of these operations being given. The Archdeacon found his way back to Churchill by Hudson's Bay. Mr. Fairchild, after accomplishing his duty, rejoined his leader on 5th September near Artillery Lake.

Returning up the main Thelon, Mr. Tyrrell went up its south branch with the idea of reaching Lake Athabasca that way. But after ascending it 128 miles, considering the lateness of the season and the distance—500 miles—and difficulties ahead, he turned downstream from where it divided into two shallow and rapid streams, and upon descending

	Miles.
Edmonton to Fort Resolution, Great Slave Lake	856
Resolution to Fort Reliance across lake	233
Reliance to Artillery Lake	25
Artillery Lake to Height of Land	90
Height of Land down Hanbury to Thelon River	165
Down Thelon to Baker Lake	393
Baker Lake	65
Baker River	25
Chesterfield Inlet to Hudson's Bay	130
	1982

Length of railway required to connect steam navigation of the Atlantic with the Great MacKenzie navigable waters, 673 miles.

A Short Portage to Hudson's Bay.

"From the Northwestern Atlantic — an arm—Hudsons Straits—a hand—Hudson's Bay—and a finger—Chesterfield Inlet stretches out to the west and into the vast fresh water basin of the Mackenzie."

* * * * *

A few short years ago a great grain blockade occurred in the prairie provinces, to prevent the recurrence of which the old Canadian Pacific put forth its strength and might in laying and bettering the line, double tracking and increasing storage capacity. The Canadian Northern Railway also greatly increased its mileage and equipments; and the Dominion Government launched

From the wild and woolly West.

68 miles, sent his men back to the cache at Artillery Lake by the way they came, and cross country himself on foot to explore a route over the divide to the cache, estimating the distance at 80 miles in a straight line.

In this daring attempt he succeeded, after a life and death struggle against cold and wet weather, want of fire and food, and the difficulties of marching with worn out moccasins and sore feet, laden with sodden baggage in a trackless wild. Instead of 80 miles in a straight line, his way was through muskeg and over rock, winding round the large lakes which lay across his course for 160 miles. At length he reached his cache on Artillery Lake. "I was not long in getting them (the provisions) down and making a snug camp in the spruce grove." Two days after his canoe and two men arrived in good condition. Several days' well-earned rest were then indulged in, the outfit was overhauled for the return home, and he completed the survey of the north end of the lake. Owing to detention by a head wind soon after starting homeward bound, Mr. Fairchild overtook him, and the united party, all in the best health and spirits, continued the journey, reaching Fort Chipewyan by open water, and travelling thereafter by dog train, arrived at Edmonton on 6th December.

He gives the distance, by the route followed by the expedition, from Edmonton to Hudson's Bay as nearly 2000 miles:—

the Grand Trunk Pacific into existence to provide, it was thought, for every probable increase of the produce of the West for years to come.

Besides all these additional transportation facilities, the long dormant Hudson's Bay Railway project was revived, and surveys were made to the mouth of the Nelson River and to Churchill Harbor.

While the activity in railway work had been great, the activity of the grain growers had been greater, and new immigrants in wonderful numbers came pouring on to the land, thereby setting a pace in production which the gigantic efforts of the railways have been able to keep up with. So now again have we a grain blockage. And so long as this immigration, of which we see only an earnest of the future, continues and Providence favors the husbandman, just so long will railways alone lag behind production in means of transporting it.

The vast accumulation of grain and other products, ever waiting transmission to markets will force its way, in spite of every political or artificial impediment placed in its path, by the easiest natural routes of least resistence to the "Highway of Nations on the Sea." And the sea is only 700 miles away from here, in Hudson's Bay. Prince Albert is equally near or nearer. For the valleys of the Red and the Saskatchewan rivers and the completion of the Hudson's Bay Railway is an imperiously urgent necessity.

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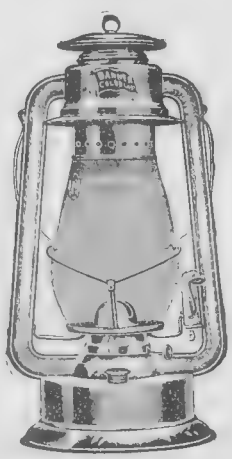

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But the beneficent provision of Providence, in placing the prairies within reach by rail of the Great Lakes and the ocean, has not been confined to Southern Central Canada alone, for the produce of the lower Peace River and Athabasca will find its way by an equally direct and short route east to the bay; and the furs and fish, the timber and the minerals, and the hardy northern grains and live stock of the vast Mackenzie Basin, may yet be drawn off and find a short, straight road to Europe by the construction of an electric railway across the divide between the Mackenzie Basin and that long arm of the Atlantic—Chesterfield Inlet. To describe the intervening country between the immenes systems of fresh waterways in the interior and the deep blue sea is the purpose of the article which follows.

Lovers of adventure, sport and travel in remote and wild regions will read with appreciation the modest, simple and unadorned descriptions of their daring and successful and practically useful journeys given by Hanbury and Tyrrell will be in their writtings, of which I have made free use. Their records are contained in scientific publications seldom seen and read by the general public, who are likely some time soon to be fascinated by brilliant descriptions of a correspondent of a New York journal, now engaged in "Arctic Discovery" on the route already explored and surveyed as described by Hanbury and Tyrell.

The head of ocean navigation on Baker Lake is practically the same distance from Liverpool as is Churchill on Hudson's Bay and Montreal on the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

From ocean navigation by the route described in this paper by the existing route for steamboats up the Thelon to the Hanbury is 558 miles; up the Hanbury, across the divide and down to Fort Reliance, by canoe, rowboat and portages, presenting only the ordinary difficulties of old fur traders' routes is 255 miles. Thence across by lake-going steamers to Fort Resolution is 233 miles. Total from sea to Resolution, 813 miles.

The distance from Edmonton to Resolution by the present mixed steamboat and portage route is 856 miles, by adding to which the 813 from the sea to Resolution we find the distance from Edmonton by this route to ocean navigation to be only 1669 miles, as against the 2290 miles of rail to the sea port at Montreal.

But the importance of the route is much greater to the lower Peace River and Athabasca than to Edmonton; and still greater to the vast Northland traversed by the deep waterways of the Great Slave River and Lake, and the mighty Mackenzie River and its tributaries.

To that immense region of enormous natural wealth, in fish, minerals and timber, not to mention its possibilities of becoming similar to Northern Scandinavia and Russia in agricultural and pastoral production, the Chesterfield Inlet, with an electric railway across to Great Slave Lake will yet afford short, cheap and easy access during, at least, four months of the summer season, to and from Europe, and the eastern provinces of Canada.

Of Value to Horsemen.—Do you turn your horses out for the winter? If so, we want to call your attention to a very important matter. Horses which have been used steadily at work, either on the farm or road, have quite likely had some strains whereby lameness or enlargements have been caused. Or perhaps new life is needed to be infused into their legs. Gombault's Balsam applied as per directions, just as you are turning the horse out, will be of great benefit; and this is the time when it can be used very successfully. One great advantage in using this remedy is that after it is applied it needs no care or attention, but does its work well and at a time when the horse is having a rest. Of course, it can be used with equal success while horses are in the stable, but many people in turning their horses out would use Caustic Balsam if they were reminded of it, and this article is given as a reminder.

An Angel Unawares.

By J. L. Harbour.

"Oh, dear, dear! Some one else! What shall I do?"

Marcia Linn clasped her hands together despairingly and her eyes filled with tears. She was really greatly distressed. She was but sixteen years old, and she was the eldest daughter of a minister with a small salary in a country town. Her mother had been ill for some time, and the household duties had fallen upon Marcia's young and not very strong shoulders. Her father was hopelessly inefficient when it came to performing household duties, and Marcia had finally said:

"Father dear, it is lovely of you to try to help me out, but truly, father, you cannot help out in any better way than by staying right in your study. You remind me of an elephant trying to make tatting, or something of that sort, when you try to do housework."

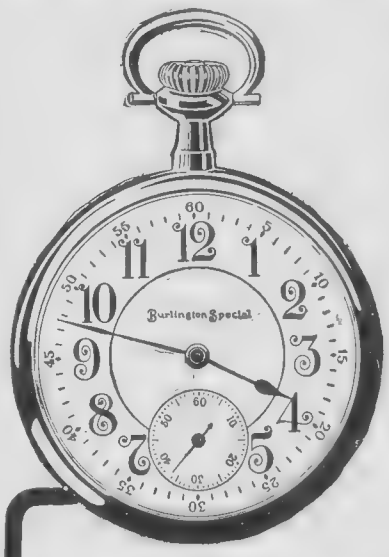
Mr. Linn laughed heartily at this, and fled precipitately, saying, as he reached the study door:

"You'll not catch me at housework again after that comparison."

He was helpful in other ways, and Marcia admitted that the younger children were "ever so good" in their willingness to help her, but her burdens were heavy, and there was no money for servant-hire in her father's slender purse.

Now, it is a well-known fact that ministers' families have "lots of company," and the Linns were not an exception to this general rule. Sometimes Marcia declared that they entertained "a regular procession," and that they "might as well keep a hotel and be done with it."

"Well, dear," her patient and gentle father had said, "you know that St.



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U SPRING REGULATOR allows adjustments to smallest fraction of a second.

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Paul said that we should be given to hospitality.'"

"Yes, I know," replied Marcia, reflectively. "And wasn't it also St. Paul who said that we should be 'patient in tribulation'? I guess that he had ministers' families in mind when he said that. There is certainly a good deal of tribulation about entertaining guests whose only claim to your hospitality is that they have a third cousin or a dead-and-gone aunt who was a member of your church twenty years ago."

"Oh, it isn't often so bad as that," Mr Linn said, with a laugh.

"Wasn't it only last month that a woman came here and stayed a week on the strength of your grandfather and her grandfather having roomed together when they were at college? And didn't another woman come here with the awfulest boy that ever lived, and stay five dreadful days and nights, on the score of you having married her to her first husband? And you owned up to me that he didn't give you any fee for performing the ceremony!"

"Well, he turned out so badly," said the minister, "that perhaps she felt I owed her something, and so she came and boarded it out."

"You are too good and too gullible for this earth," answered Marcia, with a ringing laugh. But she was not inclined to laugh at the time of the beginning of this story. She had just "got rid," as she frankly and tersely expressed it, of a troublesome and most inconsiderate guest, who had remained a week at the crowded little parsonage, basing her claim to hospitality on the fact that her uncle had once been a deacon in a church of which Mr. Linn had been the pastor.

"And she didn't make her own bed, nor get up in time to eat breakfast with us!" exclaimed Marcia, with just indignation. "And she wanted a fresh napkin every meal, and she asked me to send the children out of the house for two hours every afternoon while she took a nap of that duration. And I do not think that I shall ever achieve a greater moral victory in this life than I achieved when I kept my tongue still though she brought me a pair of her ripped gloves and asked me to take a few stitches in them. And now comes this!"

As she spoke, she held out a letter to her father. He took it, adjusted his glasses, and read, in cramped and peculiar writing and spelling, these words:

Dere Bruther Linn, i am agoing to pass thre your Town next friday on my way to vissit some kin of Mine over in Zoar and i will stop over for a fue days vissit with your famly if Agreeable. i shell enjoy talking over old Times here in Lisbon with you when you was our pasture. your preachin done me good an you didnnt holler as if we was all deef and beat the pulpit as if you had a spite again it like your sucksessor, but he means well an what he says is good. So i will be thare next friday so meat me at the trane to see about my trunk an my love to your wife. So no more at presunt from

Ann Packer.

Mr. Linn's blue eyes twinkled as he read this letter, and a smile played around his lips in spite of Marcia's evident dismay—which was great, or her sense of humor would have caused her to shout with laughter over Ann Packer's epistile. She was not in a laughing mood, although she did smile when her father said merrily:

"I must not fail to be at the train to see about Sister Packer's trunk and her love to your mother."

"Can't you bring the love home and send the trunk and Sister Packer some place else?"

"I fear not, dear. It is some years since I saw Ann Packer, but I remember her as a good woman whom I should be sorry to offend."

"But then, one must cook and wash dishes and spend time entertaining even the best of women, father."

"I feel sure that Ann Packer will make her own bed, and that she will not ask you to do any of her sewing."

"If she does, my moral powers will weaken, and I will Packer off in haste."

"Your mental powers must be weakening even now or you would never perpetrate such a pun as that," replied Mr. Linn, giving the pink lobe of Marcia's ear a little pinch, and then stooping to kiss her flushed face, while he added: "Don't worry, daughter. Let us be 'patient in tribulation.' Sometime we shall entertain an angel unawares. I must go and tell your mother about Ann Packer."

"Well, I suppose that there is nothing to be done but to grin and bear it." said Marcia, when her father had left the room. "I may as well go and get the spare room ready for Ann Packer. I do hope that she wil be less exasperating than the last occupant of the room. 'Given to hospitality' is certainly one of the enforced duties of a minister's family."

Marcia's good humor soon asserted itself, and she smiled as she recalled some of the lines in Mrs. Packer's quaint letter. The guest-chamber had been made ready for the expected visitor, and Marcia was in the kitchen mixing a pudding for dinner when her father arrived with Mrs. Packer. Marcia put aside her work and went into the little parlor, where she saw a large, round-faced, motherly-looking woman, wearing an old-fashioned bonnet, a simple brown merino dress, and a very old-fashioned black crape shawl, with fringe half a yard long. She wore black lace mitts, and her narrow strip of white collar was fastened by an enormous cameo-brooch. Her abundant black hair, well streaked with gray, was brushed down smooth and shining over the tops of her ears. She greeted Marcia with loud-voiced and smiling friendliness.

"How de do, my child?" she said. "The last time I saw you you wa' n't knee-high to a duck. I remember just as well the day you was born! Susan Peek come over to my house and told me about it, and I remember of sending your ma a glass of my currant jell' and you a pair of little blue-and-white baby socks. You moved away from our town when you was still a tiny baby, and I 'a'n't laid eyes on you from that day to this. You favor your ma a good deal, as I remember her. Pa tells me that your ma is sick. I'm real sorry to hear that I wouldn't have stopped off here if I had knowed that. But mebbe I can do something for her or help you out in some way. I'm used to all kinds of sickness, and they always sends for Ann Packer in any time of sickness or trouble of any sort, back where I live, and I always go and help out, and it's a real pleasure to be able to do it. You just show me my room, and I'll git into my working clothes, and then you set me doing something."

"Wouldn't you like to lie down and rest until dinner-time?" asked Marcia, her heart warming toward this rare type of visitor.

"La, no! I never was a person who could lay down in the daytime. Then, I ain't a mite tired. The car-ride over the country was so pleasant I just enjoyed every mile of it. Seems like I never saw the country so beautiful as it is now. I fell in with some real pleasant folks on the train,—I always do when I travel,—and we visited and chatted together and enjoyed ourselves until I was real sorry when my journey was at an end. Now I'm goin' to git on another dress and an apron, and whirl right in and help you out someway. You show me where things are, and I'll git dinner if your ma needs you. Now you go right off to your study, Brother Linn. Don't you for one minute think that you've got to set round and entertain me."

She gathered up her numerous pieces of hand-luggage as she spoke, and she said, as Marcia led the way upstairs:

"I got a lot o' things here for your little brothers and sisters—some toys, and a bag of bananas, and another of candy, and a dozen oranges. They had such elegant oranges over in Springfield, where I changed cars, and I thought it likely that you couldn't git anything like them in this little town, so I fetched you some."

"Oh, I am so grateful to you!" replied Marcia. "Mother said this very day that there was nothing she would enjoy so much as a real good orange.

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We sent out, but we could not buy one in this town."

"Well, now wa' n't just providential that I bought that bag of oranges over in Springfield? Then, when I was packing my trunk I slipped in three or four glasses of my quince and currant jell', and a couple of bottles of my grape-juice. I knowed they could be used in a minister's family, and it was real providential about the grape-juice, for there ain't anything so nice to have in case of sickness—so refreshing and stimulating. How glad I am that I fetched it! Wish I'd brought more. I reckon mebbe you'll think that I thought that you didn't have anything to eat; but when I made up a batch of sugar cookies for me to have some to carry with my lunch, I baked three or four dozen extra to fetch to the little folks here. Children think so much of such things. I've got them and half a loaf of some fruit-cake I made last Thanksgivin', and a little bag of my preserved and dried citron, all in this box. Then, I thought that like enough the children would 'preciate some of my candied-ginger and some of my sun-dried cherries. I have just bushels o' cherries on my place, and I have found out a way of dryin' them with sugar sprinkled on 'em, so that they're kind o' sticky and moist, and children love 'em. I fetched you a gallon or so of 'em. And I'll bet you'll laugh when you know what I've got in this big white box. You can't guess."

"No, I am sure that I cannot."

"I reckon you can't. Well, I've got not only a dozen eggs, but I've got the hens that laid 'em! Yes, I have! I expect to be away from home six or eight weeks, and I had these eggs in the pantry, and wa' n't goin' to leave 'em there to spile. Then it just came across me that I might as well kill my two hens and fetch 'em to you as to leave 'em at home for the neighbors to look after. They're young and fat, and if you say so I'll whirl in and make up a big chicken-pie to-morrow. They say over where I live that I can make the best chicken-pie of any one in the town."

Chicken was a rare luxury on the minister's table, and Marcia's skill as a cook did not include a knowledge of how to make chicken-pie, therefore she said:

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Packer. Father was saying yesterday that he would like to have some old-fashioned chicken-pie, and I do not know how to make it, even when we have chickens, which is not often. Father would enjoy your chicken-pie."

"He dunno what's good if he don't! It's real providential that I put in them chickens. I put a quart jar of maple-syrup, wrapped in about forty layers of rags, in my trunk, and we'll have some feather-light flannel cakes some mornin' for breakfast. I can make flannel cakes that won't set any heavier on a body's stomach than so much whipped white of egg. What a cozy, tidy little room this is! You must be a smart girl for your years to keep this house lookin' so nice and tidy, with your ma sick. But you look a little peaked, and you've got to let me take hold and do the work while you go off and play. I'm a three-hoss team when it comes to housework!"

In less than half an hour Mrs. Packer was in the kitchen, arrayed in a spotless calico dress and a big blue-and-white gingham apron, paring potatoes, while her nimble tongue ran steadily and cheerily. She had made a call of five minutes on Mrs. Packer, and had quite won that lady's heart in that brief time. She cheered Marcia by saying, as she pared the potatoes:

"Your ma will be around soon. I tell you one thing she needs that I'll do for her if she'll let me. You know that doctors nowadays set a good deal of store on rubbin'. Massawge, some call it, and whatever they call it, it is a good thing, and I know the gen'ral principles of it, and I'm well and strong, so if your ma will let me, I'll rub her right up on her feet. You ain't the stren'th to do it. Your pa's no sick-nurse—not meanin' any disrespect, but you know these literary and scholarly men like your pa ain't no more 'count in a sick-room than an old hen would be, no matter how well-meanin' they are. I'll bet you a penny that I take your ma out for a drive within a week."

This prediction was fully verified. It had been a cheery and happy week in the little parsonage. Ann Packer had fairly radiated cheerfulness and merriment. She was the soul of good humor, combined with such good common sense that she seemed to know just what to do under all circumstances. She "took right holt," as she expressed it, and she darned and mended, she cooked and ironed, she swept and baked. She nursed Mrs. Linn in a way that won the highest praise from old Dr. Smythe. She told stories to the younger children, and she kept the entire household amused from morning until night. When she heard that there was to be a picnic during the week she said with decision:

"Now, Marcia Linn, you are going to that picnic and have a good time. I will be right here to get dinner for your pa and the little folks, and to look after your mother. You are going."

And Marcia went, and came home radiant with happiness because of the happy, free-from-care day she had enjoyed. Ann Packer had planned to stay but three days, but it was three weeks before she left the Linn home, and there were tears of real regret when she went away — she had brought so much cheer, so much comfort, so much happiness, into the home.

"I have had a real good time," she said, "and I do think that it was real providential that I come just when I did, so that I could be so useful. It has been a real joy to do for your ma, and to see her looking so well now. I lot on stopping off and having another little visit with you on my way home, and I'm bound that Marcia shall go on home with me. I know all the young folks in the place, and she would have a real nice visit. Folks would be real pleased to see their old minister's daughter, for they thought real well of you, Mr. Linn, they did so. There's one thing about me goin' a-visitin': I know that I don't make anybody no trouble."

"Trouble?" said Mrs. Linn. "Oh, Mrs. Packer, you make so much happiness!"

"I want to, Mary Linn, I do so. There ain't anything in this life any better than creatin' happiness. Well, good-by, and God bless and keep you!"

"Dear, good soul!" said Mrs. Linn, with moist eyes. "I told you, Marcia, that sometime we should entertain an angel unawares."

"Yes, father; and your prophecy has already been fulfilled."

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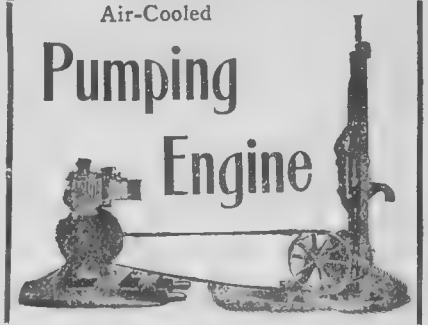

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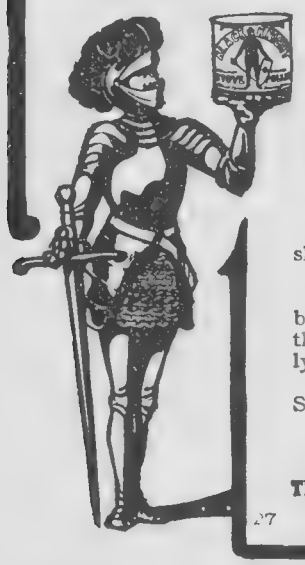

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"What is it to you?" demanded Burns. "It's no money out of your pocket."

"That has nothing to do with the case," returned Ennis. "I am put here by the company to look after its interests, and I've got to see things from that point of view. You might as well advise me to sell goods at a loss because 'it's no money out of my pocket.' I'm handling the company's goods and the company's money, and it's my duty to be more careful of both than I would of my own affairs. To look at it as you suggest would be selfish, if not actually dishonest. The very fact that the company has placed me in almost absolute control makes it the more imperative that I should guard its interests jealously. The men are asking too much, Burns."

"Oh, the company can stand it," retorted Burns carelessly. "The company is so rich that it couldn't tell from the dividends that wages had been raised. Somebody would have to carry the news to the stockholders or they'd never know it. This isn't the big plant, you know."

"Now, see here, Burns," said Ennis earnestly, "you ought to be wiser than that. You know this factory as well as I do, and you know the history of it. You worked here until your labor-union duties demanded all of your time; you and I worked almost side by side some years ago, and we have each progressed; I'm the head of the factory, and you do just what you please with the union. You know that when the company opened its big plant there was talk of abandoning this entirely, as a matter of economy, and that it was finally decided to run it as a sort of independent chair factory. That's all we make here now. Every other department was transferred to the new plant, and I was left here temporarily to turn out the chairs. I did it so well that the plant has been running ever since, but how do you think it will continue after it fails to show a reasonable profit? The upholstered and fancy chairs are turned out at the other plant now; we have only the plain lines, and we won't have these the moment my reports begin to look unsatisfactory to the company. I tell you, I've been working for the men as well as for the company, and they ought to appreciate it. Just remember that the original plan was to close both the old plants when the new big one was opened, that the plant at Woodville was closed, that this one was left open as a temporary expedient, and that I have succeeded in keeping it open ever since. I'm free to do pretty much as I please, but only so long as the balance-sheet is all right. Do you think you could have done any better by the men?"

"If you force a strike you know where you'll land."

"The Company can stand it," retorted Burns.

"Well, I wouldn't stand in the way when it came to the question of letting them make a little more money," asserted Burns. "The trouble with you is that you have lost sympathy with them; you've been a boss so long that you've forgotten the days when you were a labor man yourself. You haven't the interest in their welfare that I have."

"I haven't!"

"Of course you haven't. I'm one of them and you're not."

"Burns, I come nearer to being one of the men than you do," said Ennis with some heat. "You see only one side of the case, while I see both; you are an outsider now and have no conception of the harmony necessary to success. Like some other labor leaders, you have got the idea that the man who pays wages is a man to be fought at every turn—to be coerced and pushed to the last extremity. You do not give him credit for trying to do the fair thing; he is your natural enemy and your natural prey, and the harder you can press him the better you like it. Your method is the method of war and not of business. It's a short-sighted policy, Burns, that has done, and is doing, a vast amount of harm, for it destroys the basis on which a manufacturer can figure safely. If he takes a contract that has a time-penalty clause attached to it you have him at a disadvantage that you are quick to see and you may force an actual loss on him."

"My business is to look out for the men's interests," argued Burns.

"Where does the profit to the men come in if business has to be done at a loss?" demanded Ennis. "How long will they have jobs when things reach that stage in any given plant? I tell you the shortsightedness of a good many labor leaders has put concerns out of business and lost jobs for the men, but I don't intend to let that happen here if I can help it. You may tell the men that there will be no wage increase at present."

"Then there will be a strike," said Burns

"If there is, this plant will be closed for good," retorted Ennis.

"Oh, that's all talk!" declared Burns with an exasperating air of superior knowledge. "The company is making a good thing here, and the big plant has all it can do to turn out the other lines. The talk of transferring the business and closing down is a bluff."

"I wish you were in my place, with my knowledge of the situation for about five minutes," remarked Ennis.

"I'd like to be," laughed Burns. "I'd trade places with you in a minute."

Ennis looked at the labor man thoughtfully. Abel Burns was a man of considerable ability, but supremely selfish; he looked at everything from a personal viewpoint and lost no chance to advance his own interests. He had advanced them in the union by his aggressiveness on behalf of the men, but in other circumstances it was more than probable that he would look at things in a very different way. This does not mean that he was a schemer or a hypocrite, but rather that he could not see much beyond himself.

"Burns," said Ennis finally, "I am going on a vacation. If you will promise to go slow, to take no radical action without thoughtful consideration, to become familiar with the situation before making any changes, I'll make you substitute manager and leave you in full charge.

"A bribe?" asked Burns suspiciously.

"Not at all. I am putting you in a position where you will have the same authority to act on this wage increase, and all other matters, that I have. You were in this factory for more than ten years, and you ought to know it pretty well. So far as the detail work of the office is concerned, you will have the same assistants that I have had, and they can give you any information or help that you may need. You will have full authority, subject only to the restrictions that have been placed upon me; and," here was the master-stroke, "if you make a good record the company may have further use for you. Capable managers, who know the factory end of the business, are not plentiful. Will you try it?"

Burns was still suspicious. It was a magnificent opportunity to demonstrate his ability and the soundness of his position, but he feared a trap of some kind.

"If you won't take hold and show me where my management is wrong," added Ennis, as he saw the other hesitate, "you have no right to criticise my position. And how will you explain it to the men?"

"I'll do it," said Burns, "if you will fix it with the company."

"There's no fixing to be done," said Ennis. "I'll simply send word that I have placed you temporarily in charge. So far as this factory is concerned, the company gives attention only to the balance-sheets and monthly reports, except when it forwards orders to be filled. I'll write to-day."

What John Ennis, manager, wrote might have proved interesting to Abel Burns, substitute manager; but the latter did not see it.

The men were jubilant when they heard of the change. Ennis had been one of them some years before, but his experience as a "boss" had made him hard and cold-blooded — at least, that was the view that Burns had taught them to take of him. Burns was the warm-hearted man, devoted to their interests; they could rely on him to see that they got the money to which they were entitled: he would not think of dividends alone, and rob them to enrich the stockholders. Here again they were unconsciously quoting Burns himself, for he was the one who had put the matter in this light and had led them to believe that they were not getting all that they should get. Now he was in a position to give it to them.

The day that he assumed control they sent a committee to congratulate him, and the day was one of general jubilation. True, the committee found Burns a little more dignified than formerly, and somehow the members did not extend their congratulations with the familiarity they had planned. It seemed as if the swivel chair that he occupied made a difference in the man. However, it was evident that he wanted to be friendly, and some allowance had to be made for the novelty of the position in which he found himself. He greeted them warmly, but with some reserve.

"I am going to try," he said, "to make a record here that will please you all."

"We'll find the record in the pay envelopes Saturday?" suggested one of the committee.

"Not this week," replied Burns. "I'm new here, you know, and I've got to find out just what the situation is."

"I thought you knew," suggested another of the committee men. "You always said you did."

"I am pledged not to act hastily," explained Burns. "I want to do the very best I can, but it won't do to rush things at the beginning. I think wages ought to be higher, and I'm going to make them higher just as soon as I can see my way clear to do it, but I've got to have a little time. Oh, you needn't worry," he added, as he saw the blank look on the men's faces. "You know me, and you know that I'm going to look out for you, but I've got to see where I stand first."

The men retired, dubious. As a labor leader Burns had told them repeatedly that the company could well afford to increase wages; as a manager, with all sources of information at his command, he did not seem to know so much about it.

"He talks just like any other boss," they grumbled, "and he acts a good deal like one, too."

As a matter of fact, the delay in raising wages would not have troubled them so much if they had not noted a change in the new manager's manner toward them. There was something of dignity and constraint in it that had been lacking before; they did not have the feeling of freedom in his presence they had expected. He tried to carry out the old idea of fellowship, but there was an unconscious air of condescension, an aloofness that was displeasing. In truth, he was just a little bit afraid of them. He intended to raise wages, but he did not wish to be pinned down to a specific promise. He was responsible now, and with responsibility came a haunting fear that possibly Ennis was right in saying that the business would not justify a further increase at this time. A man without responsibility jumps to conclusions; a man with responsibility goes more cautiously. Burns had honestly believed that, in Ennis' place,

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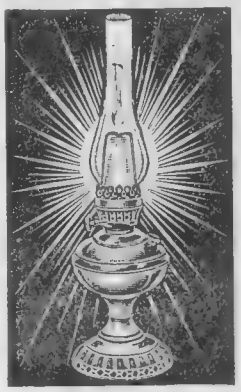

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he could unhesitatingly raise the pay of the men, but now he saw the very great importance of making no mistake. And, however hard he tried to be a good fellow, this responsibility made him a man apart and gave a trace of condescension to tone and manner when he stopped to speak to one of the men. On the street, too, he was abstracted, and the man who thinks may seem to be assuming a superiority that he does not feel.

A letter from the headquarters of the company added to the awkwardness of the situation. "Mr. Ennis informs us," it read, "that he has suddenly decided to take the vacation to which he has been long entitled, and that he has put you in charge of the factory temporarily. We know that you are thoroughly conversant with the manufacturing end of the business, and we hope that Mr. Ennis is justified in his estimate of your ability to succeed as office manager. Had there been time before his departure to consult us, we doubtless should have sent a man from here to take charge, but we are content to leave the matter as it stands for the present. As you doubtless know, we intended to close the old plant long ago, but Mr. Ennis urged us to keep it open, and he has done so well with it that we have refrained from making the change originally contemplated. At the same time we are not entirely satisfied. We believe greater economy of administration and manufacture is possible, and we should be glad to have you take this opportunity to see what can be done to that end. It may save us the necessity of sending a man from the home office to investigate this subject. Perhaps, after you have had time fully to grasp the situation and to formulate plans for improvement, it would be well for you to come on here and talk the matter over with us—say, in about a month or six weeks."

After reading the letter Burns put his feet on the desk, tilted back his chair, and gazed abstractedly out of the window.

"Greater economy of administration and manufacture!" he mused. "That's a nice problem to throw at a man who is practically pledged to increase wages. And if I fail to make the right kind of record Ennis will be recalled or the plant will be closed. Where shall I stand with either the men or the company if my management results in closing the plant?" He went over the letter again. "There's no promise there," he commented, "but it reads like a good thing for me if I make the right kind of a showing. And Ennis is to be gone longer than I thought -- two or three months apparently."

He brought his chair down with a bang and touched a bell-button that brought Dent, the bookkeeper, to him. Dent was an old office employee, upon whom Ennis had told him he could safely rely for information and advice, and already much of value had been found in this information and advice. In fact, Dent had proved to be a sort of routine manager, lacking initiative, but fully capable of keeping things running.

"Dent," said Burns, "you have given me a good general idea of the situation here, but I need more detail. I wish you would have one of your assistants prepare a statement for the last year, showing the expenses of each department, the average of production in each by months, the margin of profit, and the total income that the company has derived from this plant."

"Very well, sir," returned Dent.

"The company thinks the cost of manufacture is too high," explained Burns.

"The company always did think that," said Dent. "Ennis had a good deal of trouble when he advanced wages nine months ago. Only the confidence that the officers had in him personally kept them from closing the plant then."

"Well, I've got to find some way to increase wages without affecting the profits," asserted Burns irritably.

"I don't see how it can be done," returned Dent. "Ennis did a lot of 'trimming' at the time of the last increase— all that was possible, I guess."

"You don't see any chance for further economy, do you?"

"No, sir. The material is contracted for at the other plant and charged up to us at cost, so there is no chance to do anything in that line. We get it cheaper that way than we could if we bought separately, anyway. You've either got to get more work out of the men or pay them less money, if you want to economize."

"Well, I'll see what I can get from the statement," said Burns disconsolately.

But the statement gave little of promise. It showed where Ennis had "trimmed" partly to make up for the last wage increase, but it did not show where any more "trimming" could be done. The profits from the factory had been a little more than fair, but nothing extraordinary, and he was asked to make them higher. This was the problem that had his attention when the committee of the men again called.

"Don't be so anxious!" he exclaimed angrily. "I'm doing the best I know how, and you'll get your money just as soon as I can give it to you. I'm trying to study it out now," and he tapped the statement on his desk, "but it can't be done in a minute. Just give me time and I'll fix it."

"That's what you said ten days ago," suggested one of the committeemen.

Burns turned on him sharply.

"It looks to me, Blakeley," he said, "as if the men in your department were loafing on their jobs. Why don't you stir 'em up and make 'em do more work? That's the way to get more money."

"They do all that the union rules call for," expostulated Blakeley, "and we want to give work to as many men as possible."

Burns subsided. This was his old doctrine, and he could not consistently attack it now.

"You ought to have confidence in me," he said conciliatorily, "I'm doing everything possible to find a way to increase wages."

"You always knew how it could be done before you were able to do it yourself," growled Blakely. "Now that you can, you seem to have forgotten how. I don't see why we should stand any more from you than we would from Ennis."

"Because you know that I want to fix you up all right and that I'm going to do it," explained Burns, still conciliatory, for he realized that he was

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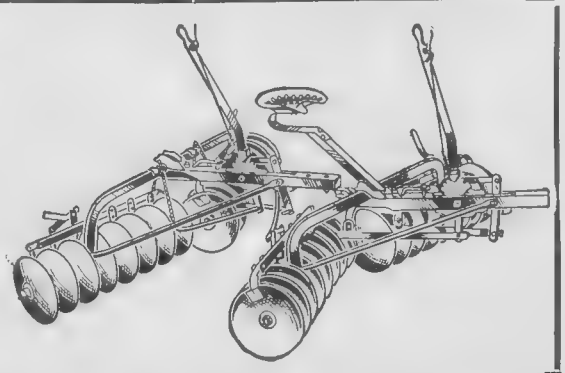

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face to face with trouble. "I've got to find a way to square it with the stock holders; that's all."

Burns was beginning to lose sleep as a result of his anxiety, and this told on him. He was worried night and day. He wanted to keep faith with the men, but he wanted to satisfy the company; in the latter course lay future success that might take him out of the ranks of labor and give him a position higher up the business ladder. He was ambitious. Ambition had led him to seek, and secure, union leadership, but here was a chance to get beyond that. A call from one of the principal stockholders in the company resulted in putting the matter before him even more plainly.

"We haven't been quite satisfied with this plant for some months," explained Mr. Ackerman, the stockholder, "and I thought I'd take this opportunity to run here and look the ground over."

"There seems to be a pretty good profit in it now," argued Burns.

"True," admitted Ackerman, "but why shouldn't there be more? When a man risks his money in a manufacturing plant he expects to get a better return than he would if he loaned it on collateral. There is a risk involved that makes this a reasonable view to take of the question. Now, this plant ought to average ten or twelve per cent. on the investment, and it doesn't average over six or seven. Everything is favorable here, except labor. For some scrutable reason, Ennis advanced wages until we are paying slightly more than we should have to pay at the big plant, and in consequence it's a serious question whether we couldn't do better by transferring the business. We can't see why, with a favorable market and ideal conditions, there should not be enough in this plant now to fortify us for a dull season, and I don't mind saying that we're looking for a man who can get enough out of it to do that. If you can show that you're the man it is probable that we shall leave you here and make a place for Ennis at the other plant. Anyhow, the company is looking for men who have the technical information and the business ability to get results."

After Ackerman had left, Burns went through the factory. He had little to say to the men, and was so absorbed in thought that he did not notice how some of them scowled at him. He spent half an hour to an hour in each department. Then he returned to his office and sent for the foremen.

"The men have got to do better," he announced. "They're not doing half the work that they can do, and I want them pushed to the limit. Conditions in two of the departments are absolutely outrageous. I won't mention the departments now, but I expect to see a change immediately. We've got to increase the production by fifty per cent."

The men looked at each other uneasily, and some one in the background mentioned wages.

"Wages!" cried Burns. "Why, the company isn't making enough to keep the plant going now! You can't get more wages by trying to see how little work you can do!" Then, fearful of the effect of this outburst, he added pacifically: "Brace up, and you'll get the increase."

"When?" asked one.

"Just as soon as I can give it to you," answered Burns. "We've got to show the company what we can do when we try first; we've got to make this plant pay. It can't be run as a charitable institution."

Burns was resorting to subterfuge and deceit, and the confidence he had gained as a labor leader was being rapidly dissipated. Still, he had been the men's friend, and they hesitated to go to the extreme of expelling him from the union and declaring a strike. They had become suspicious, but they still hoped he would "do the right thing."

Ennis walked into the factory unexpectedly one morning. Ennis was applying an heroic remedy to an intolerable situation; he was running a risk, but he had carefully calcuated the chances. A strike or a reduction of the profits from any cause would result in shutting down the plant and transferring the business to the big establishment, and at the worst, Burns could do no more than hasten that, while his experience might improve conditions.

Ennis did not go to the office, but sauntered through the various departments and chatted with the men. He noticed that they were very glad to see him, their faces brightened, and that the foremen grasped his proffered hand with some warmth.

"Got the increased wages yet?" he asked casually.

"No," was the sullen reply.

"What!" he cried. "Why, that's outrageous! Burns has full authority, and he took the place for that purpose."

"Burns is the worst boss we ever had," asserted one of the men bitterly. "He's a slave-driver! If he isn't careful we'll have him out of the union in another week. There he comes now."

Ennis slipped behind a pile of material and watched the substitute manager. The latter's brow was clouded, and he spoke sharply to various men. There was nothing of the old comradeship about him now; he was a worried and dictatorial boss. He found fault with everything and nearly everybody.

"This is the worst department in the shop," he declared. "You're behind all the time, and you're delaying the others. If you'd only keep up with the procession our output would be twenty-five per cent. greater, and it ought to be fifty per cent. There'll be hard times here pretty quick if you don't watch out."

He stood behind one man for several minutes, watching him with critical eyes.

"You haven't got your lathe gauged up to the limit," he said at last. "There ought to be more speed in it."

"It's gauged up to my limit," said the man sullenly.

"Then we'll have to put in some one who can work faster," retorted Burns.

The man stopped the lathe and turned on the substitute manager.

"I'm not going to stand any more of this from you, Abe Burns!" he exclaimed angrily. "You used to try to hold us to the minimum limit of work, and now you're trying to push us beyond the maximum. Just because you've got in the manager's chair doesn't make you any bigger or better than you were before or the rest of us are now."

"Oh, you people make me tired!" said Burns.

"We put you where you are!" retorted the man; "and we can pull you out of that chair so quick it will make your head swim! If you force a strike, you know where you'll land, with neither union nor company back of you."

Two or three other men had stopped work to listen, and Burns turned on them sharply, but evidently thought better of his impulse. There was more of truth in what the man said than he realized.

"That's what you said ten days ago," suggested one of the Committeemen.

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Brandon. Man.

"How can I do anything for you," demanded Burns, "if you won't help me? I tell you, wages depend on the record we are able to make right now. That's what's going to count for us all—for you and for me and for the union. Now, see if you can't get up a little speed, and I'll look after the rest, including wages. Can't you understand that I'm working for you in this?"

"That's what the bosses always say," growled the man as Burns passed on.

Ennis was deeply sympathetic; he could not understand why the wage increase was delayed, and he promised the men that he would talk to them at union headquarters that night. The various organizations that had existed previous to the opening of the big plant had been merged into a single union, so far the chair factory was concerned, which was unusually powerful in consequence. Ia could close the factory absolutely, if it saw fit, and this was what Ennis advised. He was as radical as Burns ever had dared to be.

"You've got to put on the screws!" he declared in his address that evening. "Burns has told you what can be done, and you've got to make him do it. I don't know anything about it — I've been away—but Burns knows that the company is making slathers of money and robbing you to enrich the stockholders. You've got him on record! All you've got to do is to take him at his word! Don't think for a minute that I'm urging this on my information; it's on his. He explained the situation to you long ago, and he's in power now! He has all the power that I ever had. If he says the word, wages go up. Why don't you make him say the word, just as you made me say it nine or ten months ago? He advised it then, and he would advise it now if he stood here in my place. Why don't you follow his advice? He knows; he knows, and has told you, that the company is made of money, that it has millionaires back of it who are adding to their millions as a result of your work. What are a few dollars a week to them? Any one of them would have to hire a bookkeeper in order to be able to miss it, while it means a lot to you. That's what Burns has told you, and Burns wouldn't lie about a little thing like that."

The sarcasm in this passed over the heads of the men, but the reasoning appealed to them, and they asked Ennis to present their ultimatum. He knew the situation better than any of them, they argued. So Ennis presented himself at the office the following morning.

"Have you come back to take charge?" asked Burns rather bitterly.

"No," replied Ennis. "I'm here on behalf of the men to demand increased pay."

"What business have you got interfering between me and the men?" demanded Burns. "You're an outsider for the present."

"That's the very question I've often wanted to ask you," retorted Ennis. "I've never had any trouble with them when you've kept out of the way. However, I suppose they'd a little rather have an outsider present the ultimatum, because he can't be discharged."

Burns scowled, but he saw a ray of hope in the presence of Ennis.

"You know the situation," he said. "What would you advise?"

"Oh, I don't begin to know the situation as well as you did before you took charge," replied Ennis.

"What's the men's ultimatum?" asked Burns.

"That they'll strike to-morrow morning if they don't get the increase."

"You worked them up to that."

"As you have done before. But it didn't require much working."

"That means closing the factory in either case," commented Burns, "and me to the woods." Then, almost supplicatingly: "Won't you please take hold there?"

"And work out the problems you've made," retorted Ennis. "No, sir. They've got to be settled first."

"If I quit," mused Burns, "I'm out with both the men and the company. Hang it all! I'm out with the men, anyway, and I've got to stick to the company. If a strike comes from a refusal to increase wages I can't be blamed very much, and the company ought to look after me. Tell the men I refuse."

The news passed from man to man in the shop, and soon all work was at a standstill, while various uncomplimentary remarks were made about the substitute manager.

"We'll strike now!" they declared, but Ennis mounted a pile of lumber and motioned to them to be quiet.

"I want to tell you," he said, "that if there is a strike now this shop will be closed for good. Your representative wouldn't let you believe that before, but he knows it now."

"Then you take charge!" cried one of the men.

"I can't increase wages."

"Hang the wages!" was the vigorous response. "Throw that slave-driver out the window and we'll go back to work."

Burns heard the cry, and he had already vacated the manager's desk when Ennis returned to the office.

"The men have agreed to waive the wage increase if I will take charge again," the latter announced briefly. "I don't think you'll find it very pleasant here, Burns, but you're a good workman—a better workman than you are a labor leader—and I'll give you a note to headquarters that will give you a chance to get back to your old trade at the big plant. You needn't feel so crestfallen, Burns, just because I've done better as a labor leader than you've done as a manager. The former is the easier job."

Farmers' Short Course.

The Farmers' Annual Short Course, together with the Home Economics Short Course and Convention, the Agricultural Societies' Convention, and the Provincial Seed Grain Exhibition, will be conducted simultaneously again this year at Manitoba Agricultural College, commencing on Monday evening, Feb. 12th, and continuing throughout the week. A very full programme is being prepared, an outline of which will be ready for publication in a few days. This year's short courses and conventions give promise of being even stronger and better than they have been in the past, thus insuring a very profitable week to everyone interested in agriculture who may have the privilege of attending.

Handling The Luggage.

In Washington one day, a distinguished French visitor to this country pointed out to a baggage handler a rather frail gripsack.

"Is that strong enough," he asked, "to go in the baggage car?"

"I'll see," said the man. He lifted the grip high above his head, and threw it on the platform with all his might.

"That," he said "is what she'll get in Philadelphia."

He took it up again, and banged it against the side of the car four or five times.

"That is what she'll get in Chicago," he went on.

He tossed it high in the air, and on its descent jumped on it. This broke the lock open, so that the contents were scattered over the platform.

"And that's what she'll get in Sioux City," he concluded.

"You'd better take her in the Pullman with you, boss," he added, graciously, "if you're going further than Sioux City."

Winks—"Do you believe in hypnotism?"

Blinks—"Of course I do. Don't you see this necktie that the shopman induced my wife to buy the other day?"

An Oil That is Famous.—Though Canada was not the birthplace of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, it is the home of that famous compound. From here its good name was spread to Central and South America, the West Indies, Australia and New Zealand. That is far ahead enough to attest its excellence, for in all these countries it is on sale and in demand.

The Silent Mounds.

Some Camp Fire History of Work Among the Mississaugans. By Bonnycastle Dale.

OUR white tents were just outlined in the gloom. The leaning pine-bough fires gleaming and flashing made the old chief's face at one moment a bronze visage—at the next a black demon. We were in Ontario investigating those long earth formations, "The Serpent Mounds," that crowned the hill a few hundred feet above. Some antropologist gave the formation to the Mound builders, but we knew better, for in excavating the hundred and twenty-nine foot "Serpent Mound," we had found everywhere the bones and relics of the tribal people called Mohawks. All the four Turtle Mounds, beside the Serpent, too, told their tale in bones and relics. But listen, the old Mississaugan chief, squatted in his animal pose, is just starting on the tribal record—while my

Winter Scenes off the Serpent mounds.

white companions stretch their necks to listen—and are one moment a half circle of staring eyes and solemn faces—and the next blotted out by the intermittent smoke shadows.

"Many, many years ago, when my fathers hunted beside the "Clear water" (Lake Superior), and the young men of the tribe made their summer camp on this Lake of the Wild Rice, there came a rumor to the head villages of our people that the Mohawks had killed our young men and taken their women away. So my father's men came by canoe and portage all the way from the Clear Water, by many a portage, by many days paddle. They made the last camp about ten miles over there"—and he pointed westward to the river that emptied itself into the lake who's shores we sat upon—"Now my father made forest journeys and spied out the Mohawks. He found them camped right up there," pointing to the summit of the low hill above us. "Very silently he crept back with his men, built a great council chamber on the banks of the river, built it as no white man ever built a house made it of pine trees shaped just like a tent—and inside of this they built an other with just room for a row of men to stand between."

"Now my father took the signal branch and went and made talk with the enemy. He bade them come to a peace pipe smoke in the big house they had built on the river"———Crack!!!

A canoe load of ripe wild rice.

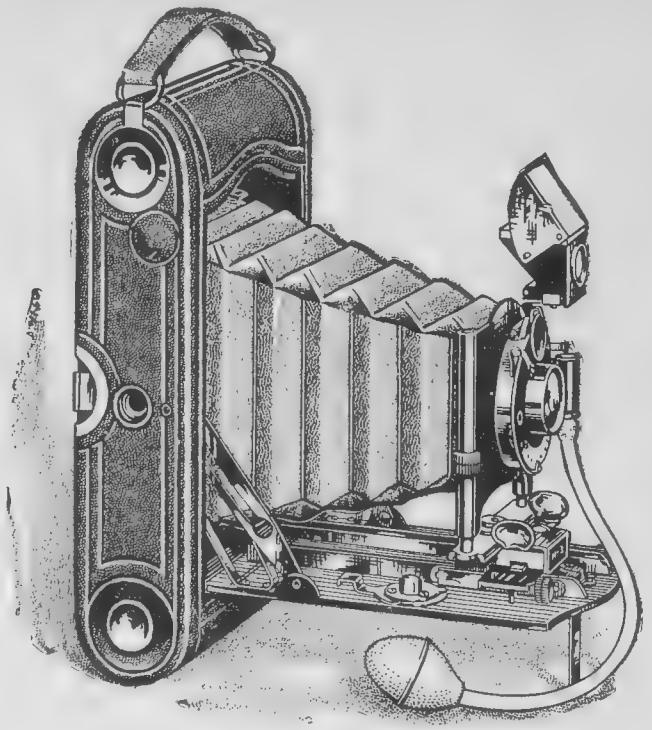
What the ducks will see on the opening day.

swish!!!———came a rotten branch from off the old oak above and smote the speaker. A vagrant dust and a falling ranch silenced, but luckily did not kill the old withered orator, so I must finish from our notes. All the long journey from Superior I found amply vouched folk lore from each tribe. The end of the journey was on the Otonabee River. Here they built the double tent-like house of tall straight young pines. Across the ten miles of land the courier went and invited the slayers of his young men to paddle up the river to the council chamber to a pipe talk. As near as records can be found there was encamped at that time on the summit of the hill now called "The Serpent Mounds," fully a thousand of the Mohawks—man, woman and child. One September half the gaudily clad warriors, with their women and children, came down this very hill and entered their canoes and set off on the voyage—eight miles up the beautiful wild rice covered lake they paddled, four miles up the river they journeyed—then they came in sight of the huge green-pine tree building.

Beckoned ashore by their hosts, copying them as they laid down every weapon at the large opening of the huge natural tent, following them as they entered, squatting down in silent inquisitive rows just across from them in the gloomy, sweet scented chamber, watching the ceremonial filling of the red stone

Indians in the chick rice.

pipe. Then the old chief of all the Ojibways, head man of all the Mississagans, raised the pipe in his hands—high over his head—and dashed it to pieces on the stone before him—then, as the one that was wounded by the branch told me, so expressively—"out leaped the warriors and we killed all that came." Out from that silent, hacking, close contest swarmed the victorious Mississaugans. Into their canoes they leaped with many a wild cry, and off they paddled in frantic haste to find the camp where the lately slaughtered ones had left their half of the women and children. I have stood upon the lonely island from who's grassy heights these devoted ones saw the swiftly oncoming craft. Again the rude knives and painted tomahawks were flashing. All of the brood of the hated invaders were swiftly dispatched, and off the ravening hoard started for the camp that lay above our present tenting home. In the rude camp of the old stricken chief I heard the finale—from out his bandaged face his old eyes flashed as he told me: "We came



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through the rice beds at dark, no one of our men made any noise. Then we step out before the canoes touch the beach. Up this hill my father's men creep, into the tents of the Mohawks they lean and only a few men escaped into the forest, then we dug the long trench and buried the Mohawks, buried them in the form of their totem, the Blacksnake and the Turtle, so that all men coming after may read of our revenge.'

Mark this, you white men, that raise monuments to the slain. Here is the greatest on the continent of America. The Mississaugans dug a trench, following the sinuous line of the blacksnake—as the tribal sign of the enemy—bore, surrounding it on both sides with two fifty-foot turtle shaped mounds—all these open trenches were filled with the slain. The earth was heaped high above, and today, a few miles below the town of Keene, Ontario, all men may read by "The Blacksnake and The Turtle Mounds," of the century old victory of the Ojibway over the Mohawk.

Jimsie's Valentine.

By B. McM. Bell.

"JIMSIE!"

In a moment a little snow-covered figure bounded up the steps leading to the door of Dr. Gray's office.

"What is it, Uncle Jim? My, but it's bully sleigh-riding to-day!"

"Looks like it." Uncle Jim surveyed with satisfaction the glowing cheeks and shining eyes of his small namesake. "Do you want to earn some money, Jimsie?" he asked.

"Sure!" answered Jimsie eagerly.

"Well, here's a quarter. Take this box of flowers around to Miss Madge. And, Jimsie, be sure you give them to Miss Madge herself. If she isn't at home, bring them back and try again after dinner."

Jimsie's face dimpled. He had long worshipped at the shrine of Miss Madge. Indeed, in Jimsie's opinion, there were only two "grown-ups" in the wide world who knew how to play with a small boy. These were Miss Madge and Uncle Jim. Of course, Miss Madge was the best—they had such jolly times together. He didn't mind sharing her with Uncle Jim, though sometimes it did seem too bad that he should come and carry her off for a drive, just when they were in the midst of an exciting game. But Miss Madge had been ill, and Uncle Jim said she needed all these drives. Of course, being a doctor, he ought to know. Jimsie wondered, as he walked along the street carrying the box of fragrant blossoms, why Uncle Jim was sending them to Miss Madge to-day. Perhaps he wanted her to wear them at the party to-night.

"Halloa, Jimsie!" shouted a boy from across the street. "Get any valentines to-day?"

Jimsie shook his head, and kept steadily on his way. Now, however, he understood. This was St. Valentine's Day, and Uncle Jim was sending Miss Madge these flowers as a valentine. But surely he would send her a paper valentine, too. It would likely be inside the box along with the flowers. Jimsie wondered if it was a pretty one. He thought there couldn't be any harm in looking. So he lifted the corner of the box-cover, and peeped in. There was a small, white envelope nestling among purple violets. Curiosity overcame all scruples, and in a moment Jimsie was seated on a doorstep gazing somewhat contemptuously at a dainty, delicately-scented missive, which he held in his hand.

"Well," he exclaimed aloud, "that plain thing. That ain't near pretty enough for Miss Madge. Nothing but a bunch o' violets! Uncle Jim must have had one of his absent-minded fits on when he got that—he's had a lot of 'em lately.

"I know," he announced to himself a moment later. "I'll take that quarter he gave me, and get her a real pretty one, so I will."

Suiting the action to words, he walked briskly in the direction of a book store. There, he spent his quarter for

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a brilliant creation of lace and tinsel. which he proudly placed in the box, slipping Uncle Jim's unpretentious envelope into his coat pocket.

Miss Madge answered the door herself, and when Jimsie gave her the parcel, she bestowed on him a smile so radiant that he felt a glow in his heart all the way home.

That afternoon Uncle Jim was in the best of humor. He took Jimsie with him on his round of calls, and let him hold the horse at every place they stopped. So good a time had Jimsie that he never thought of the valentine in his coat pocket, until after Uncle Jim had gone to the party, and he (Jimsie) was undressing for bed. Then he slipped downstairs, and laid it in the drawer of Uncle Jim's desk.

Usually, Jimsie's head no sooner touched the pillow than he was asleep. But to-night it was different. Strange misgivings stole into his mind, and disturbed his thoughts. He wondered if, after all, he had made a mistake in changing those valentines. He wished so much that he had left Uncle Jim's there, and had put his own in beside it. Miss Madge would have had them both then. Perhaps there was some writing on that plain, little thing that Uncle Jim wanted Miss Madge to see. He would look at it again.

So Jimsie dressed himself. and went noiselessly downstairs to Uncle Jim's office. By the light of the fire in the grate, he examined the valentine carefully. He heaved a sigh of relief—there was no writing. Suddenly, he noticed that the flowers were on a flap. Raising it, he read in Uncle Jim's handwriting—

"If for me, Sweetheart, you care."
Wear my violets in your hair."

So that was it. Well, maybe she would wear them, anyway. She had often worn flowers in her hair last summer. He would wait here, until Uncle Jim came back, and find out. If everything wasn't all right, of course, he would have to explain.

He curled himself up in the big chair in front of the fire, and fell asleep. He was awakened by the opening of the door, and Uncle Jim's step in the hall. Uncle Jim stared at the little figure in the big chair.

"Why, Jimsie, you up yet? You should have been in bed long ago. child."

"Uncle Jim," ventured Jimsie, "was Miss Madge at the party?"

"Yes, Jimsie." Uncle Jim was not smiling. "Did—did she wear any of your flowers, Uncle Jim?"

"Yes, she had some in her belt. Why, Jimsie?"

Jimsie waited. There was a big lump in his throat that threatened to choke him whenever he tried to speak. At last, he got control of it, but his voice was husky.

"Uncle Jim, I—I changed the valentines!"

It was out, and he felt better already, even though Uncle Jim was staring at him, with amazement in his eyes.

"You changed the valentines, Jimsie? What do you mean?" asked Uncle Jim, very quietly.

"Well, yours wasn't near pretty enough for Miss Madge, so I took the money you gave me, and bought her another. It—it was a regular stunner, Uncle Jim. "Anyway," he went on, gathering courage, "I knew she wouldn't want any pictures of flowers, when she had such heaps of real ones."

"But," his voice fell again, "I forgot to look for the writing."

"It's — it's in the drawer of your desk," he added, looking steadily into the fire. Somehow he didn't care to meet Uncle Jim's eyes just then.

"Uncle Jim," he ventured a moment later, but the slamming of the front door answered him.

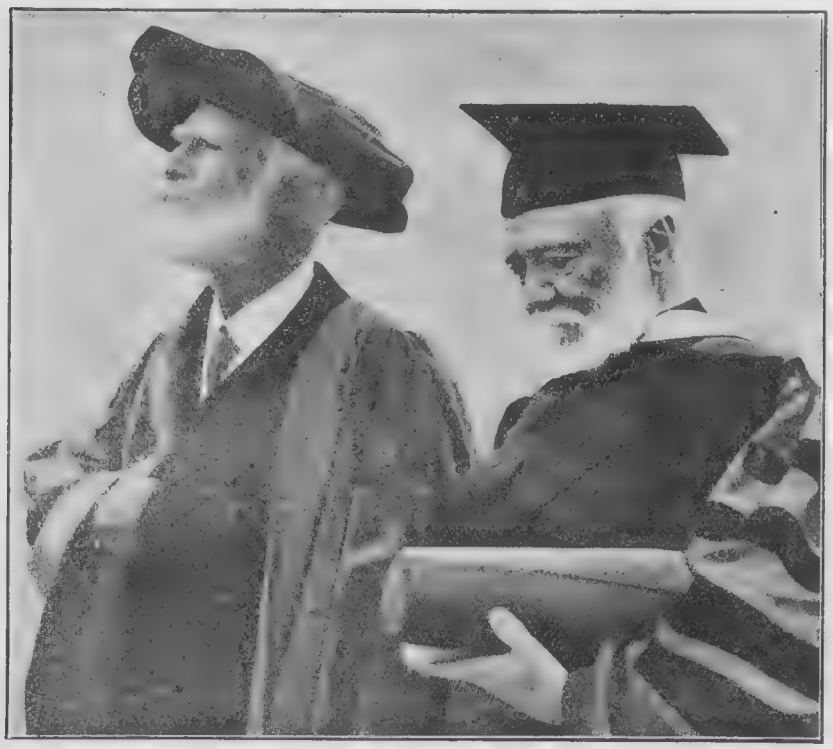
Poor Jimsie! Life didn't seem to be worth living any more. Uncle Jim and Miss Madge would both be very angry, and perhaps they would never play with him again. Still, he was glad he told.

He went wearily up to bed, and under the safe shelter of the blankets, he sobbed as if his heart would break. He was still sobbing when Uncle Jim came back.

"Jimsie," said Uncle Jim's quiet voice. Only the sobs made answer.

"Jimsie," said Uncle Jim again, pulling down the bed-clothes, "are you crying, little man? Why! why!"

Then he whispered, his face close to the boy's wet one, "It's all right, Jimsie. Miss Madge has them both now, and she made me promise to give you another quarter for being a good boy, and telling about it. "And, Jimsie," he added, "Miss Madge thinks your valentine is far prettier than mine. She said to be sure to tell you."



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"Yes: but would you do that much for me?"

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TORONTO WINNIPEG

That Saving Muslin Curtain.

Grace for salvation; problems for solution: the many made one. By William Lutton.

"Do you know what the West wants?—a muslin curtain."

And the lady who said it went straight home to England to send the muslin curtain out.

That was Miss Flora Shaw, the special correspondent of the London "Times," who had been sent out on a mission of investigation and enquiry to Canada.

Of course, the West wants more than a muslin curtain against the window. It wants an increase of the graces of life. It wants the evolution of the home-like feeling. It wants to make the vastness seem intimate and friendly. It wants to feel that this new world is ample for all reasonable desire.

That was the thought of Miss Shaw expressed to the writer when she came east.

The muslin curtain has been coming out ever since. One sees at the railway stations or on the trains, large numbers of poor women and children, comprising what we call the foreign element. They are not lovely. They are not aesthetic. They will not bring in any kind of salvation—for the moment. They have never known the spring of life. They have been born into timidity and oppression and poverty. The bare earth will do for them—for a lustrum.

But search a little, and you will see her who is to be the evangel of the prairie—the refined and educated Englishwoman, who, in reponse to the call for grace in the prairie life, which has, at the beginning, missed this saving and uplifting factor in every sort of redemption, comes out to put up the muslin curtain against the glass and the geranium on the window sill.

When the Lloydminster colony came out it was pathetic to see the pianos and pictures, the silverware, the lares and penates of an ordered and gracious civilization. Some felt the poignancy of these things to be heartbreaking when they saw them in dug outs and shacks in the early days of the colony's settlement.

"I felt a lump in my throat," said a well known clergyman to the writer, "as I saw graceful English girls, with admirable courage, sit down to their pianos in the make shift of habitations and play and sing the old songs, full of haunting and heart-breaking memories."

But the strength of the men—the high spirits of the women, conquered what seemed the inhospitality of nature; and the miracle was wrought—one of the many miracles in the magic world of the prairies—the springing up of the town, the city, like Jonah's gourd, as it might well seem; the organized entry; the birth of that most sacred and profound of all human feelings—the love of the home, created in the wild; the mimiery, in pathetic verisimilitude of every desirable feature of the old life from which they had parted.

The sister came out to keep house for her brother, or the father who had preceded the family. The young girl came out to share the lot of the man she loved in the new world.

The humble dwelling took on new grace. Something soft and sweet had birth the moment the woman's foot crossed the threshold. A little patch in front was sown with the simplies which bloomed in far-away gardens. The muslin curtain spelled home in alluring letters against the front window. The pessimism which may have marked the humble dwelling, in and out, gave place to cheerfulness. The place was transformed. It was very simple. The shack, the lean to, the little cabin, had found a soul. It had become possessed of grace and tenderness.

And the brave women who, in hundreds of instances, have given the West what

King George and Queen Mary in Bombay.

al raw communities need—the grace of feminity—have never repined. Lonely they must have been, while their menfolk were away on the prairie. The neighbors were distant—too often impossible. Of social life, there had hardly been hinted the faintest beginnings. But they sang to themselves to keep their spirits up. They read and re-read the precious papers and magazines from the Old Land. The infrequent letter was prized, for it brought the dear distant faces close.

And the home grew bigger. The land prospered. The good money came in. Physical comforts have mental and spiritual relations, and comforts were multiplied. The houses increased. The community grew. The town was evolved; a world in microcosm reared its young and hopeful head on the prairie above the fragrant grasses.

That other world across the desolate waste of waters—that began to recede. Mercifully, as one says, to keep it bulking, to give it the tranced allurement which it is our weakness to do in absence—is faith to any kind of endeavor.

And when you get the town and the public institutions which belong to large and formal living, you create public opinion, you evolve an atmosphere, you put a soul into form, you give an inner meaning to red tape, and you reconstruct life after early models.

And this is well—nay, it is urgent. what are you to do with the diversity which marks the North-West?

You have set down on the prairies as curious and puzzling an ethic hodgepodge as ever confronted the statesman, the philanthropist, the religionist.

The C. P. R. put down shining bands of steel, and then began to scour Europe for population. The country was not particular.

We had no exclusion laws then. The C. P. R. asked no questions. Nay, we willingly took the leavings of the United States, which we now deport.

"We had, all of us, been up to our waists in mud and water." said Sir William Van Horne to the writer, "in the work of completing the line and opening up the North-West to occupation. It was not sentiment. It was business. It was a commercial undertaking. If there was any sentiment in connection with the undertaking and operating of the C. P. R., it was certainly not felt by those who put up their money into it. Those men wanted dividends, and the only way to get dividends was to scour Europe for people to fill up the vastness."

What said the landless and hungry millions of Europe? "Is this Canada, the last great West, the only place left in the world in which we can stand upright and face the sun, and claim the land which God has made?"

The stream, sluggish at first, tantalizingly so, to the men who hungered for dividends, acquired volume and momentum until every country in Europe, not to speak of the great Asiatic continent, became tributary —thus offering, in ethnic variety, as well as sheer bulk, an embarrassment of riches.

This led to restrictions, but those who desired to see in the West a replica of the civilization of the Anglo-Saxon world, and for this purpose would fain choose with nicety, the vastness was still there, unpeopled as far as the eye could see; illimitable spaces, which even the amazing energy of the C.P.R. could not touch into crowded and pulsing life.

It would lay down the spur line; it would irrigate the bad lands; it would create the ready-made farm upon which the settler could set himself down, pleasantly conscious of order and homelikeness.

And thus we have the tremendous problem of assimilation.

The foreign elements bring their own customs and languages, and sanctions with them gregarious creatures—they huddle together.

Tenuous in the vastness, they are for long untouched by the currents of life in the organized centres. What we call our Canadian institutions are so lightly operative over illimitable territory, that moulding influences are poorly and indecisively felt for years. There is a church, but it is infinitely and tragically sub-divided. There is a school, but we have still to make it predominatingly and imperiously British-Canadian; there is the feeble fluttering of civic life in the newly formed centre, but it is not strong enough to influence or solve the ethnic problem.

Many of the racial groups are frankly pagan. Some of them threaten to revive, in the new world, the religious hatreds of the old.

The Christian missionary is active, but he cannot be ubiquitous, and rivalries which have come at last in the east to be regarded with shame and mortification, are perpetuated in the West, to the prolongation of the separative conditions which have given grave concern to the well wishers of the land as a whole.

The poor Chinaman says to the missionary: "You want me to become Christian, but what kind of a Christian? There are one hundred and fifty Christian sects: can I be a Christian in all of these sects?"

And the Syrian, the Galician, the Doukhobor, the Mormon, the Ruthenian, the Copt, the Stundist, the Nestorian, might well enquire from the rival claimants of his faith and belief, which of the sects might be supposed to convey the most saving efficacy?

How to reduce from the many, one. There may be grace in variety; but in the large and lasting purposes of life which keep an eye on the historian you need an unquestioned homogenity.

The picturesque is not to be despised; but you must have a common ideal in a large and national sense if you intend to come to anything notable in the ranks of nations.

Disperse the attrition of numbers, the insensible influence of other manners and customs and language; the spur of imitation, the need for identification with the life which is official, permanent, powerful, and which can do things through statute; the infectious effects of the common school; the alluring effects of hopeful institutions—all will have their potent, if insensible, effect in time.

Colony life should be frowned upon. Segregation perpetuates the ideals and sanctions which must give place to the large and abiding aims of Canadian citizenship.

At first there is merely the bare earth from which subsistence wrested. After that, material comfort, predisposing to good and orderly citizenship. To this, with encouragement, succeeds the dawnings of national feelings. We must be patient with this.

But we must speak with one and not many voices. We must know our own aspirations and ideals, and pursue them. We must make it plain that while we welcome all, our standard is that which expresses the highest ideals in the individual and national life.

The shining bands of steel bring the dispossessed of the earth to our doors. The land invites. Those who never in their environment saw the tender shoot of green, which contains the whole of cosmos, may survey the bounteous landscape and claim it for their very own.

The vastness smiles welcome.

Every fresh wreath of smoke deepens the meaning of home. Every new leanto postulates the larger home, in which the life may be lived in simple wholesomeness. Every neighborly feeling is the presage of an engaging social life. The community, the town, the village, the city grows; the stream of human life empties itself over the fertile plains, an embryonic civil and civil consciousness is realized; a common purpose and ambition dominates diversified elements, which, while retaining individualistic characteristics, are willing to share in the heritage of grace and integrity and morality which appertains to Anglo-Saxon civilization.

'Twas on the sivinteenth of Mar-r-ch,
I'd just arrived from Cork,
An' wint to selling shamrocks on
The sidewalks of New York.

A big Dootch copper kim along,
Siz he: "Vos habt wire hier?
"Sham rocks," sez I an'he run me in
Fur shovin' of the queer!

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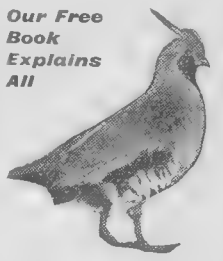

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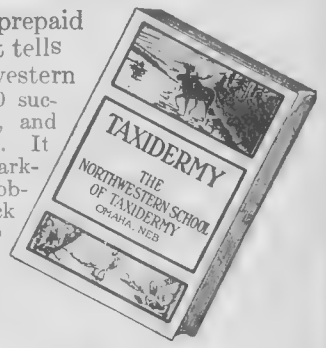

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Rocky Mountain Plants.

By W. R. Gilbert, Calgary, Alta.

ON the hottest day in summer one can always find some cool, shady trail which cuts across the forest slopes of the Rockies, and leads the traveller up between the conifers to those wide, open spaces where the pools are set like tourquoise jewels on the broad breast of

Lady's Slipper

the mountains. By the icy waters little mosses and reeds whisper huskily in their tiny green throats, and the snowy cotton grasses wave their silky, fluffy heads at the bidding of every breeze. Here, too, are the water crowfoots, gay with white and yellow flowers, their thread-like leaves submerged beneath the surface of the pool. Then we see the dense rose-colored spikes of the water persicania, which ornaments the edge of these waters. Just beyond the borders of the pools the dainty little pink swamp laurel grows in thick clusters.

Though we see no white water lilies,

Orchis

occasionally one finds masses of the golden species floating on a soft bed of green leaves. Most beautiful are the large yellow lady's slippers which, though they prefer the dry moraines of the glaciers, yet are frequently found in moist places, illuminating the shade with their showy inflated sacs flanked by long spiral petals and purplish green sepals. The small yellow lady's slipper loves the cool damp spots in the forests. It is a small replica of the larger one, and has a fragrant odor. Close beside these—

"Golden slippers meet for fairies' feet"

—grows the mountain lady's slipper, and the pink lady's slipper, both lovely flowers, the shooting star, quaint purple pink blossoms with reflexed petals and queer pointed yellow noses; and the swamp comandra a parasitic plant with pretty, greenish white flowers. Sometimes there is to be seen a whole swamp filled with the tall white bog orchis, the spikes of these exquisite flowers which are fragrant as hyacinths, grow to a great height in the mountain regions. Marsh marigold is a splendid plant for a water garden, with its large, glossy leaves and brilliant blossoms; false hellebore, with its immense handsome foliage and graceful pendant tassels of yellowish green flowers, is also very ornamental, and together with the asphodel, loves a wet habitat.

Many charming plants there are which flourish abundantly on the wet, sandy flats of the Rocky Mountains near running or stagnant water, and which would thrive equally well in similar surroundings in the States.

Prickly Rose.

Among these are the primilas, which have pink or lilac salver shaped flowers marked by a yellow eye; the butterwort, with its lovely purple blossoms that resemble large violets, and its pale leaves covered with a horrible thick, slimy secretion: the fly-spotted orchis, bearing clusters of pale, pink flowers, with a single rounded leaf growing at the base of the scape; and the yellow monkey flower, a small plant with abnormally large blossoms and very small leaves.

No mountain marsh would be complete without large beds of brook lobelia, its racemes of sky blue blossoms, closely resembling the garden species; Macouns gentian, "colored with Heaven's own blue;" masses of sweet-smelling mint; and the dense, snowy spikes of the ladies' tresses, one of the most exquisite treasures in Nature's garden. The early blue violet is also a lover of swampy ground. It has five large petals, which are hairy at the base, the lower ones being marked by a tiny yellowish patch on the face, and protruding at the back into a small rounded spear. Close to the snow in the wet valleys blooms the spring beauty, a frail rose-veined flower with a tuberous root. This is a beautiful plant under cultivation.

Many beautiful flowering shrubs ornament the slopes of the Canadian Rockies and Selkirk Mountains, and among those which could be transplanted are the salmon berry, with its handsome white flowers set amongst

Salmon Berry

dense strongly veined foliage; the prickly rose, a bush growing to a height of four feet and covered with fragrant pale pink blossoms; the service berry, called by the Indians, Saskatoons; the Rocky Mountain grape with its glossy leaves, which turn a lovely scarlet in the fall.

"In this Nature's garden on the slopes"

of the Rockies there are Arctic plants and water plants, rock and swamp plants, plants which thrive in the sunshine, and plants that love the shade—flowering vines and tall shrubs, all of which combine to create a beauty not to be excelled in another part of the world.

I would strongly advise a visit to the Canadian Rockies in September, as the plants in fruit are most beautiful, and long sprays of the creeping raspberry, blueberries, currants, gooseberries, salmon berries, bilberries, and many other fruits are there. But the wild garden of the Canadian Rockies is always beautiful. Early in the year, when delicate ponds just peep through the melting snows, spring passes by, leaving globe flowers and wind flowers. When summer trumpets on the hills, all the plants bud and blow with a wealth of sap and pour off their fragrance in libation to the sun; but when fall shadows deepen, and leaves turn a russet red, then is the harvest of the fruits — and presently the alpine meadows fall asleep under the soft snow.

Not Solomon Nor the Lillies.

By Beth Porter Sherwood.

"So I'll have to wait an hour for that unspeakable train when I positively ought to be in Westvale this minute," grumbled Dick Palmer, secretary of Westvale Medical Union, as he closed his watch with a snap.

"Great Scott," as another thought occurred to him, "if that confounded old engine should break down again to-day all our work would go for nothing, and Bascom would win out after all."

He took off his hat, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and then wandered aimlessly down to the river. "I suppose there's nothing earthly I can do," he soliloquized, "and I might as well get some of this dust off me; and this is an ideal place for a swim."

He looked up at the white, fleecy clouds floating leisurely through a great field of blue and down at the lump waters of the river flowing, with equal leisure through a great field of green, broken by stately elms and low growing clumps of alder and Indian willow.

As he threw off his coat a parcel of papers fell from his pocket, which, instead of replacing, he put carefully under a big flat stone.

After a long, hot, dusty tramp how good that water felt! Just soft and deep and warm enough. He swam back and forth, and up and down, thinking that the life of a denizen of such a stream must be an ideal one; and then, somewhat reluctantly, he betook himself to the shore.

He was positive this was the place he had left his clothes. He searched hastily, frantically. Then with dogged perseverance he looked behind every shrub and bush and tree-trunk close down to the water, and as far inland as was prudent; and finally was obliged to come to the conclusion that they had been stolen by some prowling tramp.

The papers still remained beneath the stone; but what availed the papers in his present plight? "primeval man," he mused, "clad himself in the skins of beasts." He wished he had some of them. The skin of the worst imaginable beast would be welcome. "The worst imaginable beast"; that would be the reptile that stole his clothes. Well, that would be of no more avail than the one already in his possession. "But if I ever get hold of the howling sneak I'll do him some damage, and don't you forget it," and he shook his fist at the green pastures and still waters in futile rage.

But it was the present and not the future he had to deal with. He must get that train. Taking advantage of whatever cover the bushes afforded he reconnoitred. Down the valley, half a mile away were houses, but how was he to reach them? He went up the bank a little higher, and there just beyond a rise were buildings; a house, facing the highway, and barn, and outbuildings in the rear, and nearer to the river; but he could not present himself to the inmates in his present garb. Another clump of bushes lured him on, and, twisting this way and that, and wriggling through the grass at the risk of leaving much of the suit that nature had bestowed upon him on the stubble, he gained their shelter.

A thrill of joy shot through him. On a clothes line well in the rear of the house. was a garment of some kind. If only he could reach it! Dodging, skulking, making little rushes, at last he reached that blessed clothes line, snatched the garment, and hastily donned it; a woman's long fur lined coat.

"I suppose I'm a spectacle, but I'm clothed and more or less in my right mind," he muttered; "and now to storm the citadel" With a rueful glance at himself he advanced with all the boldness he could command, and after a preliminary peep, passed through an open doorway into a dimly-lighted back hall. Going forward he knocked at a door, which was opened by an anxious looking, middle-aged woman.

"Thank Heaven, it's not a giggling schoolgirl," thought Dick, bowing courteously to the woman who stared in amazement at the surprising object before her.

Madam," he began, "is your husband at home?"

"Hm, well, he's—he's very busy," she replied guardedly.

"Will you ask him to come here? I wish very much to see him."

"Well, really, I—I believe he's just gone out," she stammered.

"Do you expect him back soon?"

"Oh, yes, yes. I guess so. Yes, right away," she answered confusedly.

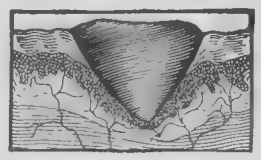
"Is the woman crazy?" thought Dick.

"Madam," he added hastily, as she seemed about to shut the door, "can you or will you let me have a suit of men's clothes?"

"No, I can't," she snapped, and stepping back she slammed the door, and locked it.

"Whew!" whistled Dick running his fingers through his damp hair, "I believe I'll have to storm the citadel in earnest.

He stepped up to the door and



The Folly of Paring Corns

Here's a typical corn.

Paring that corn takes off just the top layers. It merely relieves the pressure for a little time.

The root remains, and the whole corn soon returns.

And that paring is exceedingly dangerous. A slip of the blade means infection, and blood poison often results.

Ending Corns

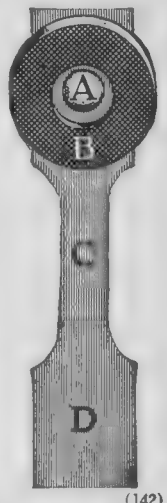
The way to end corns is with a simple Blue-jay plaster.

The pain stops instantly. Then the B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In 48 hours the whole corn comes out.

No pain, no soreness, no inconvenience.

Over fifty million corns have been removed in this way, since this wonderful wax was invented. Every other treatment is discarded forever when a person once tries this.

For your own safety and comfort, find out what Blue-jay does.



A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue=jay Corn Plasters

At Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

(142)

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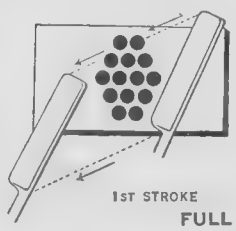
Hone your razor THOROUGHLY (see cuts below), don't be afraid of it. Keep it flat to the surface and you simply can't hurt it.

When the edge is down to its true wedge-shape and ready for shaving, it will "stick" or "cling" when touched and drawn lightly over the wetted finger nail. Try this with your razor NOW.

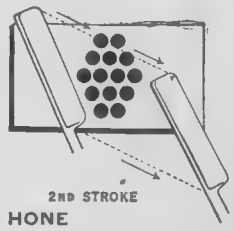
Then strop it carefully, but thoroughly, until it will cut a hair at the slightest touch. Do this and you will enjoy perfect shaves every time.

VASELINE well worked into a strop is the very best dressing.

AVOID dust at all times for perfect results.



A Razor should always be honed edge foremost as shown here—the opposite of stropping.



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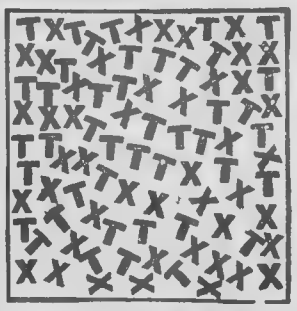

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knocked insistently. "Madam," he called.

"Go 'way. I've got nothing for you," came the reply.

"Madam, I've got your fur-lined coat on," shouted Dick.

"What?" There was astonishment and dismay in the woman's tone.

"I've got your fur-lined coat on," he repeated.

"Take it off immediately and go away. Do you hear?"

"I can't. I've got nothing else to put on," objected Dick stamping with impatience.

A murmur of voices came to his ear. Evidently the woman's husband had returned or some other member of the family was with her.

As Dick stood waiting the result of the family conference the sound of an approaching automobile reached his ears, and sent through him a thrill of hope. Anticipating the woman's husband he turned eagerly at the sound of approaching footsteps. Then the outside door opened, and to his dismay a young lady in motor coat and veil, entered.

At sight of the grotesque figure she stopped and looked uneasily from him to the door.

"You wish to enter," ventured Dick, stepping deferentially to one side. Then by way of encouragement he added, "I am really not so dangerous as I look. I am only waiting to see the man of the house."

A glean of amusement shone in the girl's eyes as they met Dick's, and bowing slightly, she ran up the steps and finding the door locked she called "Let me in, Aunt Betty."

The door opened an inch or two, and someone asked "Is that you, Helen"

"Yes, let me in."

"They're pretty badly scared," decided Dick as the door closed again, "but I'll give them a few minutes to talk it over."

He had about concluded to knock again when a plump, pleasant looking woman, somewhat younger than the first, looked out.

"What do you want?" she asked sharply.

"I wish to get the loan of a suit of clothes," he answered.

"Sara," came in an agonized whisper, "do come in and shut the door. The man is crazy."

"Nonsense," was Sara's answer, and she turned again to Dick. "Come in here and tell us why you've got that coat on," she commanded.

"I beg your pardon, but if it's the same to you I'd rather stay here."

"It's not the same to us. You come right in."

"I suppose there's no help for it," muttered Dick, wishing he could resolve himself into a dew or something else equally evanescent. It was, therefore, with no very good grace that he entered the room and dropped uninvited into a chair, drawing another one before him; and as the eyes of the ladies turned upon him he colored hotly.

"Excuse me," he said, turning to Betty after an embarrassing pause, "but you said you expected your husband in soon. I suppose that he was driving the automobile."

To his surprise Betty's face flushed scarlet. Sara looked up with a questioning smile, and Helen laughed outright.

"Betty Marshall, you ought to be ashamed," reproved Sara.

"Were you frightened, Aunt Betty?" asked the girl teasingly.

Betty turned upon Dick irritably. "I may just as well tell you that we are maiden ladies," she said defiantly, "and as to being frightened—well, you're enough to frighten any one. Also, it was my niece, who is visiting here, who brought in the auto."

"Where did you leave it, Helen?" asked Miss Sara, suddenly turning from the window.

"Just as I got here Jim dropped from somewhere, and took it, saying he was going on an errand of mercy; but he looked as if he were up to some mischief."

"He wouldn't be Jim if he weren't," commented Miss Betty petulantly.

"I am sorry to be the cause of alarm," said Dick as soon as he had an opportunity to speak, "but while waiting for the train I went bathing in the river, and someone, probably a tramp, stole my clothes."

"I positively must take the five o'clock train, so if you can help me to more suitable garments I beg that you will do so."

"You and the tramp did not happen to be travelling together, did you?" ventured Miss Betty suspiciously.

Dick turned upon her with flashing eyes. "I hope you ladies don't take me for a hobo," he broke in impetuously. "My name is Palmer, and my business back in the hills has been to find old Doctor Marshall."

The women turned upon him with a sort of suppressed excitement.

"Dr. Marshall? Was he lost?" asked Helen quickly, flashing a lightning glance at her aunt.

"He started to go to Montreal, and was brought away back here decoyed my a deceptive message," explained Dick.

"Why did you wish to find him?" questioned Miss Sara, regarding Dick keenly.

"He had in his possession papers, plans, &c., &c., relating to the building of the Westvale Convalescent's Home about which you may have heard, and it is to the advantage of a certain man that work upon it shall be postponed as long as possible or prevented altogether."

"Oh, you are referring to Mr. Bascom and the money his aunt left to the Home, conditionally, and which reverts to him if not used before a certain date," stated Miss Sara with the positiveness of one who has a full knowledge of the subject under discussion.

Dick looked his surprise.

"Dr. Marshall is our uncle," explained Miss Sara, and we have heard all about the case."

"Then you will be interested when I tell you that definite work must be done inside of twenty-four hours, and will also realize how important it is tha I should reach the city as soon as possible."

He arose nervously as he spoke, then, realizing his limitations, dropped back into his chair, saying, confusedly, "Really I—I'd rather not go this way."

"Aunt Sara, isn't there something about the house that Mr. Palmer could wear?" cried Helen appealing eagerly to her aunt.

"There's positively nothing in the way of men's garments but some of your brother Jim's," replied Miss Sara.

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WESTERN CANADA'S GREATEST SEED HOUSE.

"May I not have some of them," besought Dick eagerly.

Miss Sara shook her head regretfully. "They're altogether too small."

"Oh, I wont mind if they are a little tight," he urged. "Probably they'll be all right."

"No," said Helen conclusively, "Jim is only sixteen, and not very large at that, and you," her eyes swept Dick's manly proportions approvingly, "you are no dwarf."

"I'm afraid I'm not," he agreed ruefully.

"Oh," broke out Helen impatiently, "if we only had some of the clothes that people have no immediate need of. Just a little way from here I met a man carrying a suit upon his arm; he had no suit case or anything."

"He was no tramp," protested Helen. "He was well dressed and carried a cane and——"

"And was small and fair and wore eye-glasses, and the suit was brown," interrupted Dick impetuously.

"That is a good description of the man, and, I believe, the suit was brown," admitted Helen. "Do you know him?"

"I have no doubt it was Bert Tyson, Bascom's secretary. Knowing that he had been in the neighbourhood lately I thought of him, but such a trick seemed too low even for him."

"There," said Helen, turning eagerly to the window, "I hear Jim coming back. We'll get him to go and borrow something for Mr. Palmer to wear."

"Maybe," interpolated Miss Betty. "you know what a limb he is, and all creation wouldn't make him go if he took a notion not to."

In a moment the sound of the auto ceased, and voices raised in argument were heard.

"Indeed, and you will come in and pay your respects to the ladies," insisted one with a strong Hibernian accent.

"I would be delighted, but you must understand that I have no time," protested another.

"Indeed, and you have all the time there is," retorted he of the accent.

"That's right," conciliatingly, "but now unless you take me back I'll have barely time to make the train."

By this time the party had advanced far enough up the drive to be seen from the window.

"Just look at Jim," said Helen indicating her brother who seemed the incarnation of mischievous delight as he encouraged and abetted Mike Murphy, a stocky youth of twenty, in his detention of their unwilling guest whose manner, as well as his disordered dress and dangling eye-glass betokened coercion. Upon one arm, evidently much against his will, he carried a collection of garments.

"That's the man," affirmed Helen turning to Dick, who stood in the background viewing the scene over the heads of the ladies.

"Bert Tyson," he said, quietly, with a smile of deep content.

At that moment, taking advantage of the negligence of his captors, the man dropped his burden, jerked himself free and ran.

"That's right, Mike, catch him," shouted Jim, howling with laughter as Mike started in hot pursuit.

"What are you up to, Jim," asked Miss Sara going to the door.

Jim turned a beaming face to his Aunt and asked irrelevantly, "Is there a fellow in there with Aunt Betty's coat on?"

"Sh-h, yes. How did you know?"

"I saw him come up here, and I saw that fellow that Mike's after, steal his clothes," Jim informed her in a voice distinctly audible to all in the house. "I was up in the big elm, and saw him go into the water, and was thinking what a lark it would be to go off with his clothes when up comes this chap and sneakes off with them."

"Why didn't you stop him?"

"I never saw a fellow in such a scrape and I wanted to see how he'd get out of it; so I signalled for Mike, and he lit out after the other, and I trailed this one, and as soon as I saw him come here I thought he was a mighty plucky chap. Some fellows would have given up and stayed there till dark, but he didn't. No, sir. He kept a jumpin'. Say, I'm going in to see him."

"If those are his clothes you'd better bring them along," suggested Miss Sara.

"That's what," was Jim's pertinent comment, as he gathered them up.

With his arms full Jim strode in and offered his hand cordially to Dick.

"Say, I'm proud to know you," he declared admiringly.

"Thank you," returned Dick heartily, taking the proffered hand.

"I suppose," continued Jim, standing off and looking Dick over critically, "you wouldn't mind changing that airy, fairy garment for something more suitable, so to speak."

"Indeed, I wouldn't," agreed Dick.

"Well, here it is," passing the garments over.

"The fellow vowed he was going to bring them back. Said he only took them for a joke, but we made him fetch them himself, and he didn't want to. Not much. He looked for something in your pockets that he did not seem to find. What was it do you suppose?"

"These papers," replied Dick, regarding the documents in question with much satisfaction.

A few minutes later when Dick came forth arrayed and feeling, once more like a man, Jim had gone to join Mike who was struggling with his captive in an adjoining field.

"They are going to keep that fellow from taking the train," smiled Miss Sara, "and it serves him right."

"It certainly does," conceded Dick.

"You'd better let Helen take you to the station," suggested Miss Betty kindly, her ill humor having vanished, when she learned of Dick's errand.

"I should only be too glad," said Dick, making hasty adieus.

"There's the train now," exclaimed Helen nervously, as a whistle rent the air.

Shouting thanks and farewells to Jim, Dick sprang into the auto, and they were off, reaching the station just as the train was pulling out.

Seizing the hand rail Dick sprang upon the steps where he stood looking back at Helen, who waved her hand to him in farewell.

Then, as they gathered speed and swept out across a meadow Dick caught a last glimpse of Tyson, who had been running frantically, but was now standing glaring in impotent wrath after the vanishing train.

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Shiloh's Cure
STOPS COUGHS HEALS THE LUNGS PRICE, 25 CENTS

"The 3 3 3."

By May Heward. Written for the Western Home Monthly.

"This strike's pretty bad!"

"Is it," Sadie yawned indifferently. "I say Lottie don't you get awfully tired of this kind of life? I think I was happier cutting wood and drawing water before Poppa made his pile in railways."

"And wouldn't let you marry Joe Henderson, eh?" laughed her friend. "By the way he's stuck to the company p'raps he thinks if he got a rise t'would be all right."

"I guess he'll get a rise enough," answered Sadie, but——"

The door burst open as she spoke, and her small sister flung herself into the room.

"Oh! Sadie, it's awfully exciting, all the men are out and the directors are going to run a train from here to Collville if they can possibly get it through. Joe Henderson's going to drive, but there's not a man who'll volunteer for fireman."

The director's daughter rose slowly to her feet, a gleam in her eyes.

"Girls," she said, "I reckon it's time we showed these boys a thing or two."

* * * * * *

Half-an-hour later a rough, bearded man walked into the director's office.

"I'll stoke for the 7.28," he said.

They turned to him with relief.

"Do you know your job" asked the Boss.

"Yes, sir. my governor's been on the line for years."

"You know the risk you run; these strikers will probably try to wreck the train."

"I know," the man answered quietly, and the Boss peered curiously at him in the dusky light of the office.

He was the description of man who could be found anywhere in a station-yard; black-browed and heavy-bearded, wearing an old suit of overalls and an overcoat which he took off as the directors nodded to each other, satisfied that he was the man for their job.

"I put it on coming up in case I met any of the chaps," he said, and Sam O'Shin touched it affectionately.

"Just such a coat as that I wore when I got my first job," he remarked. "Well my man, if you get through you'll make a cool hundred dollars and most likely get a permanent job as well."

"Thank-you, sir, shall we get off?"

"Yes, it would be as well."

They went down to the platform where Joe Henderson was busy getting his engine ready.

"I've put the old '333' on," said the Boss, "they're a bit superstitious about her; think she's really a woman or something, and I thought they'd most likely let her alone. Here's your fireman, Henderson."

The driver looked up from his work to give the new man a keen glance and a curt nod.

"Hop up," he said, "now we're ready Boss."

"All right! off with you!"

Henderson touched a lever, the engine gave a weird shriek of defiance, and with its half-dozen empty carriages glided out of the station and away into the murky night.

Sparks flew and the engine shrieked as it tore along, eating up the miles of gleaming rails like a fiery-eyed dragon and the new fireman coaled well.

"What's your name?" shouted Henderson presently above the roar of the train, but not taking his eyes for a moment from the glass before him.

"Smith," was the ready answer.

"What line did you learn coaling on?"

"South Burgin."

"Where Mr. O'Shin hails from?"

"Yes, I'm from his country.."

"This is going to be a risky job."

Smith only laughed, shovelling on more coal, maybe Henderson didn't hear for it was almost lost in the fireman's big beard..

"You're not afraid?"

"Rather not, and the pay's good."

"It's over the bridge they'll try games if they mean to. The line's single there, but the Boss put this engine on to scare 'em. They all know her, and she killed a man once, and they vow she'll kill another before she's done. No one will drive her now, declare she's a she-devil, and shrieks like a woman. I don't mind her, she's the smartest engine on the line."

He fell silent after that and devoted himself to driving. On they rushed, gathering speed as they went, the engine certainly seemed possessed and the fireman, one eye on the water-gauge, the other on the fire, worked unceasingly. Presently Henderson leaned across.

"Do you see anything ahead?" he asked.

Smith glanced through the glass before him, then, leaning from the engine studied the line in front.

"Yes," he said, "there are lights."

"I thought so; they're up to mischief. "We're lost if we slow. I shall go on."

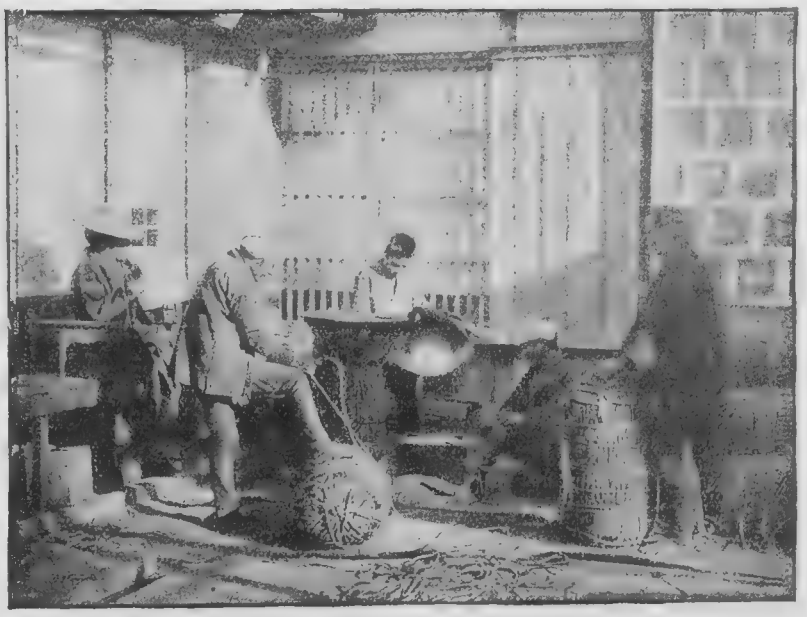
They had got to the down-grade by now, tearing like ten thousand furies, the carriages behind them rocked on the metals.

"There are men too on the line, er?" shouted Henderson then. The fireman only nodded in answer. He was very white and the perspiration was running down his face.

"I'll whistle: it's best not to kill anyone if we can help it."

So the '333' came shrieking wrathfully down on the dark figures who would work her harm.

A shower of stones greeted her, followed by the sharp crack of revolvers.



Basket makers.

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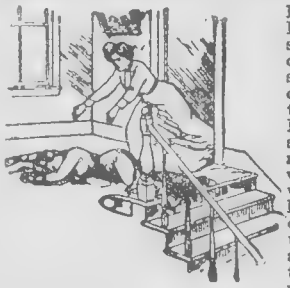

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"Shove on the coal!" shouted Henderson, "now she's moving!"

She was; they seemd to fly; in a second the yelling strikers were left behind, but what was this? A jerk which nearly knocked them off their feet, and tore the wheel from Henderson's grasp; he had gripped it again in a second, but there was a blaze of dazzling light, a deafening report, and the engine, driven backward by the force of the explosion, crashed into the cars behind it, completely wrecking them and flinging its fireman with some force on to the grassy bank.

For a moment Joe didn't worry about that, busy seeing if the '333' was too damaged to travel. Fortunately the strikers had made a miscalculation, and she was very little injured, nothing that a few minutes would not put right. Those few minutes, however, were not allowed him, for the men had come tearing up, howling with savage joy at the result of their work.

"Now, Joe, hop off; you don't get to Colville this journey I guess."

Henderson tried the engine savagely.

"Hang you!" he shouted, testing lever after lever uselessly.

"'Taint any use a-swearing Joe," observed the leader of the gang, "you'd better come off; if you hadn't been what you might call popular among us you'd have had the wind blowing through you by this time."

He turned to face the crowd, then his mouth set sternly.

"You're a set of lazy skunks," he said concisely, "and I'll see you a good many miles on the road to Hades before I'll do anything you want."

"Come off!" repeated their leader laconically, as a bullet rang past the engine-driver's head, and flattened itself on the metal behind him.

"Shift me then," he retorted with a shrug of his shoulders. If he were to lose the rise and Sadie by failing, of what use was life?

A growl ran among the men at his answer, and a dozen revolvers were raised, but to shoot a brave man in cold blood is not easy, and they hesitated, until one, less scrupulous, at the back of the crowd, pulled a trigger. Joe toppled forward, grasping the whistle cord as he fell, and a cry rang out on the night air like nothing earthly.

How the engine with its wrecked carriages reached Colville her driver never knew; they bumped up one grade and down another, going slowly and painfully but sticking to it. Thankful indeed was the yellow-haired fireman to see the lights of the big station, and so exhausted was she that she dropped into the arms of the first official who came up, heedless of his exclamation of astonishment.

They lifted Joe out then, very limp, but with a triumphant grin on his white face.

"The Boss's daughter," he said simply, nodding at the girl. "I guess she's entitled to the dollars. She drove the '333' all the way after I was crocked at Banter's Bridge, coaling for herself too."

* * * * * * * *

"Well!" Sadie faced her father defiantly. "I'd been on an engine before. Gracious! I've helped you drive down at Burgin often enough, and you said I had a gift that way, and if you wern't cute enough to know your own coat and overalls which I wore you ought to have been. I guess Poppa," she added after a pause, "you'll have to give your consent now. Folks will talk."

And Poppa thought he'd better.

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This dress is SIMPSON MADE, which means that experts designed it, experts made it in the Simpson work rooms, and more important still it was inspected the Simpson way, not one little defect was passed. We bought too many yards of the cloth and want to clear it out quickly, hence the great saving in price to you.

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Years	14	16	18
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Length	38	39	40	41	42	42

Order Number G90581

This attractive dress for women or misses, is splendidly made from richly finished lustre. The shoulders are made so as to give a dainty kimona effect. The pretty yoke of fine net lace is outlined with a new rolling rever and a square-designed black satin collar comes over the shoulders from the back and continues to the waist-line at front; the lower part of sleeves trimmed to match. Skirt made with correct and graceful lines, fastens at left side of front panel, which is finished with small black satin buttons. Colors, black, navy or green. **Sale Price** **$6.49**

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED. TORONTO

Business Conditions in Canada during 1911.

Addresses of the President and General Manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce at the Shareholders Meeting.

General Manager's Address.

In presenting you with our report for the year just closed, it is gratifying to know that our predictions regarding the probable course of our business when last we had the honor of addressing you, have been fully confirmed, and we have great pleasure in submitting a statement which we feel sure will be regarded as more than usually satisfactory.

The record of the year is remarkable for the evidence it affords of a steady and continued prosperity, and notwithstanding the large increase of our resources we have been able to make a profitable use of the funds committed to our care with a reasonable assurance of safety.

The average paid-up capital during the year was $10,591,405, and the net profits were $2,305,409.42, the latter item showing an increase of $467,344.38, as compared with our last report, and amounting to 21.76 per cent on the capital employed. It is proper to remark that this satisfactory showing was the result of our operations after the usual very careful re-valuation of our entire assets, ample provision having been made for bad and doubtful debts.

In our report for the year ending 30th November, 1909, it was recorded that we had recovered $300,000 from the realization of assets in connection with which appropriations had previously been made. We direct your attention to the announcement in this year's report that $500,000 has been similarly recovered. We believe you have always given us credit for being conservative and careful in the administration of your affairs, and the policy of making ample provision for doubtful assets might well over a series of years result in important recoveries. The recoveries now referred to, however, come mainly from two sources. During the entire administration of our business in the Yukon Territory carried on at the Dawson branch and begun in 1898, because of the dangers and difficulties surrounding the venture in this new field, we held in reserve the whole of the profits made at this branch, awaiting the outcome of the business in that district. Secondly, in purchasing the assets of the Bank of British Columbia in 1900, we found a considerable quantity of real estate, in valuing which we made large appropriations as compared with the figures at which such assets stood in the books of the selling bank. There has been, as you know, a very large increase in the value of real estate in British Columbia, owing to the extraordinary development of that Province, and through sales of such real estate and through the liquidation of most of the important assets in the Yukon Territory, we are warranted in transferring to the ordinary profits so much of these reserves as are represented by the two amounts referred to.

We recommended the payment of dividends at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, and in this connection $1,057,218.59 has been disbursed. Our programme for the erection of suitable bank premises, particularly in the West, and the necessity for increasing our equipment of this character throughout the country, make it imperative to continue the appropriation of large sums for this purpose. We are hopeful that with the completion of the Winnipeg office extraordinary expenditures may be curtailed, but we must keep pace with the requirements of a growing business, and our commitments, while relatively moderate, are considerable in the aggregate. We have written off Bank Premises $400,000, and have added $866,092.61 to the account, which now stands at $3,142,487.82, representing about 45 per cent. of the value of our properties. The resolution passed at the last annual meeting authorized the contribution of a sum not exceeding $100 per annum per member of the Pension Fund, and we have appropriated $55,000.00 for this purpose. We are pleased to report that after making these appropriations $1,400,000 has been transferred to Rest Account, in addition to $1,357,820 received as premium on new stock.

It is interesting to note the course of the Bank's circulation during the period under review. Our last report showed $10,222,953 outstanding; during the succeeding months there were important fluctuations, the highest and lowest points touched in July being $10,016,000 and $8,289,418 respectively. The early crop movement gave an impetus to business, and our available margin of circulation was quickly absorbed. The total amount outstanding in September was $10,842,000, and but for the issue of new stock we should have had difficulty in keeping within the limits of the law, and, as it was, we had unusual difficulty in meeting the demands on us for currency. In October we exceeded the amount authorized under ordinary conditions, and had recourse to the provisions of the Bank Act amendment of 1908. At the close of November we reported notes in circulation amounting to $12,004,649, this being $307,374 more than we were allowed to issue except under the emergency provisions. There is a real necessity for a large increase of the amount of circulation, and it does not seem unreasonable that the period for emergency issues should be extended to include the months of September and February. In connection with this suggestion it should be noted that because of the great development of business it is altogether likely that we shall in the near future experience a currency stringency in the spring and summer months. This matter should have very serious consideration, and immediate action should be taken to guard against the possibility of such an occurrence. The augmentation of capital by the banks is, of course, the first remedy to be applied, but this is of necessity a slow process and would scarcely keep pace with requirements. We venture to hope that during the discussion of the Bank Act means will be found to enable any Canadian bank possessed of sufficient resources to be able always to pay out its own notes across the counter without resorting to other forms of currency.

During the year our deposits were increased by $19,131,480, showing a handsome growth, although we received under this head large amounts which are held temporarily and will be withdrawn in the near future. Our branches in the West contributed a handsome addition to our deposit account. On the other side of the balance sheet, current loans and discounts show an increase of $19,757,171 as compared with last year's report, and our investments in Government bonds, municipal and other securities, were increased by $2,616,826 Cash resources increased $8,390,979.

In view of the wide franchise we enjoy, we recognize the duty and responsibility upon us to aid in the development of the country, and we have endeavored to keep abreast of its rapidly growing needs. We are confident that the work of establishing branches has been undertaken with great care and a conscientious regard for every interest involved. It is gratifying to know that our labors have not been in vain. The distribution of the branches at the close of the year was as follows:

Ontario	66
Quebec	3
Nova Scotia	13
New Brunswick	1
Prince Edward Island	5
Manitoba	21
Saskatchewan	52
Alberta	40
British Columbia	33
North-West Territories and Yukon	3
Total branches in Canada	237
England	1
Mexico	1
United States	4
Total number of Branches	243

The management of so large a number of branch banks brings up the question of our staff, which now numbers over two thousand, and you will readily understand that this is a difficult problem. We have not overlooked the importance of a strict supervision of our branches, and have endeavored to devise a system which will ensure a freedom of action and quick response to the demands of customers, and at the same time keep in control managers who lack experience and judgment. We sometimes fear lest we should fail in our appreciation of the claims of our large staff, particularly in these latter days of profitable employment in other occupations when promotion in banking appears slow. In our service we often ask the officers to perform onerous duties under trying circumstances, but our experience almost invariably is that they meet the emergency with commendable efficiency and loyalty.

We look into the future from the vantage ground of a successful year's business, and we have reason to hope for a continuance of prosperity so far as Canada is concerned, and as a bank we shall expect to share in the general good. The steady and persistent demand for money for legitimate purposes should keep our funds fully employed for some time to come. There will doubtless, as usual, be adverse influences at work, but at the moment there is no apparent cause for a feeling of apprehension. The noticeable improvement in trade conditions in the United States encourages us to think that our neighbors will emerge from a period of depression not unusual on the eve of a Presidential election. We shall probably see easier conditions in Great Britain after the year's accounts have been settled. This is important and desirable when we consider the large amounts of Canadian securities awaiting a favorable market.

We look forward confidently to the duties and responsibilities of the coming year, and trust you will not be disappointed with our efforts to render you good service.

President's Address in part.

The president then spoke as follows:

The progress of the Bank during the past year has been so gratifying and the subjects to which the General Manager has been asking your attention are so important that I feel less confidence than usual in taking up your time merely to review some of those features of the prosperity of the country, with most of which you are already familiar. As you all know, the year has been a momentous one for Canada, in directions which cannot be discussed here, but on the purely business side it has demonstrated in an unusual degree the fact that the general progress of such a large area as Canada is likely to be accompanied by untoward as well as fortunate events.

The totals of our imports and exports for the fiscal year of the Dominion, ending March, 1911, are again record figures. Our imports were $472,194,000, and our exports $297,196,000, the balance against us being the large sum of $174,998,000, not far from the balances of any two previous years put together. The total trade was $769,390,000, against $693,161,000 a year ago. The significant fact, however, is that while our imports increased $80,391,000 our exports declined $4,162,000. This is, of course, principally due to very free imports in anticipation of the present large cereal crop; to the increase in railroad construction and public and private building; and to larger immigration, the value of such settlers' effects as are declared appearing as imports. It is also partly due to somewhat larger imports of gold bullion and silver. For the first six months, ending September, 1911, of the current fiscal year, the figures are even more striking, the imports being $266,187,000 and the exports $141,865,000, the balance against us for the six months being $124,322,000 as against $94,404,000 for the corresponding period in 1910. The imports for the half-year in 1911 include, however, an increase of about $7,500,000 in gold coin. An examination of the items of imports and exports in the trade returns will suggest many explanations for the respective increases and decreases, but the fact remains that we must enlarge the volume of products we have to export and either lessen our imports by curtailment of expenditure or by manufacturing at home many of the articles we buy abroad, especially from the United States. Our trade with that country, always one-sided, is growing more so. During the fiscal year ending March, 1911, we bought from them $293,403,000 and sold them $119,203,000, leaving a balance in their favor to be paid in cash of $174,200,000, over $50,000,000 more than in any previous year. In 1901 our total trade with them was $191,689,000 and in ten years it has grown to $412,606,000 or an increase of 115 per cent. The part we have to pay in cash has, however, grown from $46,924,000 to $174,200,000, an increase of 271 per cent. Our trade with Great Britain makes the worst showing for many years. The imports have grown to $110,390,000, while the exports have fallen to $137,158,000, leaving a balance in our favor of only $26,768,000, a much smaller sum than in any of the last ten years. In spite of the decrease our exports are still the largest for any year except the previous one, but the volume of imports is much greater than ever before. It is useless to repeat arguments often advanced in other years. Few nations have such an alluring future and few can afford to mortgage their future to such an extent, but our power to do so depends upon our credit and there are those in England who are asking whether we are not borrowing too much. There is, of course, one great reason why we must go more and more largely into debt for many years to come. At present we are preparing for the settlement of about 400,000 immigrants in one year. This is an addition of five per cent. to our population, or the same as if 4,500,000 new people entered the United States in one year. To provide everything for these people, from transportation to housing, is a huge task, quite large enough to account for more than the difference between our imports and exports. Not only must the improvements necessary to create many new farming districts be made, but new towns and great additions and improvements to older ones are required. Indeed, betterments of all kinds throughout the community. More important than all, two new transcontinental railway systems must be completed and many branch lines added to our three great systems. There is, therefore, little cause for wonder that we need so much new money every year. The import returns show settlers' effects at only $14,000,000, doubtless far below the actual value, but the main part of the settler's property consists of money. The estimated wealth of the new settlers for 1911, based on the lowest experience of several years, is about $160,000,000.

The revenues and expenditures of the Federal Government show plainly the growth of the country as a whole. Apparently the ordinary revenue for the year ending 31st March, 1912, will be between $130,000,000 and $140,000,000, as compared with $117,780,000 in 1911, and with $36,000,000 in 1896, only 15 years ago. Thus far the new capital expenditure, estimated at about $46,000,000 for the year, has been met out of revenue.

The clearing house returns of twenty cities for 1911 were $7,336,866,000, against $6,153,701,000 for seventeen cities in 1910, a gain of 19 per cent.; the

gain between 1909 and 1910 being 18 per cent.

The building permits of the chief cities again illustrate the rate of growth in Canada.

	1910.	1911.
Montreal	$15,713,000	$14,580,000
Toronto	21,127,000	24,374,000
Winnipeg	15,106,000	17,550,000
Vancouver	13,150,000	17,652,000

Proposals for municipal expenditures are on a scale never attempted before.

Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta.

Practically all the early estimates of the yields of produce for 1910 in the Western Provinces were astray, the error in underestimation varying in the case of wheat from 12,000,000 to 25,000,000 bushels. The drought throughout the whole West had not affected the yield or the grade as seriously as was expected, and this was particularly the case in Manitoba, where the bulk of the high grade wheat was produced.

Opinions as to the outcome of the crop of 1911 have also been widely different, owing largely to unsatisfactory weather conditions. The season of 1911 did not open altogether favorably, although preceded by a favorable autumn, in so far as the preparation of the land and increased acreage were concerned. The area under cultivation had been increased 15 per cent. for wheat, 4 per cent, for oats, 12 per cent. for barley, and 4 per cent. for flax over the year, 1910. The weather conditions were such that the grain grew rapidly and that the outlook was promising well into the month of August. At that date estimates of a wheat yield of 200,000,000 to 225,000,000 bushels, of oats, 200,000,000 bushels, barley 40,000,000 bushels, and flax 10,000,000 bushels were made by competent judges, and it appeared for a short time is if these figures might be reached. Towards the end of August, however, the weather became cold and wet. The result was that the ripening season was shortened and throughout large areas in Saskatchewan and Alberta the grain was in a green condition when the frost came in September. In Manitoba, however, the crop had ripened somewhat earlier than in Saskatchewan and Alberta, and the results in the older Province, both as regards grade and yield, have been satisfactory. Despite the extraordinary unfavorable weather which prevailed during September, October, and November over a large part of the West, it is conceded by competent authorities that the three Western Provinces have the largest and most valuable crop which they have yet produced. From recent information collected by our own staff we estimate that the final results will be approximately as follows:

Wheat, ...	175,000,000 bushels
Oats	180,000,000 bushels
Barley	35,000,000 bushels
Flax	6,000,000 bushels

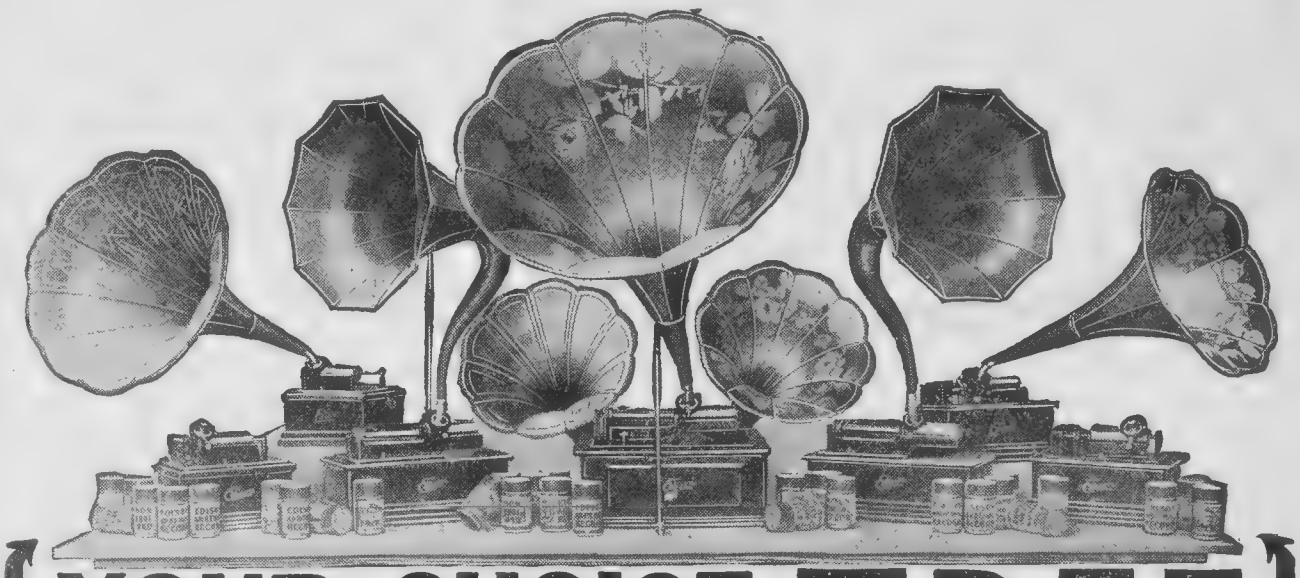
having a money value to the farmer of upwards of $200,000,000. Of the wheat not quite 50 per cent. will grade as milling wheat. In the case of the other cereals the percentage of high grade grain will be somewhat higher. The high prices which have existed for the lower grades, however, in consequence of the export demand for all kinds of coarse grains, have largely offset the loss consequent upon the damage by unfavorable weather.

There are some object-lessons to the farmer in connection with the past season's work which might well cause him to pause and seriously consider. Most important of all is the question of a greater diversity of farming. We have frequently touched upon this question, and while something has been accomplished, there is still great room for improvement. We refer particularly to the apparent indifference of a very large percentage of our farmers to the raising of high-grade cattle, hogs, horses, and sheep, and also to the lack of effort on their part to produce such profitable commodities as milk, butter, eggs, cheese, vegetables, fruit, meats, poultry, and all the minor by-products which the farm is capable of producing. It is a deplorable state of affairs that Western Canada imports from the United States very large quantities of the commodities mentioned, the value of which runs into millions of dollars yearly. The main cause of these unsatisfactory conditions is that the majority of farmers confine their efforts almost solely to the raising of grain, and appear to forget entirely the value of the home market for the products mentioned. It is true that the agricultural colleges in the three Provinces are doing excellent work, but the progress which is being made is comparatively slow and can only be materially accelerated by the farmers generally helping in the good work. Experience has proved that large profits, not long delayed, await the farmer who will intelligently carry out a system of intensified farming. He must pay attention to a proper rotation of crops, to the value of increasing and preserving the fertility of the soil by the use of manure and other fertilizers, and to the extermination of noxious weeds. He must also have a right conception of the amount of labor required, in addition to his own and that of his family, for carrying on properly the work of the farm.

The weather conditions in the autumn of 1911 would almost warrant us in predicting a considerably smaller acreage of wheat in 1912. Much will depend upon the weather conditions of the coming spring. Little ploughing was done during October and November owing to the unusually early freezing of the soil. In view of the improved facilities for carrying on all kinds of farm work, much can still be accomplished if we have an early spring. It may not, however, in the end be a serious drawback to the country if a late spring should result in having large areas of land put into summer fallow. Such a process undoubtedly enriches the land, and experience proves that land so treated over a series of years gives the best total results. Grain, other than wheat, such as oats, barley, and flax, as well as roots, can be seeded somewhat later and excellent results obtained.

While speaking on this subject it may be of interest to know that last year Canada stood fifth amongst the nations of the world engaged in the production of wheat. The figures are as follows:

	Acres	Bushels
United States..	52,123,000	658,567,000
Russia in Europe	73,818,000	629,300,000
British India ..	29,670,000	370,413,000
France	15,644,000	320,142,000



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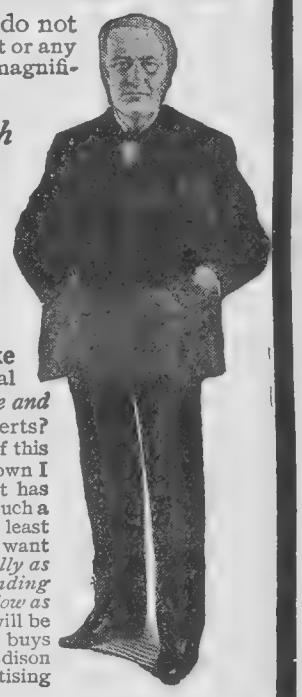

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the seeds you buy is your only guide to quality. Whether the seeds are good or bad you cannot tell till you have planted them—*you must buy on trust.* A record of bumper crops for over 40 years proves beyond a doubt that

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are *trust-worthy.* They are clean, vigorous, selected seeds, true to type, sure to grow. What's the use of taking chances, when by simply insisting on Ewing's you can get seeds that are sure to turn out satisfactory?

Your dealer should have Ewing's Seeds. If he hasn't, **write for our illustrated catalogue** and order from us direct. 17

Wm. Ewing & Co.
Seedsmen
McGill St., Montreal.

Canada	10,503,000	204,634,000
Hungary	9,095,000	192,691,000

It will doubtless not be many years before Canada will advance to a much higher position in the above list.

The winter of 1910-11 cannot be regarded as having been altogether satisfactory for the live stock industry. The early months of 1911 were very cold, with heavy snowstorms and blizzards in the districts where the animals wintered and it was feared that heavy losses would fall on the ranchers. The spring, however, opened favorably with plenty of moisture in the ground, the grasses grew rapidly and luxuriantly, and cattle which had grown thin soon showed signs of improving. As a general rule, the cattle came on the market in good condition and prices for all grades have been higher than during the past 15 or 20 years. Quite a large number, however, will be carried over till the spring, as farmers and dealers will take advantage of the large quantity of low grade grain in the country, and by feeding it during the winter will have their animals ready for the market early in the year. Hogs and sheep have commanded high prices throughout the year, but it is to be regretted that they are not raised in sufficient numbers to meet the demands of the local packing houses. It is a satisfaction to note, however, that at several points in Saskatchewan and Manitoba farmers have recently been purchasing small flocks of sheep. As a further matter of interest we may add that between the 1st January, 1911, and the 18th November, 1911, live stock were received at the stock yards in Winnipeg as follows:

Cattle	89,765 head
Hogs	73,494 "
Sheep	38,289 "

An agreement has now been concluded between the railways centreing at Winnipeg for the establishment of more extensive stock yards at St. Boniface, Manitoba. Such improved facilities should encourage the rancher and farmer to develop the live stock industry to a greater extent in order that the requirements of our local packing houses may be fully supplied from our own country.

During the past five years a great change in conditions has taken place in the raising of horses. Ranges which were formerly used for the purpose have been divided into farms, and as a consequence the stock of range horses is rapidly diminishing, and a good market has developed for farm horses imported from the Eastern Provinces. Prices for this class of animal vary from $500 to $700 per team. A good demand for horses has also been created on account of the amount of work being carried on by the railways and irrigation companies.

The logging season of 1910-11 opened quite actively and a large cut was made by most of the operators. The weather was satisfactory for the greater part of the winter, although towards the end of it the snowfall was heavy and interfered a little with getting the logs out of the woods. The big operator was able in the main, not only to secure the logs of the year's cut, but also to draw out the logs of the previous season, left in the woods owing to the early breaking up of the previous winter. In the spring the demand for lumber was general, satisfactory sales were made, and prices continued good until June, when keen competition developed between the manufacturers of spruce and the coast and mountain mills. A large quantity of low grade stuff was also brought in from the United States. Favorable freight arrangements were also conceded by the railways to the coast and mountain mills. This concession, coupled with the cheap article from the United States, placed the manufacturer of spruce at a disadvantage, and sales and profits alike were somewhat curtailed. Taken as a whole, however, both manufacturer and jobber have had a satisfactory year. The present season also promises to be an active one, and a large cut of logs is predicted.

It is noticeable that the new settlers who entered the Prairie Provinces in 1911 were of a better class than in any previous year. Commenting recently upon the matter, the Dominion Government officials report that from the 1st January, 1911, to the 25th of November, 1911, there entered Canada as immigrants 338,986 persons. Of these 214,458 entered at ocean ports, and 124,528 came from the United States. Of those entering by ocean ports 169,429 were British, while the balance, 45,038, were from Continental Europe. Of the combined British and European (214,458) it is estimated that 50 per cent. settled west of the Great Lakes, whilst of the American settlers (124,528) it is estimated that 85 per cent. also settled in Western Canada. It is estimated that the amount of money and other assets which each settler brings into the country is as follows:

British	$150 to $200
Other Euopean	$10
American	$1000

The fish and fur industries do not as yet represent a large volume of business to the Western Provinces. They are capable, however, of very great development, and the progress made during the past year has been satisfactory. The lakes of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta contain almost unlimited quantities of valuable fish and good markets at profitable prices are found for the catches in the United States and the Western Provinces. The Dominion Government have at last realized the importance of the fishing industry to the Western Provinces, and a Commission has been appointed to investigate existing conditions thoroughly. A report by the Commission is now in course of preparation. The industry during the winter months affords employment to a large number of settlers and Indians in the northern parts of the Provinces, who are thus able to supplement their earnings derived from farming and other pursuits. The fur catch is an important industry to such places a Edmonton and Prince Albert. Owing to the severity of the winter of 1910 trapping conditions were not altogether favorable, and the catch fell somewhat below normal figures. To offset this it is satisfactory to note that prices were higher and the year's business has been profitable.

The coal industry has been in a very unsatisfactory condition for nearly a year, in consequence of the labor troubles existing in the coal districts of Western Canada. Fortunately, in September last, a basis for settlement was reached between the owners of the mines affected and the miners. A contract has been entered into for a period of 3½ years, and it is expected that no further trouble will arise during this period of time. It is devoutly to be hoped that the results expected from the agreement will be realized. Undoubtedly a great injury was done to the industry as well as to manufacturing and commercial enterprises, and the loss of wages to the men was very large. The local Governments and the railways, however, realized the gravity of the situation, and have done a great deal to relieve matters.

There has been great activity in real estate during the year throughout the West as regards farm, city and town properties. In cities and towns the great danger has been in the number of outlying subdivisions placed on the market. The cure for this unhealthy state of affairs rests in the hands of the more reliable firms, and we cannot too strongly urge upon them the importance of applying the remedy without delay. It is not our desire to point to any particular place or district, as the reliable dealers are undoubtedly in a better position to know the situation than ourselves. It is to them, however, that the commercial community look for protection from a catastrophe which will inevitably come if present methods are allowed to continue. Undoubtedly desirable inside properties in our principal cities and towns have a good basis for existing values, but these must suffer materially unless something is done to stop the inflation of the values of outlying districts. Farm lands are firmly held at advancing prices, justified perhaps by the results of several years of good average crops. It will be a great detriment to the West, however, if our cheap lands are advanced so rapidly in price as to make the new settler hesitate about coming to us.

The building trade, with few exceptions, has been exceedingly active in Western cities and towns. The record figures reached in 1910 in such cities as Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton, Regina, Saskatoon, Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat, and Prince Albert will probably be exceeded by the final figures of 1911. We understand, too, that in the larger centres a decided effort is being made to improve the standard of the buildings erected. The industrial development taking place in our chief business centres is an important factor in such activity, and as the population increases we shall doubtless find that such development will be much more rapid than many of us at present realize.

The extension of the three railways, the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Canadian Northern Railway, and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway has been carried on to a greater extent than at any previous time, and the disbursement of money in this connection has materially helped the prosperity of the Western Provinces. It is likely that these expenditures will continue for some years to come in order to meet the growing requirements of the country.

New capital has come freely from Great Britain, Continental Europe, and the United States. Municipal mortgage and industrial securities have been eagerly sought, and we think the results will prove generally satisfactory to the investor. Capital, however, is timid of investment in new countries and new enterprises, and every care should be exercised to guard the interests of bona fide investors. There are some things already of which our local Governments and municipal authorities might well take notice.

The increase of population and wealth in the centres has created a desire for the best class of pavements, roadways, sewers, etc. This is very commendable, but the authorities in providing such improvements are inclined to load the future to too great an extent. Debentures which are drawn for 5, 10, 15, 25, and 30 years would be more sound if drawn for 2, 5, 7, 10, and 15 years, the shorter periods of time more nearly representing the life of the improvement.

Municipal and Government ownership of public utilities has a tendency to extend unduly, and there are already signs of failure in this connection in several directions. Any considerable disaster would undoubtedly result not only in new capital being withheld from us, but investments already made might be realized upon in a way which would reflect seriously upon the credit of the people and the country.

Before passing from this subject, we should like to say that there is one matter, at least, which might well be regarded by Provincial Governments and rural municipalities as coming within their scope of operations. We refer to protection to the farmer from the effect of hailstorms. We allude particularly at this time to the subject, as the number of farmers who suffered in this respect last year is greater than in any previous year, and the individual loss has been heavier. As the area under cultivation increases, the number who will suffer loss and the aggregate losses will increase considerably. It is well, therefore to consider what protection can be given to minimize the loss. The Government of Alberta gives some protection to farmers who pay certain schedule rates of insurance, and local companies also operate in that Province as well as in the Provinces of Saskatchewan and Manitoba. This protection on the existing basis is not generally made use of, and it appears to us that a regular tax authorized by the Legislature would be feasible. Were all farmers obliged to pay on the basis of an approved schedule, the obligation would not be burdensome.

In concluding our remarks regarding these Provinces, it is but fair to say that although the Western crops will produce a larger amount of money than those of any previous year, yet the conditions under which they have been gathered and marketed will interfere with an early liquidation of the indebtedness of the farmer and merchant. The wholesale dealers and manufacturers, however, practically in all lines of business, report large increases in the volume of trade over previous years, and they evidently feel satisfied with the credit thus extended to their customers.

In addition, the President gave a resume of the conditions of the past year in the other Provinces of Canada. A copy of the complete address may be obtained upon application to the Bank.

HORSE TRAINING.

Prof. Jesse Beery, known all over the country as the "King of Horse Tamers and Trainers," has published a very interesting pamphlet explaining his system of teaching the Beery Method by correspondence.

Prof. Beery declares that knowledge of the simple principles of his system enables any man to master the most vicious or tricky horses, to cure bad habits, to break green colts and duplicate his own feats that won him renown on the arena. A copy of the Beery Book may be secured, without charge, by writing direct to Prof. Jesse Beery, Box W.H.M., Pleasant Hill, Ohio. We understand that many who have mastered the Beery System are making all the way from $1200 to $1500 a years as professional horse trainers.

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5 Acre Tracts **10 Acre Tracts**

Long Period Payments

Kootenay Fruit Lands

This Tract is near Main Lake, Lardeu River Frontage--C. P. Railway and Station Joins Tract on Main Line Between Kootenay Lake and Arrow Head--Government Wagon Road Passes Through Tract

One of These Tracts Means for You { Healthful Outdoor Living / An Assured Income for Life / A Home Amidst Beautiful Surroundings

Kootenay Facts

1. ABUNDANT BUT NOT EXCESSIVE RAINFALL—AVERAGE ABOUT 30 INCHES

2. NO RAINY SEASON—NO DRY SEASON.

3. CLIMATE THAT IS A TONIC IN ITSELF.

4. NO SEVERE STORMS, NO HEAVY WINDS. NO EXTREME OF EITHER HEAT OF COLD.

5. BEAUTIFUL LAKE AND MOUNTAIN SCENERY—SUCH AS TOURISTS GO TO SWITZERLAND AND ITALY TO SEE.

6. BOATING, FISHING AND HUNTING OF THE BEST.

7. PLENTY OF WOOD FOR BUILDING, FENCING AND FUEL.

8. THE FINEST PUREST MOUNTAIN WATER.

9. NO CROP FAILURES.

The fortunate orchardists of the Kootenay have solved the problem of living in a way that seems nearly ideal.

They have all the advantages of a country life with almost none of the drawbacks.

They have neighbors and friends near at hand. Their work is agreeable and healthful—all outdoor work, but without the severe labor and isolation of the farm.

THEY ARE TRULY INDEPENDANT—AT NO ONE'S BECK AND CALL. Their future is absolutely assured, because they are owners of that greatest of all assets, PRODUCTIVE LAND.

Year by year they see the value of their land increase, as the world at large becomes to realize their fortunate situation; and year by year they see their produce command higher prices as the needs of a rapidly increasing population focus the demand on the world's last available land.

Of all favored localities, Kootenay—a name of late years so well known—occupies a position which gives it many special advantages, we will point out the main facts and leave you to judge.

FIRST—As to the capabilities of fruit growing. Kootenay's fertility is so great that many of its orchardists have netted year after year more than $1000 per acre, and $400 and $500 and up is usual. These figures are substantiated by the testimony of the best known residents of the district.

SECOND—Its market is guaranteed for all time. It has at its very door the unfailing market of the great Canadian Prairies, whose hundreds of millions of grain growing acres support a prosperous population, but can never grow high grade fruits and, as a further assurance, its produce is protected by duty on fruit imported from the United States.

THIRD—The above is the commercial side—but there is something more than this. Beyond all other districts, Kootenay is emphatically a country to LIVE in. We have here a region of really wonderful, natural beauty, unsurpassed by any of the world's show places. A country of splendid mountains and deep fresh water lakes and rivers. We have an all-year-round-climate; with no severe cold or heat, without extremes of any sort, and singularly free from storms.

FOURTH—Unlike most fruit districts, we have ample rainfall and do not require irrigation. It is well known that a country with sufficient natural moisture produces fruit which is superior in flavor. As a place of residence there can be no comparison between Kootenay and those hot and dusty districts in which the irrigation ditch is the only water seen.

Scenery and climate have of themselves been proved to have a distinct money value. When they are united, as in Kootenay, with such unusual capacity for fruit production, they form a combination which absolutely cannot be duplicated elsewhere. With these special advantages the available land in Kootenay is destined to be completely filled within a few years, now that the tide of settlement is fully turned in this direction; and because of its general mountainous topagraphy the available land here is very limited and cannot last long. Within the last few years a very large proportion has been sold to farsighted settlers

The Eyes of the World are on Western Canada--The Strong--The Progressive--The Wide-awake are Going There

It has come into its own and Kootenay is the Land of NOW

Make your future secure by Purchasing before all are disposed of

Are you satisfied with conditions where you are? Can they measure up to the above standard?

Own one of these five acre tracts—our terms of $10 down and $10 per month for 5 years secures you a five acre tract, a new house 16x20 (shingle roof), one acre cleared and planted to orchard and taken care of for 5 years You may settle on your tract at any time---you may buy as many tracts as you wish on the same terms.

PURCHASE YOUR TRACT NOW, MONEY BACK IF NOT AS REPRESENTED

The Harris Company Inc.

403 McArthur Building, Winnipeg, Man.

Burns' Festival.

25th January: A day Revered by Scots.

January 25th is held by devoted Scots everywhere as the natal day of the well beloved poet, Robert Burns. Writing of his birthday himself, he says:

"Oor monarch's (George III.) hindmost year but ane
Was five and twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'
Blew handsel in on Robin."

He goes on to tell how in these early hours of his life

"The gossip keekit in his luif.
Quo she, 'Wha leeves will see the proof,
This wally boy will be nae cuif.'"

And how well her predictions were verified, we have his many wonderful poems to show. The evening of his birthday is, in "old Scotia," the land of his birth and the land of his heart's love, generally commemorated by a dinner and by many clever speeches thereat.

The menu must be thoroughly Scotch. The following is a favorite, in fact it does not vary very much:—

Cock-a-leekie soup.
Sheep's head broth.
Boiled cod's head and shoulders"
Sheep' head pie.
Haggis. Roast turkey.
Chappit tauties and mashed neeps (turnips),
Plum pudding."

All these items are familiar enough not to need any receipt, except perhaps Cock-a-leekie soup and Haggis.

Cock-a-leekie soup is, as its name implies, made from the liquor in which fowls have been boiled and with lots of leeks therein. Beef, however, takes the place of the fowls quite well. Take two or three pounds of beef or skin of beef (hough), eight or ten large leeks, pepper and salt to taste, and four quarts of water. Thoroughly wash the leeks, and if they are old, scald them for a few minutes in boiling water. Take off the roots and part of the heads, and cut them into pieces of about an inch in length. Put the meat and half of the leeks into the pot, and allow these to simmer gently for about half an hour; add the remaining leeks and boil gently for three or even four hours. Skim carefully, and season with pepper and salt. If fowl is used, it will need two for this quantity, and, of course, the flavor will be more delicate than if beef is used.

ROBERT BURNS.

Haggis

(which Burns honors with a short poem to its 'ainsel' and which he calls

"Great Chieftain o' the puddin' race,"

and avers that it is

"Weel worthy o' a grace as lang's my airm,"

is a typical Scotch dish now fast falling into desuetude. Ingredients are: The stomach bag of a sheep, the pluck (heart, liver, and lights), ½ lb. minced beef suet, 2 teacupfuls toasted oatmeal, 4 onions par-boiled, 1 pint hot liquor or stock, large teaspoonful salt, small teaspoonful black pepper. Have bag cleaned by the butcher, and let it lie all night in salt and water. Wash pluck, cook it for two hours in salt and water, with the windpipe hanging out of the pan. Cut away windpipe, grate half liver, mince heart, lights, suet and onions. Add oatmeal, pepper, salt and hot liquor. Mix well, fill bag barely half full to allow for swelling. Sew up with needle and thread. Put in boiling water, and boil for three hours, pricking it occasionally with a darning needle for fear of bursting.

Dinner over, the real business of the evening, speech-making is entered on. The toast of the evening is generally delegated to a fine s aker, and, if possible, to a lover of the Scottish bard. "Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh," we are told, and these speeches on Burns' natal day are generally well thought out, resumes of Burns' life, and loving classifications of his poems with numerous quotations. The speech is always called

"The Immortal Memory,"

and is honored by all the guests standing as the toast is given. First, there may be taken up Burns' great love for Mother Nature. How he loved nature and dumb things! You remember his "Epistle to a Mouse" on turning one over in a field with his ploughshare, wherein occurs that quotation which has almost risen to the height of a proverb, "The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley." He tenderly depicts the ruins of its little home, but goes on to say:—

"Still thou art blessed, compared wi' me.
The present only touches thee,
But oh! I backward cast my e'ee
On prospects dear!
And forward, though, I canna see,
I guess and fear!"

Also, how he revered his Creator, though, like the rest of us, he sometimes went "a kennin' (a little bit) wrang." He shows this reverence in his "Cottar's Saturday Night" — that wonderful tender picture of life in the lowly cottar's home. This poem depicts the cottar, or farm worker, on his way home from his hard day's work on Saturday evening:—

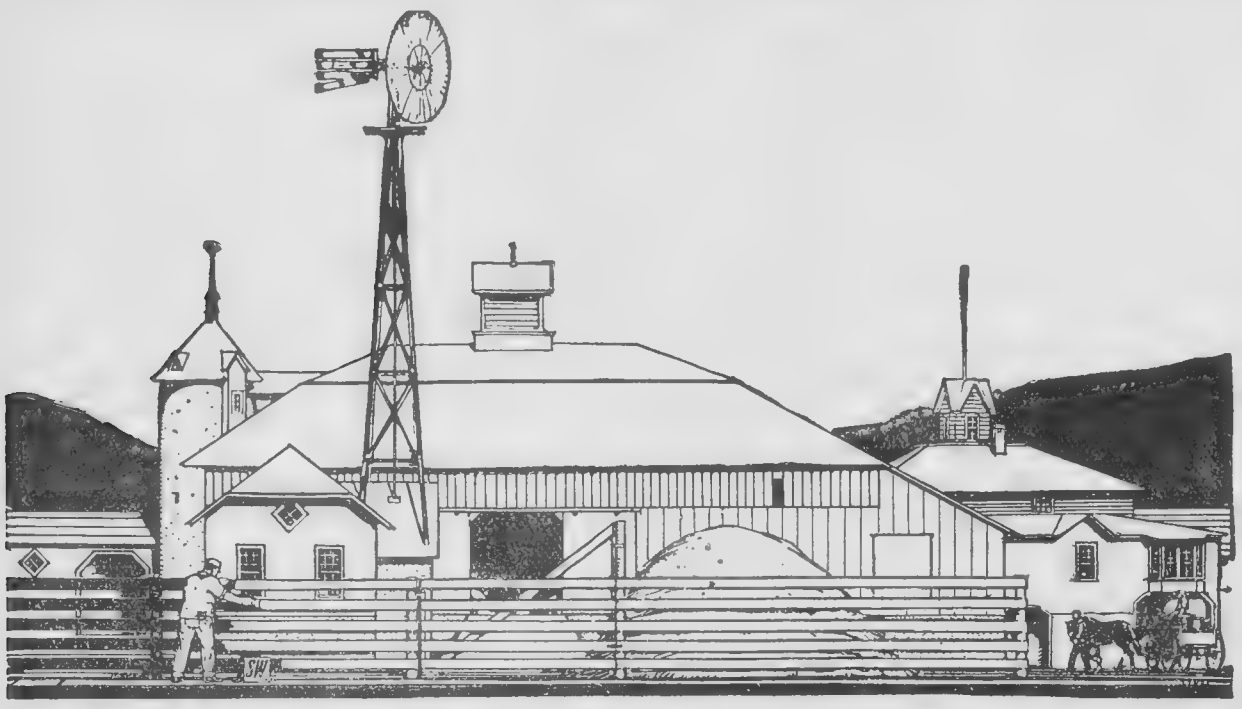
"This night his weekly toil is at an end,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend;
He, weary o'er the moor, his course doth homeward bend.

"At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
The expectant wee things, toddlin, stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichtering voice and glee.

Then the picture of his clean fireside—

"His wee bit ingle, blinking bonnily,
His clean hearthstone, his thrifty wife's smile,
The lisping infant, prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carkin' cares beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil."

Later the elder children come in who



A farm that looks prosperous is prosperous. The wise use of paint and varnish adds years to the life of buildings, wagons and implements, and saves you a big yearly loss from rust and decay. Whatever your paint or varnish need around your farm or home, there is a high quality Sherwin-Williams Paint or Varnish that will effectually protect your property.

The Farmhouse will last longer and look better, protected with SWP, Sherwin-Williams Paint, Prepared. Contains only pure lead, pure zinc, pure linseed oil, and the necessary turpentine, driers, and coloring pigments, mixed and ground in the correct scientific proportions by powerful machinery. Look for the "Cover the Earth" trade-mark shown below.

The Buggy properly painted will be in service years after the neglected buggy is past repair. Sherwin-Williams Buggy Paint made in the 9 best colors, will make the saving for you.

The Wagon, The Plow, The Reaper, The Binder and all other tools and vehicles decay and rust when left unpainted. On such use Sherwin-Williams Wagon and Implement Paint, easy spreading, economical and long wearing.

Windmills, Metal Roofs, etc. need special protection. Sherwin-Williams Metalastic is especially made to prevent the decay and rust of metal surfaces.

Barns, Sheds and other buildings of rough lumber can be durably protected by the use of Sherwin-Williams Barn Red—Spreads easily, covers well and resists the weather.

Bridges, Fences and Roofs deserve protection. The refined Creosote Oil in Sherwin-Williams Creosote Paint both preserves and protects at moderate cost.

Floors and Stairs need special attention. The ten handsome shades of Sherwin-Williams Inside Floor Paint are easy to apply, dry quickly, and stand hard wear.

Inside the House Sherwin-Williams Brighten-Up Finishes supply a paint, varnish, stain or enamel for every possible purpose. Write for a complete descriptive booklet.

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Burns' Cottage, Alloway.

are out at service round about, and a pretty home picture tells how the brothers, sisters and parents meet and kindly talk. The father, while giving welcome, gives good advice, to mind their masters' and mistresses' commands, "to mind their labors wi' an eident (busy) hand,' and

"Oh, be sure to mind the Lord, alway!"

A little touch of that Nature "that makes the whole world kin" is given by the arrival of a lad, whom Jenny, one of the daughters who is working out, says had come along with her to do some errands. The mother sees the blush on Jenny's face and anxiously inquires his name, and is well pleased to hear it is that of a hard-working youth. At heart she is well pleased to think "Her bairns respectit like the love!"

Next comes supper, then

Wi' serious face
They roon the ingle form a circle wide.
The sire turns owre wi' patriarchal grace
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride,
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyert haffets wearin' thin and bare,
He wales a portion wi' judicious care,
And 'Let us worship God,' he says, wi' reverent air.

"They chant their artless notes in simplest guise,
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim.
Perhaps 'Dundee's' wild warbling measures rise,
Or, plaintive 'Martyrs' worthy of the name.

"Compared with these, Italian trills are tame.
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise:
Nae unison hae they wi' our Creator's praise.

"Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King
The saint, the father, and the husband prays.
That "From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs;
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad.
Princes and lords are but the breath of Kings,
'An honest man's the noblest work of God.'"

In picturing the happy, lowly home, Burns is at his best. Notice in "The Twa Dogs," where Caesar, the gentleman's dog is describing "High Life."

"Oor laird gets in his racket rents,
His coals, his kain, and a' his stents.
He rises when he likes himsel,'
His flunkies answer at the bell,
He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse,
He draws a bonnie silken purse,
As lang's my tail, whare, through the steeks,
The yellow-lettered Geordie keeks.
Frae morn till eve, it's nocht but toiling
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling.
But what poor cot folk pit their parich in,
I own is past my comprehension."

Then Luath, the ploughman's collie replies,

"They're no sae wretched's ane wad think.
Though constantly on puirtith's brink
They're sae accustomed wi' the sicht,
The view o't gies them little fricht.

"The dearest comfort o' their lives.
Their grushie weans, an' faithfu' wives.
The prattlin' things are jist their pride,
That sweetens a' their fireside."

In return he asks the gentleman's dog, Caesar, if gentry have anything to bother them at all, seeing they need fear neither cold nor hunger, and Caesar replies:—

"Oh, man, if ye war whyle whare I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy them.
It's true they needna starve or sweat
Through winter's cauld or summer's heat,
They've nae sair wark tae craze their banes,
And fill auld age wi' grips and granes.
But human bodies are sic fules
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them
They mak' 'enow themselves to vex them.
And aye, the less they hae tae start them."

But it is the Burns of the tender love songs that the Scottish love, those haunting songs that stick and cling to the memory and find an echo in the heart of hearts. Loveliest among these

Burns' Mausoleum, Dumfries.

Healthy Happy Children

As everyday food for growing children, good bread and butter is much more wholesome than meat. It is lighter in the stomach, more easy to digest and furnishes every element of health and strength necessary for the growing child, provided the flour is rich in that fine quality of high grade gluten which distinguishes Ogilvie's

Royal Household Flour.

It is this rich nourishing element which makes children grow fat and happy when given plenty of bread made from this finest of all flours. Children thrive on it. It puts flesh on their bones and brings the rosy flush of health to their cheeks.

This is not so with bread made from inferior flours. It falls very far short of being whole food and fails to build up strong, vigorous growth. For the children's sake buy the best flour — Ogilvie's Royal Household. It counts for health and happiness. Best and most nutritious for pastry as well as for bread.

"Ogilvie's Book for a Cook," with 125 pages of recipes that have been tried and tested, will be sent free if you will send us your address and mention the name of your dealer.

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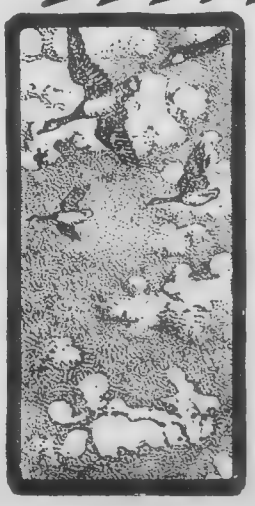
WINCHESTER



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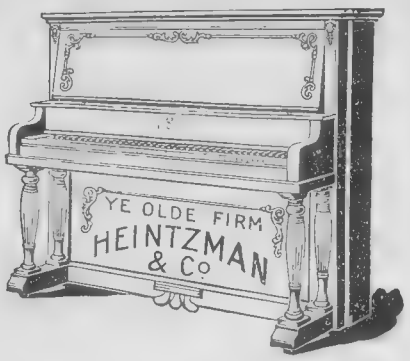

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WE are again in the Formaldyhide business this year, and again we are quoting prices that in every way are record makers.

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1 lb. BOTTLES -	**25c**	**50 lb. BOTTLES**	**$10.50**
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PRICES INCLUDE CONTAINERS AND PACKING.

We have made provision for a large increase over last years business, but we advise our customers to order early as our stock may become exhausted, and we may not possibly be able to get any more in time to treat the season's seed.

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WINNIPEG CANADA

Twa Brigs, Ayr, Scotland.

are his many tender tributes to "Bonnie Jean" Armour, his wife. What could equal that exquisite love song, "O' a' the airts."

"O' a' the airts the win' can blaw
I dearly loe the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I loe best.
There wild woods grow and rivers row
Wi' monie a hill between,
But day and night, my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see here in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair,
I hear her in the tuneful birds,
I hear her charm the air.
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean."

Other toasts complete the evening, which, with song and sentiment, helps to keep alive the fame and memory of that great master mind, Robert Burns.

The Fortune of Hankin.

By Cutcliffe Hyne.

HE was called William Edward Hankin Seale, and by giving him the name of Hankin his godfathers and godmothers considered that they had provided him with brilliant prospects. Wherefore they economized, and forbore to add the usual christening mug and silver feeding tackle. In after years William Edward Seale had it constantly repeated to him that there was a man called Hankin who lived on a place called the West Coast of Africa where he had amassed wealth, and was still amassing.

In his schooldays William Edward Seale said little about the vague Hankin. He learned that West Africa was a considerable distance from Charterhouse in miles; that the climate was hot through some connection which it had with a thing called the equator, upon which the sun apparently traversed as a bead does upon a wire; and that the Coast produced gold dust, ivory, and monkeys. Afterward he got hold of The Cruise of the Midge, and added to this list of products slaves, fever, sunstroke and picturesque fighting. He pictured Hankin as a king of countless negroes, who owned a long, black schooner for nefarious purposes, and who went out for rides on his own private elephant, and ate cocoanuts free of cost. He rather envied the old gentleman but he did not swagger about him then. Later, he did both.

He went from Charterhouse to a bank in London, where he labored easily, but acquired no unwieldy prosperity. He lived slightly beyond his income, but kept the leeway in check by waving Hankin before the eyes of his duns. He pointed out that the West Coast was notoriously unhealthy and that Hankin could not live much longer. He was generous in the matter of interest, too. He said that when he put on a black tie for Hankin they would see that there was nothing mean about him when he came to pay for accommodation. So he lived on, and the rumors of Hankin provided him gratis with dances and theatre paper; and dinners and Sunday river parties were bestowed upon him by people who had marriageable daughters. "It's no use your asking me to pay for anything," he would say cheerfully. "I've barely a sixpence beyond my salary—at present."

Occasionally he came across some man who had been in the Colonial Service or in a trading house on the West Coast, and asked about his connection, who, he stated, was some sort of a nineteenth cousin. But none of the Coasters ever knew about Hankin, or (what is perhaps more accurate) they never said they knew. So, as far as William Edward Seale was concerned, Hankin remained vague and nebulous; but Seale never lost faith in his riches and his dutiful cousinly affection (as bespoken by the aforementioned godparents); and calculated on the approaching windfall with certainty and sweet delight.

It was the coming of Captain Charteris with Nancy that gave him his first definite idea of Hankin. Charteris wired from Liverpool to ask for an interview, and was invited to come up and dine at the club and talk matters over there. Charteris came and enjoyed his meal, as most men do after a course of Coast and steamer fare; but he talked whilst he was eating, and what he said did woeful damage to Seale's appetite. Afterward they went to a quiet corner of the billiard room for coffee and cognac; and between whiffs of a good cigar Charteris went on with his tale:

"We aren't mighty particular out there as a general rule, y' know, but that was a bit too blackguardly and low for anything. They kicked him out of the Service, of course; and they told him that if he didn't clear out of the Colony one-time they'd prosecute him to boot, and he'd get sent home to do five years for an absolute cert. So he cleared; and went to Lagos."

'But he was very rich at that time, wasn't he?" Seale asked.

"Rich? He owned the finest assortment of debts of any man in Accra. They had to pay his steamer-fare to get him away. I don't believe the old scamp ever did have a cent beyond his pay, but he'd a knack of hinting that he was a millionaire, and people sometimes believed him. He blarneyed himself into a trading-house in Lagos on the strength of swaggering about money, which, of course, he hadn't got, and he might have worked himself back into a comfortable position if he had only chosen to keep straight. But that was not his way. He hung on there for a

couple of years till he'd got his fingers well into the pie, and then one fine day he pulled out all the plums that were available, and skipped by the British African boat to Grand Canary. He'd about a thousand pounds, all told, in his pocket when he landed at Las Palmas, and on the strength of it he married that pretty little woman I was telling you about, who died when Nancy was born."

"After which he took the child back to the Coast again, and brought her up like a savage?"

"No, he didn't; and that's about the only good point I ever heard the old ruffian accused of. He left her in Grand Canary, farmed her out (don't you call it?) in a village just outside Las Palmas, and went back again to the Coast to find money for the upkeep of her. It was a pretty plucky thing to do, because several jails were waiting for him anxiously, and he'd dirtied his ticket so thoroughly up and down that no white man would touch him with the end of a swizzle-stick. What he did was to steam down coast to Lagos Roads, change over to the branch-boat and get across the bar, and then slip away from her by native canoe. He didn't land on the island at all. He went off over the lagoon, and then on, right up to the back of the Egba country. There was a hot war on then with the Yorubas, and it was about nine to one he'd get knocked on the head and chopped; but somehow the old scamp slipped through, and then he started in to collect rubber. He got a mud-and-grass hut built and lived on native chop, and must have had a pretty tough time of it at first, because all the roads were blocked, and he could neither get 'trade' up country nor send his rubber down. But after a bit things went better with him. He got his rubber carried down to Lagos, contrived to lay hold of a few domestic slaves to do his work, and was able to send remittances to the woman who farmed Nancy outside Las Palmas. If he's stuck to what he'd made then he might have lived pretty comfortably, because trade gin makes tolerable cocktails when you're used to it, and up in that part of the bush you can always get chickens and mutton if you care to pay. But he didn't do that; he stuck to the cheap native chop, and when he had fever he grudged himself pills asd quinine; it took him all he knew to scrape up eighty pounds a year for Nancy."

"Oh, my hat!" said Seale; "and I thought that man was a millionaire."

"I wish," said Charteris, "you could have seen him when I did. I was up at the back of the Egba country with a Commission, and we picked up the wood-smoke of his cooking one day in the dusk. We had missed the village we were trying for, and had no fancy for collecting fever by squatting out in the bush. So we pushed on and came upon a few chimbeques in a clearing. A thing that called itself a white man was in one of them, and that was Hankin. He was down with blackwater fever, and when the doctor had done a turn with him I went in to stand my watch. He wasn't an inviting spectacle, and if you knew what blackwater fever is—which you don't—you'd understand why. But he was a white man, or had been white once, and out there one feels a sort of kinship to one's color. So I sat by the poor devil and heard his yarn; and when he asked me a bit of a favor I couldn't very well refuse it because, you see, he asked when he was in the very act of pegging out. He wanted me to pick up this youngster of his as I was going home, and hand her over to you."

"But why to me of all people?"

"Hankin said," replied the other stolidly, "that he knew you thought you'd some claim on him, and that therefore he considered he'd a claim on you. I said I didn't see the force of his argument. He said that was his palaver, and would I do what I was asked, or have a very nasty taste left on my conscience by refusing? So, of course, I was forced to say 'Yes,' and there was an end of the matter. The Hausas buried him at sunrise, and we marched on."

"But what on earth am I to do with the child? I'm making a poor enough show of keeping myself. I had—er—expectations once, but they haven't come off yet, and I'm more largely dipped than I care to think about. I'm only a poor brute of a bank clerk with half-nothing a year for pay. It strikes me you've done somebody a pretty mean turn."

"How could I help myself?" said Charteris. "I didn't know you from Adam, and Hankin shoved the job on to me at a peculiar time. You haven't seen a man die in a bush hut, with no one 'round but savages, or else you'd understand. I can quite imagine it's an unpleasant surprise to you; but you know—you needn't take over the youngster."

"What" said Seale: "you'll keep her on yourself?"

Captain Charteris laughed harshly. "I shall drag out my own leave here in England, mostly on tick, and then get back to the Coast again. Man, I haven't thirty pounds in the world. I couldn't afford to be saddled with a dog. I suppose it comes to this: we'll both repudiate her."

"And the result will be?"

"Workhouse, I suppose."

"What a ghastly thing to think about!"

"My dear sir, we can gather comfort from knowing it's no fault of ours. It's a case of 'sins of the fathers.' Hankin shouldn't have been a blackguard; or, if he was, he shouldn't have married; or, if he did marry, he sholdn't have allowed Nancy to step out into the world. If he's any sense of decency left Hankin ought to be squirming in hell this minute at the thought of the mischief he's brought about."

Seale hit the table in front of him so that the cigar ashes jumped.

"This is a horrible business anyway," he said, "but it's got to be put an end to. The more we think over it the worse it gets. You and I have no legal responsibility; so we'll just hand over this calamitous child to the police, and shuffle off the whole matter. Where have you stowed her?"

"At the Metropole." We'll go there at once if you like."

"Yes," said Seale, and strode noisily out.

* * * * *

They exchanged only one remark on the way across.

"She's a taking little beggar," said Charteris, "though I don't think she cares much for me." Upon which Seale broke out against him with sudden violence and profanity, and insisted on the subject being dropped. And after that they marched down Northumberland Avenue in silence.

"It's right up at the top," said Charteris as they walked into the hall of

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The Patmore Nursery Co., Brandon, Dear Sir—The seeds I purchased from you this spring germinated well and the crop was fine. I have had Cauliflower that has gone up to six pounds each, in fact all the vegetables from your Seeds have been a surprise to all who have seen them. Also the Meadow Grass Seed has done fine that I got in the Spring of 1911. Our flowers from your seed have given us a fine display of bloom.

Battleford

Oakland, Man., Sept. 15, 1911

The Patmore Nursery Co., Dear Sirs—I want you to save me some more of those Early Seed Potatoes, like I obtained from you last Spring. I have already sold over two thousand Bushels, and still have more. I am buying more land and intend to grow more next season.

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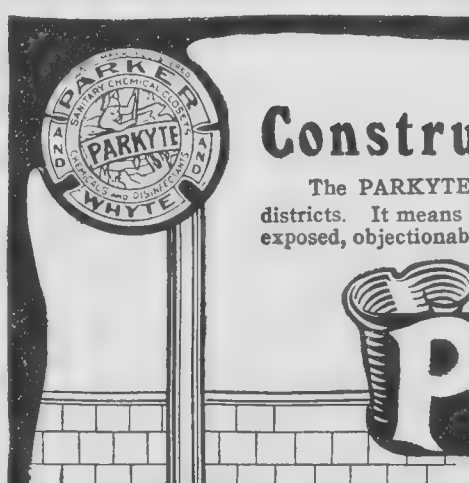

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is made to last a lifetime. Has a cast frame that can't get out of shape, cover and seat of hardwood, mahogany piano finish, oil rubbed and hand polished. Endorsed by physicians as sanitary, and GUARANTEED by us. Inferior closets are poorly finished, made of cheapest materials and last only a short time, besides being positively insanitary. Ask your dealer or order direct. Send for booklet "The Path to Health."

PARKER-WHYTE, Limited

WINNIPEG TORONTO VANCOUVER

6

the hotel. "I economized in the matter of rooms. So we may as well go up by the lift. Shall I tell the porter to have a four-wheeler ready in five minutes?"

"Oh, do anything you like," said Seale. "No, you needn't bother about that now, though. There are cabs always ready. Here, come along; there's a lift just going up."

Two minutes later Captain Charteris opened a door and showed Seale a pretty child of six asleep in a deep armchair. She woke as they came into the room, nodded to Charteris, and stared at his companion critically. For once in his life Seale was tongue-tied before a lady. He somehow or other felt unutterably mean, though (as he carefully explained to himself) there was no just cause for his feeling. And, as an effect, all initiatory small talk left him. There was a long silence in the room, and it was the child who first broke it.

"You must be the gentleman," said she to Seale, "who is going to take care of me?"

"No," he answered, sullenly, "I am not."

"Oh," said Nancy, leaning back in her chair again, "I am sorry for that."

Seale could not help asking "Why"

"Because," came the answer. "I like you. I like you better than him," she added, with a nod across at her steamer escort.

"This is gratifying," said Charteris. "But I'm afraid, young lady, that it is a rather useless avowal. Now, we've come to take you out for a drive somewhere. So suppose you put on your hat and jacket."

"Can't," said Nancy cheerfully. I've not begun to dress myself yet. I'm not growed up enough for that. But you," she said, with a nod at Seale, "can put on my things for me if you like. They're all lying there on that sofa. Shoes first."

"Oh, look here," said Charteris; we'd better ring for the stewardess—chambermaid, I mean."

"No," said Seale; "I may as well do what I can for the kid. Hang it, man! Let me do something. God knows I'm feeling brute enough as it is."

So with infinite pains and clumsiness he put on Nancy's outdoor raiment, and when he had finished, he stepped back to overlook his handiwork.

"Well?" she said.

"What?" he asked.

"Don't I look nice?"

"Ye-es, I suppose you do. Yes, distinctly you do."

"Then what are you waiting for?"

"I don't understand."

"The others," said Nancy judicially, when they dressed me, and when I was good, and when I looked nice, always gave me a kiss to finish up." Charteris laughed.

Seale turned on him savagely with a "Drop that!" Then he stooped and took hold of the child's hand and said, "Come on."

"Kiss first," said Nancy. "I've been good."

Shamefacedly Seale pecked at her with his mouth, and Charteris laughed again. "I wouldn't do it," said Charteris, "if I were you. That sort of thing leaves a nasty taste afterwards when you remember she is rigged in workhouse uniform, you know."

Seale kissed the child again, this time more scientifically. "Now, look here," he said; "we'll just drop that foolishness, please, for always. If you think I'm going to let this jolly little beggar go to the parish pauper shop you're badly mistaken. What will become of her in the end. I'm——if I know; but for the present, and until something turns up, I'm going to take her off to my own rooms; and my landlady and I'll dry-nurse her between us. We shall probably make a poor enough job of it, because funds are very scarce; but I guess we're about the only opening Nancy has before her at present. Come along, Nancy, and we'll drive off in a rubber-tired hansom to my palatial chambers."

"I say, said Charteris, as they were going back along the corridors; "you're rather a good sort, you know."

Seale turned upon him with a sudden glow of passion. "I'm about the most unlucky brute in London this minute," he cried, "and if there's one man I ough to hate, that's you! You've landed me in the devil of a mess, and there's no getting out of it. You knew what she was; you'd seen her; and I don't think you did the fair thing not telling me beforehand. Of course, I thought that being Hankin's kid, she'd be—well, just fit for the workhouse. How was I to know that she was like this?"

"You're a bit unreasonable."

"I'm not going to argue with you," said Seale. "The thing's done and I've got no use for you any further."

"I don't quite take your meaning."

"Well, it's this, Captain Charteris: what little I've seen of you will last me the rest of my time. You may say good bye to Nancy if you like, but you nedn't bother to shake hands with me. "I wish you were at the devil."

* * * * *

When a young man of twenty-three deliberately adds to his bachelor household an attractive young lady of six summers, who speaks foreign languages and possesses a history, attention is naturally drawn to the performance. Seale's acquaintances, especially the feminine portion of them, were first curious, and then shocked; and out of sheer justice to Nancy he had to tell one or two of them the true story of Hankin. The news spread through that small fraction of London which knew Seale, and the respect with which it had previously regarded him changed with a very short prelude. It is no use giving dinners to a young man with no expectations, who has deliberately chosen to encumber himself with a scamp's child; and if you have daughters it is a mad thing to ask to your dances a wretched fellow whom it would be the utmost misfortune for your daughter to fall in love with. And so the invitations ceased with brisk unanimity; and as Seale had been accustomed to much going out and about, he saw fit to do it now on his own resources, which, of course, cost money.

How he managed to keep going for the next seven years is a matter best known to himself and Nancy, who at an ealy stage was initiated into the art of circumventing res angusta domi, and living at the rate of twice one's income. But there is a certain amount of enjoyment to be derived from sailing close to the wind, and a camaraderie grew up between the two of them that was very pleasant in its completeness. At the same time, that he might not accuse himself of hoodwinking youth, Seale used to instill morality as he went along.

"Y' know we're awful blackguards, old lady, having things and not paying for them the way we do," he would say; "and I ought to be kicked for showing a kid like you the style it's managed."

Upon which Nancy would retort: "All right, Ted, I quite understand. But it's me that's to blame, not you. If there was no me to fritter money over, you'd live on your pay and have a lot left over. So as far as you're concerned it doesn't count."

And then after Seale was solemnly assured that she was completely wrong, and that he (by reason of his seniority) carried the sin of the pair of them on his own shoulders, they would go off to a theatre, or West for dinner, by way of getting rid of the taste of the lecture.

But this style of living, ingenious though it may be, is liable to be brought to an end from the outside; and when the conclusion did finally come, Seale's only matter for surprise was that it had not arrived several years earlier.

"Old lady," said Seale one day, when he had lit up his cigar after dinner in the big chair beside the fireplace, "the bank's given me the chuck."

"Phe-ew!" said Nancy.

"At least, they've told me of another billet that's open, and said that if I don't resign nicely and take it with a stoutly. I've had lessons with you smile I shall probably find myself out of a job altogether. The

Many Interesting Values in Household Necessities

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Profit by the many money-saving offers contained in our Semi-Annual Sale Catalogue, by ordering a supply before some of our lines have become exhausted. Our Semi-Annual Sale is to our Mail Order customers what the EATON Friday Bargains are to our Winnipeg shoppers, and items are listed in this Sale Catalogue at the lowest margins of profit.

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Roller Towelling. Sale Price, per yd	.10
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WINNIPEG CANADA

Guarantee

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manager seemed to think that my ideas of personal finance were too florid to be quite healthy in a mere bank clerk."

"Where's the new billet?"

Seale laughed. "In a place you've heard of before—Lagos. One year on duty and six months' leave, with steamer-fare paid home and back. Three hundred a year and allowances to draw all the time."

"My!" said Nancy, "what a lot! It's a heap more than you're getting now. We'll go, eh?"

"You won't, anyway."

"Why not? Don't we do everything together? I shall come and keep house for you, and save you lots. You can't keep house a bit, Ted."

"Shall have to. I—— Nancy, come here, old girl."

Nancy came across the hearthrug, and sat herself upon his knee, and lay back luxuriously.

"Nancy, I've been an awful brute to you. I've kept you here because I liked having you, when you ought to have been away at school with other girls, learning things."

"I have been learning," said Nancy

"Nowhere near," said Seale. "You're growing up, you see. You're thirteen now, and you'll be in long frocks in a year or so, with your hair in a knob, and the Lord knows what else; and there are things a girl ought to learn that I can't teach; and—well, I'm a pretty bad lot, old lady, and if you go away to a decent school you'll learn that is so."

"Ter-waddle," said Nancy. "Didn't you saddle yourself with me, and doesn't that prove you to be the best man in the world? 'Tisn't as if I'd never seen any others of the boys. I've met 'em, lots of 'em, and that's why I know what I say's right. And besides, it would never make any difference to me whether you were the biggest sweep on earth, or the biggest angel. You're just my Ted, and that's all I care about."

"Yes; but Nancy, you couldn't go to the Gold Coast, anyway. You'd lose all your good looks for one thing——"

"Don't care."

"But I do. I'm proud of them, if you are not. And besides, you'd spoil all the arrangements. This way; you see I get allowances for one only. If you went there'd be your steamer fare to pay, and an establishment to keep up. And that would run away with all the cash. Whereas, if I go alone, I shall get everything paid; come back with all my money saved; and then you and I can spend the six months' leave on the jolliest spree imaginable."

But Nancy did not see it, and said so with point and argument. However, for once in his life Seale was firm. He had a feeling that he would have a much better chance, and a much better time of it, if he started this new life on the Coast as a bachelor without encumbrances. Still, he did not work openly upon this principle. He said he was leaving Nancy behind entirely for Nancy's good. But in the end, of course, he got his way.

* * * * *

A B. AND A. boat took Seale across the Bay, and after calling at several African ports, brought up to an anchor head-on to a heavy swell in the Lagos Roads. A small branch-steamer came out to her from inside the bar, and Seale tasted the joys of being transhipped in a tossing surf-boat paddled by yelling Elmina boys. The branch steamer deposited him at one of the wharves which jut from the boulevard of the Marina into the lagoon, and his new chief met him there with a 'rickshaw and a white umbrella.

Knowing that Lagos is a town of negroes, Seale had somehow or other been prepared to find unlimited stinks; and because these were entirely absent the air of the place came to him as a pleasant surprise. He settled down in two large, cool, whitewashed rooms, and proceeded to enjoy himself.

Being newly landed and full of health, he naturally found the work expected of him ridiculously light; and as he had occasion to put on his dress clothes every night, and discovered that white men in Lagos are addicted to gorgeous dinners and much hospitality, he told himself with confidence that the Coast had been unjustly maligned, and that he had tumbled into a very snug berth. He retained this ecstatic frame of mind for exactly fourteen days, and then one morning a man came into his office and asked him to dinner that evening.

all the same. I'm chopping with Ander-

"Can't," said Seale. "Much obliged son to-night. And so, by the way, are you, although I suppose you've forgotten. He asked us yesterday."

"You've got to go to Anderson's funeral in two hours' time," said the other man dryly. "He pegged out with heat apoplexy during the night, just before that tornado came on. Ta-ta; see you at the cemetery. And mind you turn up to chop with me, 7.30 sharp."

The other man nodded and left, and Seale mopped a very moist brow with his pocket-handkerchief. "This," he told himself, "is the very devil of a climate."

And by way of having the lesson rammed home he was invited to stand and frizzle in the sun, precisely one week later, while the flippant other man was himself being buried.

Seale was consumed with a mild touch of Coast fever that night, and the fear of death gripped him by the heart. He reviewed much of his past life, and was truly sorry that he had not amended his ways earlier, and so avoided coming to Lagos. He laid much solid blame upon Hankin, and told himself that he could dance with calm delight upon Hankin's tomb. Incidentally he remembered Nancy, and tried to carry his resentment along to her; but that did not act. No; it was no fault of Nancy's that he was out in this abominable exile. She was a good little beggar, anyhow, and a hot, new trouble arose in him when he thought of what must happen to her after he died, as (he was quite sure) must take place within the next few hours.

However, of course, he did not die then; and as an early dose of fever is the very best thing to acclimatize a man, he soon settled down into a very healthy fellow from a Coast point of view. But that early scare had bitten in deeply, and it prevented him from remaining popular with the Lagos community. Where every one is lavishly free-handed, the careful man who does not keep open house is not called careful merely. They give him an uglier name. And if a man of any obstinacy once overhears himself spoken of as "that stingy brute," he is rather apt to act up to the character. Besides, every time the dangers of the place were brought home to him more nearly either by illness within the marches of his own proper body or by the news of death among the white community, Seale could have screamed aloud in his agony of dread as to what would happen if Nancy were left unprovided for.

Yet, torment himself how he would, the fund which he was making for her grew with exasperating slowness. He had to eat and drink to live; and everything was expensive; and the pay and allowances which had seemed dazzling at a distance shriveled woefully when counted on the spot. Moreover, he had always possessed the unwieldy knack of making two shillings go as far as one, and had never contrived to shake himself adrift from it. And so, when the time of his first leave came round, he drew his home-pay and accepted a six months' billet in the bush for extra lucre. He wrote home to tell Nancy that he was so hard-worked that he could not get away—which was scarcely true—and also that he was in brilliant health at the time of writing, which was a solid lie.

His next leave he also tried to miss, but broke down with dysentery, and had to spend a much-grudged two months in Grand Canary to save his life. But he came back to the Coast again with new health, and hammered desperately at the dollar-mill to make up his leeway. He was not liked in Lagos still; but a rumor had got about that there was a reason for his stinginess, and some of the men had got a respect for him—though, of course, that is a vastly different thing from a liking

And at the end of four and a half years from his leaving England, Captain Charteris came to him again and put

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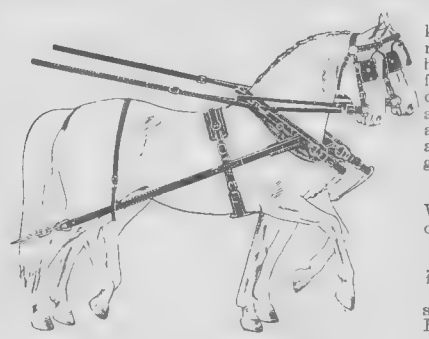

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D. W. Buchanan, of the Buchanan Nursery Company, St. Charles, Manitoba, has decided to retire from the Nursery business. Under the management of Mr. Buchanan these Nurseries have acquired a country-wide reputation for the quality and hardiness of their stock. All stock sold has been propogated by themselves from their own mother stock in their own ground. This has made the reputation of the firm.

The Buchanan Nursery Company has always known what it was selling. It has always sold the best. There is to-day no better stock in Western Canada.

The A. Mitchell Nursery Company, Limited, of Coaldale, and Lacombe, Alberta, has by a stroke of rare good fortune, been able to secure this splendid stock, but it must be taken off the grounds in a very linited time. This is the reason for this compelling offer at prices never before seen in this Western country.

COLLECTION No. 1.—SMALL FRUITS. PRICE $10.

Enough for the average garden.

Raspberries	100	Gooseberries	4
Strawberries	100	Bush Cherries	4
Red Currants	6		
Black Currants	6		220

COLLECTION No. 2.—SHADE TREES. PRICE $5.

Man. Maple, 5-6 ft.	20	Willow, 4-6 ft.	10
Ash, 3-4 ft.	10		
Poplar, 3-4 ft.	10		50

COLLECTION No. 3.—FARM SHELTER BELT. PRICE $10.

You cannot make a home out of a wheat field and a shack. You must have trees to finish the home and shelter the garden and crops.

There is enough in this collection to plant a belt 100 yards long and 8 rows wide with the trees 3 ft. apart. Three feet is the most economical distance, as the ground is more quickly shaded by the branches and the work of cultivation is over the sooner.

Man. Maple (Box Elder), Seedlings	300
Willow, Cuttings	300
Ash, Seedlings	100
Poplar (Russian Poplar or Cottonwood)	100
	800

These should be planted, beginning with the outside row, Willow, Maple, Poplar, Maple, Ash, Maple, Willow.

COLLECTION No. 4.—PERENNIALS FOR THE FLOWER GARDEN. $5.

Paeonies	2	Sweet William	10
Iris	4	Sweet Rocket	20
Larkspur	10		
Clove Pink	20		66

COLLECTION No. 5.—FOR THE KITCHEN GARDEN. PRICE $5.

Rhubarb	24
Asparagus	100
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a change into his life as he had done once before.

Seale had not forgotten his old animosity against the man; and when he first brought his face in the office quite unexpectedly—for Charteris had come into money, and was living at home as a decent English gentleman now—Seale bade him uncivilly enough to get out, one-time.

"You must hear my message first," said Charteris, "although I'm repeating an old offence."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm bringing Nancy to you. She's upstairs, waiting in your house this minute, and I've just come down here to break the news."

"What! Nancy here! Man, you're either dreaming or drunk."

"I am neither, although I wish I was both. The Lord knows I've no cause for rejoicing."

Seale sat at his office desk and passed a finger round inside his shirt collar. "You'd better explain," he said.

"Quite so. To begin with, Hankin—or rather his ghost—is interfering again. It seems he once invested money in one of the Coast mines here at Axim. That followed the habit of most gold mines by going up. But they've found magnificent quartz reefs on either side of his property; and so the ground has been valued at ninety thousand pounds; and, what is better still, has been sold for eighty thousand pounds and paid for. That's Nancy's now, and nothing would suit her but that she must come down here and give you news of it herself."

"My God!" said Seale. Then after a minute he added: "But what have you come down for?"

"Because," said Charteris slowly and quietly—"because I love her."

"You love Nancy! You! You love that child! But there, I suppose she's grown up. Well, are you going to tell me next that the pair of you are to be married?"

Charteris looked at him queerly.

"Shouldn't you mind," he asked, "if I did tell you that?"

"I shouldn't like it. To be candid, I don't particularly care for you, as you know. But I suppose she'll marry some day. I always have pictured that, ever since I've been on the Coast, because you see, she must be provided for in some way."

"But, man! don't you care for her yourself?"

"Care for her!" Seale gave a mirthless laugh. "If you knew what I've been doing here all these years you wouldn't ask that. Of course I care for her."

"But how?"

"Oh, I've never defined that. Paternally, I suppose, or like a brother. That kid and I were the best of friends."

"Seale, you're a fool. Kid, you say—she's a woman. She's the loveliest—but I'm not going to talk. You must see for yourself. Only, don't you go upstairs and make any mistake. She's got no daughter's feeling for you, or sister's; and if you go and break her heart over any nonsense of that kind I've got it in me to shoot you for your pains. I've had my life ruined for me during these last months by you being in the way, and if hers is to be spoiled too by your blundering you can understand that I shall very badly want to kill you."

"Wait a minute," said Seale unsteadily. "That has come upon me with so much suddenness that I can hardly grasp——"

"I have no more to say to you," said Charteris, and he went out into the dazzling sunshine of the Marina, where the shouting negroes were carrying loads over the brick-red dust.

Seale swayed and tottered, then pulled himself together with an effort, and went up the stairs which led to his house above. Nancy knew his footstep and met him at the door, a radiant vision in tropical white. He felt himself entangled by her arms. Her lips were against his ear. "Oh, Ted, my love, she was saying to him: "I could not wait for you any longer. Ted, darling, I had to come. Oh! my own love, if you only knew how I have hungered for you, you would have come to me sooner."

Then Seale's eyes were opened. He did not make the blunder which Charteris had warned him against. He felt no inclination that way. A new feeling toward the girl surged within him like a glow of fire. "Sweetheart," he whispered back to her, "I never knew you would be like this. If I had known I could never have kept myself away from you."

Easy Money for the Doctor.

A prominent physician in an Arkansas town has an extensive practice among the laboring classes where economy is the best policy. One day the little daughter of one of the men became very sick, and the doctor was hurriedly called. He arrived, and administered a soothing treatment to the patient, who was soon sleeping soundly, and upon leaving prescribed some medicine which was to be obtained at the drug store. The next day the visit had to be repeated and some more medicine bought. This was kept up until the little girl was entirely well, when the father went to see the doctor to settle the bill.

As his purse was rather slim, he approached the doctor with many misgivings.

"Here is your bill, sir," began the doctor, handing him the paper. "This for the drugs from the store, and this for my visits."

The poor man looked and was horrified at the amount requested, realizing that he could not pay it all. Then after thinking a moment he took out his purse and laid some pieces of change in the physician's hand, saying: "Here is the money for the drugs, Doctor, and—we will return your calls."

Top Heavy.

"Good morning, Pompey," said the lawyer.

"Good morning, massa."

"What makes you carry your head down so, Pompey? Why don't you walk with your head erect like me?"

"Massa, have you ever been tro' a field of wheat when it get ripe?"

"Yes."

"Well, you take notice, some of de heads stand up, an' some hang down; dem dat stand up got no grain in 'em."

Hard To Tell.

A noted horseman tells the story of a man who entered a horse in a certain race and made a bet on it.

When the horses got away the man stood with the field-glasses glued to his eyes, watching the progress of his favorite.

Some of the men who knew of the bet crowded around and asked how the horse was going.

"Well," was the reply, "I can't just make out whether he is the last in the third race or the first in the fourth."

£500,000 an Ounce.

A factory for the extraction of radium is now in course of construction at Limehouse, London, England, and it is the first factory of the kind in the country. its operations will be followed closely, dealing as they do with an element that has created so many surprises and proved so beneficial to humanity. The total quantity of "free" radium at present in existence is unknown, but its price is put at £500,000 an ounce, and I am told that the Limehouse factory expects to turn out about a third of an ounce of radium per annum. Hospitals are to be provided with supplies at especially cheap rate.

The Pollywog

Oh, a pollywog lived in a little glass tank.
With a goldfish or two and a snail;
And his body was fat and covered with spots,
But he sported a monstrous long tail.

He wriggled and twisted the live-long day.
And grew, this fat pollywog;
But never once did it enter his head
That he was akin to a frog.

Along in his sides, down next to his tail,
He had a bad feeling one day,
And before the next morning two legs had appeared,
To help him along on his way.

With his gills disappearing, he couldn't breathe well,
And two more funny legs came to light;
He stretched them all out and wiggled his toes,
And tried to make believe 'twas all right.

Four legs and a tail for one pollywog
Seemed so funny he wanted to laugh;
And then one night he happened to see
That his tail was shorter by half.

And it faded away—a little each day—
Till hardly a bit could he see;
Then it all disappeared, and pollywog found
A gay little froggy was he.

Then somebody put him in a little tin pail
And carried him down to the brook;
And all that I've told you you may see for yourself
If you'll just take the trouble to look.

No. 49 BIRDS IN THE NIGHT

(UNACCOMPANIED)

LIONEL H. LEWIN — ARTHUR SULLIVAN
Arr. by W. C. HOFF

Gently ♩=76
SOPRANO AND ALTO

1. Birds in the night that soft - ly call, Winds in the night that strange - ly sigh,
2 Life may-be sad for us that wake; Sleep, lit - tle bird, and dream not why;

TENOR *ad lib.* * AND BASS

Come to me, help me, one and all, And mur - mur, mur - mur, mur-mur,
Soon is the sleep but God can break, When an - gels whis - per, whis - per,

f *pp*

mur - mur ba - - by's lul - la - by, Lul - la - by, . . . Lul - la - by, . . . Lul - la
an - gels whis - per lul - la - by, Lul - la - by, . . Lul - la - by, . . Lul - la

p

lul - la lul - la lul - la lul - la - by, Lul - la - by, ba - by, While the hours run,

p

Fair may the day be when night is done, Lul - la - by, ba - by,

While the hours run, Lul-la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by, ... lul - la - by, lul - la - by. . .

NOTE. May be sung in two parts, Soprano and Alto.
* The small notes are for use in grades where there are Tenor voices.

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receive by return mail, post paid, this very attractive dress designed for young ladies from 14 years upward. Materials is fine washable percale in light blue stripe with white ground made in one piece style with elbow sleeves, opens in back, trimming consists of plain dark blue bands which trim neck, box pleat, belt, sleeves and skirt just as pictured. This is a very pretty and serviceable dress and bound to please. Give bust and waist size also length of skirt desired, add 20c for postage. Standard Garment Co., 10 Standard Building, London, Canada.

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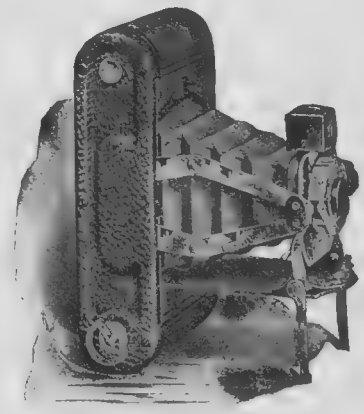

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THE PHILOSOPHER.

CABINETS, PARLIAMENTS AND PEOPLE.

In this country, as in great Britain, there has been going on for a decade and more a notable increase in the power of Cabinets, and a corresponding decrease in the power, not theoretically but actually, of the legislative bodies. It is not too much to say that this change is assuming such proportions as to begin to affect the character of our representative institutions. We Canadians used to pride ourselves on the superiority of our system of government to that of our neighbors, in that public opinion could be brought to bear more directly upon public policy in this country than in the United States. Canadians used to point to the advantage of being able to turn a Government out of office at any time. The essence of our representative system, it used to be said, was that the individual members of Parliament listened attentively to the smallest sound of discontent or approval from his constituents, and that his remonstrances or assurances were carefully listened to by the Cabinet, which either altered its course in conformity with the warnings received, or prepared for an appeal to the country. Time was when a majority of two hundred in the British House of Commons, as in the case of the Palmerston Government, was turned into a minority of nineteen. Lord John Russell, Disraeli and Gladstone were Prime Ministers in Great Britain who knew what it was to have their Governments collapse on account of their supporters in Parliament turning against them in response to public opinion. How often in this country has public opinion, acting thus through the elected representatives of the people, turned a Government, Dominion or Provincial, out of office? A Government entrenches itself in office, as in a stronghold, and is safe during the life of the Parliament. The private citizen only has his say on one single day every four or five years, when he elects. But he does not select. The party organizations do that for him. Speaking of the average voter, taking the country as a whole, he simply counts one as the obedient member of a party once every four or five years. The individual voter is certainly master of the situation on election day; but how often it is that his mastery is only "as the fine dust in the balance!"

WEAPONS.

Said Police Magistrate Hugh John Macdonald to a prisoner upon whom he was pronouncing sentence in the Winnipeg Police Court: "The carrying of a revolver is a greater source of danger to the person carrying it than it is a protection for him." There is sound sense in that. When time for sober thought intervenes between the impulse to use a revolver and the obtaining of the weapon, the impulse, as a rule, ceases. The law with regard to the selling, the buying, and the carrying of weapons ought to be stringent, and there should be the most thoroughgoing enforcement of it.

A NEW MEAT FROM THE NORTH.

That in a quarter of a century there will be 3,000,000 beef reindeer in Alaska, that they will thrive and multiply and fatten on the Arctic vegetation, where even a goat would hardly get a living, and that reindeer meat is more palatable than either beef or mutton, are assertions confidently made by Mr. Lopp, who is in charge of the reindeer introduced by the United States Government into Alaska. A Toronto paper, commenting on the fact that the first shipment of reindeer meat was made recently from Alaska to Seattle, says: "America is filling up very fast. The great cattle ranges of the West are disappearing, and as the plow passes over them cereals take the place of cattle. In the North there is a vast area, far greater on the Canadian side of the boundary than in Alaska, where cattle cannot contend against the cold of the winter, where cereals will not ripen, but where—as the Alaskan experiment has shown—reindeer will thrive exceedingly." It does not seem unreasonable to suppose that the time may come when in the farther North of this continent, as in the farther North of Europe, the reindeer will be the principal domestic animal, supplying the people not only of the northland itself but of more southerly latitudes with cheese and meat and leather. Dr. Grenfell has transferred to the Dominion Government some of his Labrador reindeer, and they are now on the range away north of Edmonton.

NO ANCIENT PRECEDENT.

A stamp-collector says that the new Canadian stamps have been "bungled," because the head of King George is made to face the same way as that of King Edward, "instead of reversing the direction in which the head is turned each reign, as is done in the case of coins." The complaint is unfounded. It is instructive, nevertheless. For a moment's thought devoted to it leads to a fact which makes you realize afresh the modernness of many of the greatest public conveniences which we regard as matters of course, because of our everyday familiarity with them. Postage stamps were first used in Queen Victoria's reign. So that the first opportunity to reverse the head was when King Edward ascended the throne scarcely twelve years ago. And, as a matter of fact, the reversal was not made then, the head of King Edward being made to face the same way on the postage stamps as that of his mother. On the new stamps King George's head is made to face the same way. It is the practice in most countries not to vary the direction in which heads on Postage stamps face.

A FEW FOOLISH TALKERS IN THE EAST.

There appear to be some people in Eastern Canada who, if we are to judge by their utterances (though it does not seem right to take such utterances too seriously), actually regret that Canada is so placed as not to be in the thick of such war-alarms as keep Europe in a ferment. The British Isles were favored by nature in being given the "silver girdle of the sea," which many a time has saved them from invasion, though their main defense, of course, has been the courage and readiness of their people. Shakespeare voices in ever-memorable words the recognition of what Great Britain owes to the sea. Some of the Eastern Canadian militarists, who go about breathing heavily in a valorous manner, would appear almost to desire to impress all and sundry with the idea that they are sorry the Atlantic is so wide between this Canada of ours and those historic animosities which smoulder, and sometimes blaze, in Europe. We Canadians are situated alongside a great nation which, like our own, is removed from the strifes of Europe. It is the duty, and it is the desire, of all Canadians to have Canada do its part in helping to maintain the supremacy of the strength of the Empire, but this does not involve any hostility towards our neighbors to the south, against whom there is occasional talk by swashbucklering individuals in the East, who appear to imagine that they are thereby displaying super-loyalty. The Canadian people have had a hundred years of peace with the people of the United States. The troubles there were between the two countries belong to an era as remote, to all intents and purposes, as the era of the Wars of the Roses.

PHILOPENA-BRAINED PEOPLE.

Pity the man, and pity the woman, who has got a lot of things to do, and who is deficient in the precious sense of arrangement. The happy people are the busy people. But you not only have to work as hard as you can at what you are doing, but you have also to be arranging in your mind what you have to do next. This must be the way in which some fortunately constituted people get through so much. People's brains are of varied kinds. It has always seemed to the Philosopher that some people have two brains in one head. The first is occupied with what they are doing. The other is briging the net job forward—considering how best it may be done. Those of us who have only one brain in our craniums are not in it with those philopena people. They not only can do what they are at about twice as fast as we can, but they can go straight to the next thing without losing time. The capacity for this duplex mental action is observable in facile speakers, whether public or private. A good extempore speaker has to think two or three sentences ahead, and let his mouth and other features, to say nothing of his arms and hands, take care of the one that is being uttered. A slow man is thus at a disadvantage in a debate with a quick one. But then, on the other hand, it is often seen that the express-speed talker has less of solid sense in him than the man who lacks that facility of utterance. The case of the hare and the tortoise. It is remarkable how much knowledge there is in those old fables.

KEEPING TAB ON FATHER TIME.

From Mr. M. B. Cotsworth, F.G.S., New Westminster, B.C., the Philosopher has received, and acknowledges with thanks, the pamphlet written by that gentleman, with an introduction of Sir Sandford Fleming, of Ottawa, in support of his plan of reforming the calendar by changing the present twelve months of irregular length into thirteen months of four weeks each, with Christmas Day, bearing no number-label, inserted as an extra day in the thirteenth month. Mr. Cotsworth's pamphlet is published as one of the transactions of the Royal Society of Canada. The Cotsworth plan is one of the many for the simplifying of the calendar. Sooner or later, without doubt, the vagaries of the calendar will be corrected. Julius Caesar gave the world in 58 B.C. a calendar that did service for fifteen centuries, or until Pope Gregory corrected its main defects. The Gregorian calendar is not perfect, simply for the reason that the earth does not complete its annual circuit of the sun in an exact number of days of twenty-four hours each. It takes the earth three hundred and sixty-five days and a very little less than a quarter of a day to run its yearly course round the sun. The Gregorian calendar gives us three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, with an extra day every fourth year to even up the count. But it does not even it up with absolute mathematical exactness. One of the schemes for evening it up more exactly is that of Professor Spillman, of Washington, who proposes short years and long years, the short year to have fifty-two weeks of seven days each, and the long year, coming once in every five, having fifty-three weeks. The short year would thus consist of three-hundred and sixty-four days, and the long year of three hundred and seventy-one days. An advantage which most of the calendar-reformers aim at is to have each day of the week recur four times each month (except that in the Spillman plan it would recur five times in December every fifth year), and on the same date. Thus, for example, if the year began on Monday, Monday would fall on the 1st, 8th, 15th, and 22nd of each month in that year. But, when all is said, it must be admitted that there are many reforms of which there is greater need than reform of the calendar, and it is a safe prediction that our present calendar will for at least a few generations more survive all the efforts to reform of the calendar-reformers.

SOME NOTABLE RESEMBLANCES.

When that fine specimen of Western Canadian, Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, lectured last here in Winnipeg on her travels from Edmonton to the mouth of the Mackenzie River and out upon the Arctic Ocean, among the photographs, thrown by lantern, with which the lecture was illustrated, was one of Eskimo skinning seals. Miss Cameron asked her hearers to note especially one of the Eskimo, who was strikingly Japanese in his physique and features; and she referred briefly to the belief held among scientists that the Eskimo are of Asiatic origin. Indeed, it is very probable that before the ice age communication across the waters, or no waters, at what is now Behring Straits was easy. An isthmus there would be no stranger than the isthmuses of Suez and Panama. Recent investigations have disclosed in the south-western part of this continent evidences which anthropologists like Dr. Starr, of the University of Chicago, regard as indicating the Mongolian origin of the prehistoric people termed the Aztecs. Inscriptions have been found in Arizona similar to rock-hewn Buddhistic inscriptions in Mongolic Asia. In Peru there are remains of a vast "City of Marble," whose architectural features are Egyptian in character. In time we shall know more of those prehistoric people.

CONDITIONS AND THEIR PRODUCT.

Usually when a Government blue book arrives for the Philosopher, he looks at it and says that there must be some valuable information in it, and that he will read it when he has time. With some blue books, however, it is different. The report of the Minister of Justice, for example, is a volume full of human interest. And the portion of this particular blue book which is fullest of human interest is the report of the Parole Officer, Major W. P. Archibald, formerly of the Salvation Army. The major, who is in charge of our Canadian development of the ticket-of-leave system, is a man with a warm heart, but he is no sentimentalist. He knows what he is dealing with; his head is as sound as his heart, and he goes to the roots of the conditions which he has to do with in his work every day. He points out that the obligation of society, in the interests of the general welfare, does not begin with the closing of the prison door on the prisoner, nor end with his release. Back of all this lie the years of youth and childhood, the formative years, when the plastic clay of the young mind was being moulded by environment. "Crime and the criminal are in our country to stay. Just as long as Government continue to ignore the social conditions; and especially in our cities, which are producing a type of vicious criminality equal to any in quality, if not in quantity, in the civilized world." There are boys, he goes on to say, who do not realize why an act is a crime. He instances forgery. Truly the problems of education are the most important of all.

THE HEALTH OF THE BODY POLITIC.

Something new in the new Dominion Parliament is the action of one of the Ontario members. Mr. John H. Burnham, who is a supporter of the Government, in chiding the Government for not having tuberculosis attended to by a Government Department, like the administration of justice. What natural, and national, resource, begins to be as valueable as health? What other resource should be more zealously conserved? Mr. Burnham is right. The logic which seeks to eradicate crime, but stops short at eradicating a disease like consumption is no logic at all. Is it right that it should be considered more important to build highways into wildernesses for future generations than to save the lives of people already in existence? The fact must be faced that it is a blot on our civilization that there is such a tragic waste of human life from diseases like tuberculosis. This particular disease is pretty well understood now. In most cases it can be cured. In many it can be checked, or relieved. In all cases its spread can, and most certainly should, be prevented. "The body politic" is an old phrase for the nation. It would have a fuller meaning, if the body got more out of politics than it does now.

WHAT WINNIPEG MAY BE YET.

When the Fathers of Confederation were bringing about the establishment of the Dominion there was great rivalry between Toronto and Montreal, as to which should be the capital. The Canada of pre-Confederation days, consisting of the present Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, had had a movable capital, the Parliament holding sessions in alternate years at Montreal and Toronto. The rivalry in regard to the seat of government of the Dominion, like the rivalry for the seat of Government of the Australian Commonwealth, was settled by a compromise, Ottawa being in Ontario, it is true, but being situate on the river which is the boundary between Ontario and Quebec. The capital of Australia is in a specially set aside Federal district, as the capital of the United States is; and now there is a movement on foot in Ottawa to have a similar district created in that city. The Ottawa Citizen, by way of stirring up the people of Ottawa to strenuous activity in this behalf, has sounded the alarm that when Western Canada's representation in Parliament grows large enough, there will be a proposal to move the seat of Government to Winnipeg, just as there was a movement forty years ago to move the seat of Government of the United States from Washington to St. Louis. That movement failed, and then it was that the Federal district of Columbia was created. The Ottawa people whose prophetic vision discerns the coming of a time when Winnipeg will be, in actual fact as well as in position, "the heart city of Canada," as Lord Dufferin predicted, are judging the future correctly. The inevitable may yet make Winnipeg the capital of the Dominion.

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What the World is Saying.

Nearly 1,000 Newcomers a Day.

Canada's immigration during the past year was 351,000, just a little short of a thousand a day.—London Times.

The Douks.

California can have the Doukhobors with Canada's compliments. Pilgrimages in nature's garb will be possible there.—Prince Albert Herald.

The Vanishing $4 Bill.

The $4 Canadian bank bill is to be dispensed with. Like the "shin plaster," it failed to find a place in the country's currency.—New Westminster Columbian.

After the Votes were Counted.

When old David said in his haste that all men were liars, it must have been the morning after some election or other to the Jewish Sanhedrim.—Hamilton Spectator.

Picking Up Trifles.

J. Pierpont Morgan is spending the winter vacation in Egypt. It is suspected that he purposes adding the Pyramids and Sphinx to his art collection.—New York World.

Marriage Note.

An American girl who married an Oriental advises against the practice. Alas! it is not only in regard to Oriental marriages that American women have failed to find happiness.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

Varied Imports.

With Ottawa importing potatoes from Ireland, Montreal canned eggs from China, and Toronto ducks from Russia, the necessity for naval protection of our base of food supplies is evident.—Toronto Star.

Assimilation.

The prize for an essay on the British Empire has been won by a girl bearing that good old name, Lebofsky. The Empire's assimilation power could not better be demonstrated.—Toronto News.

Decree of a Fashion Congress.

A fashion congress at Chicago has decreed that the hobble skirt must go. The thing that is hard for a mere man to understand is why it should require the decree of a fashion congress to banish such a contrivance.—Lethbridge Herald.

Something an Auto Can't Do.

A Toronto man on being arrested for speeding in his auto said that he was in a hurry to get to church. Perhaps he meant he was trying to run away from his sins, but it takes something a lot faster than an auto to get away from them.—Chatham Planet.

English Rental Basis.

In England fifteen per cent. of a man's earnings is regarded as the largest proportion that should be paid for rent. We are apt to think of England as a landlord-ridden country, but the city dweller who gets off with as low a rental as that in Montreal is a rare bird in a rare nest.—Montreal Herald.

The Way of Transgressors.

The chance of a criminal escaping the meshes of the law is continually becoming more remote. With the telephone, telegraph, rogues' gallery, thumb prints, bloodhounds and trained man-hunters to contend with escape is practically impossible. Even the aeroplane has been utilized for locating the whereabouts of a bandit.—Ottawa Citizen.

The Chinese and the Japs.

It was the audacious little Jap that first woke the Eastern giant out of his age-long sleep by despoiling him of Formosa. What will the giant do to the warrior manikin when he has leisure to look around after ridding himself of the Manchu.?—Victoria Colonist.

An Epoch-making Event.

In the Contemporary Review Dr. Dillon says that the Chinese revolution is the greatest historical event in a thousand years. The world will be a very different world from what it is to-day when four hundred million Chinese take their proper place in its industry and its politics.—Ottawa Free Press.

Russia's Idea.

Britain and her daughter States, including the United States, own most of the world's gold mines and silver mines and diamond mines, and fur seal rookeries and pearl fisheries. Russia wants some of the real luxuries, so she proposes to occupy Tabriz and control the Persian rug trade.—Hamilton Times.

As to Names.

Every now and then someone in the Dominion indulges in an outburst of indignation because the people of the United States call themselves Americans. Surely no Canadian wants to call himself an American! He has an older and a better name—a name that no one else can claim.—Toronto Telegram.

Liquor Loosened His Tongue.

Now it is said that the McNamaras might never have been run down had not a man overheard McManigal in a Chicago saloon babbling in his cups, and passed on the incautious confession to the detectives. Arguments against the saloon accumulate from every side.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

A Boost for Canadian Husbands.

An Englishman writes from Toronto to an English paper that Canadian husbands are kinder, more generous and more considerate than English husbands. Now Canadian husbands should do their best to live up to this good reputation.—Kingston Whig.

Unto Him That Hath.

"Beecham's Pills" has received a title. Mr. Joseph Beecham who has made $130,000,000 out of a trusting public is now among the nobility of England. More power to him for we believe he made good pills—he certainly made good money out of them and that seems to be all that is necessary to get a title these days.—Calgary News-Telegram.

Divorce in Canada.

We do not want easy divorce in Ontario; but the establishment of a divorce court does not mean easy divorce. In England there is a divorce court; but divorce is not easily obtained; in New Brunswick there is a divorce court, with few divorces; and the same may be said of British Columbia. Our Dominion senate is a divorce court of a kind; but of the worst possible kind, because only the rich man or woman can get a divorce there.—Peterboro Review.

Progress.

From all points in Western Canada come reports of the most extraordinary increases in bank clearings, building permits, and postal receipts. These are things which cannot be falsified by the most enthusiastic and unscrupulous of boomsters. They are an actual record of business done and of progress made.—Monetary Times.

Queen Mary's Good Deed.

Fashion has decreed that the long hat pin must go. Queen Mary is responsible for the edict. She has all her hats made now with the old-fashioned elastic fastener. We shall be glad to be rid of the danger of being stabbed in a crowded street car or departmental store elevator, but we are more than a little doubtful about the beauty of that elastic thing mother used to wear.—Calgary Herald.

The Pilgrimaging People.

The rumor that the Doukhobors are arranging to remove from Canada to California is possibly due to the fact that fig leaves are abundant in that state. The ratio of value between a coon skin coat and a fig leaf is an economic condition that appeals to those who favor the garb worn by our first parents in Eden.—Ottawa Journal.

Duties and Prices.

The cost of making woollen cloth is twice as much in the United States as in England. That is not because the worker gets the difference in higher wages, for President Taft's Tariff Board expressly states that even in the case of raw wool "the duties are higher than the difference in cost of production in the United States compared with cost abroad." Duty piled on duty gives the opportunity to levy monopoly prices.—Saskatoon Phoenix.

The Point of View.

The point of view has much to do with regulating our movements. An ambulance was summoned to convey a foreigner, who had his foot crushed in a Brantford machine shop, to the hospital. Mistaking the approaching vehicle for the police patrol wagon, the patient forgot his injuries and sprinted for home.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

An Unregretted Retirement.

Local business men are mighty glad that the four dollar bill is to be retired from circulation. Money is money and most of us are reaching after it. But the four dollar bill was a nuisance from the beginning. Countless times it has been passed for a one dollar bill; it has caused endless troubles in change making.—Nanaimo Free Press.

The Idea of a New Province.

The people of Fort Francis, Ontario, are moving to secure the creation out of north-western Ontario of a new province to extend from the Manitoba boundary to Sault Ste. Marie. It is fortunate for those concerned that there is no seeming chance of their success. A new province in such a case would mean a new legislature and a new government to levy taxes and spend money, which sort of thing does not work to make rich the people who have to support it.—Montreal Gazette.

The Marriage Service.

The revised marriage service, in which the word "obey" is omitted, was used at a fashionable wedding in the Chapel Royal at the Savoy, London, last month. The ceremony of giving the bride away was also dispensed with. The old institution is coming in for some hard knocks in these latter days.—Halifax Herald.

Women and Men.

The report of the United States census bureau on vital statistics shows that for every five year period from birth up to 70 years of age, the death rate is much higher among males than females. From 70 to 80 the death rate is about equal and from 80 to 90 there are about five women living to four men; from 90 to 100 there are two women to one man and after 100 the proportion of women is still greater. Women are called the weaker sex, but tested by their length of life, power to endure suffering and resist disease, according to a writer in the Medical Record, they are physically superior to men.—New York Tribune.

Some Things the Ancients Had.

There is nothing new under the sun. The man who invented the safety pin piled up in a very short time, a large fortune, yet it was not an invention but a discovery, for the same kind are to be seen in the Naples museum. A woman visiting Pompeii and seeing fruit excavated that was good after two thousand years, used her wits in marketing the fruit jars so generally used to-day by housewives. The physician of to-day is using the same kind of instruments as those employed by the Pompeiian M. D., and the plumbing was much better. The lead pipes are still intact and so honest was the workman that he put his name on his plumbing.—Harper's Weekly.

The "Unloaded" Gun.

The story of the unloaded gun and the resultant tragedy is an old one, and yet its continual publication in the newspapers seems never to teach a certain class of people caution when handling firearms. These people go always on the supposition that a gun never by any possibility can be anything else except unloaded. It never occurs to them that it would be well to examine the weapon to make sure, so they put on a silly grin and point the gun at their wives or parents, or some other near relative or their dearest friends, and pull the trigger and then they are sorry and very full of remorse.—Brantford Expositor.

A Chinese Procession.

The present generation has seen no more significant procession on the streets of Toronto than the march of the "queueless." The Chinese who took part in it were not holidaymaking. To them it was a solemn public repudiation of the Manchu conquerors who for two hundred and fifty years have lorded it over the swarming millions of China. To the marching hundreds the preliminary step of cutting off the queue must have been as momentous a thing as was the signing of the National Covenant in Greyfrairs churchyard to the Scots of Charles First's day, or the drawing up of the invitation to William of Orange by the English leaders of the revolution that drove the Stewarts from the Throne.—Toronto Globe.

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THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM.

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg.

DON'T RESIGN.

About the easiest thing to do when things are not going right is to "resign." All you need is a stub-pen—a blotter—a sheet of paper—and a postage stamp. You can get the whole outfit for seven cents. About the easiest thing to do in a busy world is to resign—because things are not going your way—because other folks are slow—because they won't see things as you do—because there are so many blessed cranks in the institution—because you could be spending your time to better advantage elsewhere—because you are getting on in life—because your services are not being appreciated—"etc." Unless folks insist on your resignation don't resign! Don't! Cogitate upon this illuminating paragraph:—"Nicolas Boucher, the friend and earliest biographer of the Cardinal of Lorraine, tells us that the great Guise statesman used often to warn his nephews against the folly of a hurried and petulant resignation. "The man who flings up office and stops work on account of some small personal grievance," he used to say, "gives the best possible proof that he is light-minded, unstable, easily piqued, and utterly unfitted to control the business of the State." He reminded them that no question of personal mortification, jealousy, or discontent should be weighed in the balance for a moment against the duty they owed to King and country."

CHEER UP!

Cheer up! Life at the best is but a providential makeshift. We are traveling on the train of circumstances. The train may be slow; the fellow passengers, sleepy; the conductor and brakesman, curt and short; the ventilation poor, the seats uncomfortable, the floor dust covered and paper-littered, but, man, you will not be on that train forever! Your station is the next. Every journey has an end. Cheer up! Learn how to laugh! Be a child occasionally! Nay, be a child always. Your heavenly father has something good in store for you at the end of the journey. "This mingling of cheerfulness and sadness has been noted in the lives of great men. Martin Luther spent most of his life in the smoke of battle, but the laughter of Luther was notoriously boisterous. Tennyson was fond of a good laugh, yet it was he who wrote one of the saddest poems in the English language. Mr. Lincoln was bowed down with care and sorrow, and most men who saw him thought he had a sad face, yet it may be doubted whether the world ever produced a man who had such a keen sense of humor or one who knew so well how to make a whole nation laugh."

ASK HIM!

Whenever you meet a successful man "interview" him. Do it politely, but do it. Ask him how he got started. Ask him for the secret of his success. Ask him for a few "pointers." Ask him what things should be emphasized. Ask him what things to avoid. Most successful men like to tell you how they managed to "get there." Of course there was a succession of defeats, failures, disappointments and break-downs but in spite of all a victory was scored. The successful man has something for you. Listen to Andrew Carnegie:—Andrew Carnegie says: "There are three dangers in the path of success. The first is the drinking of liquor, the second is speculation, and the third is 'indorsing.' When I was telegraph operator in Pittsburgh, I knew all the men who speculated. They were not our citizens of best repute; they were regarded with suspicion. I have lived to see them all ruined, bankrupt in money and bankrupt in character. There is scarcely an instance of a man who has made a fortune in speculation and kept it. The third danger is the perilous habit of indorsing notes. When a man in debt indorses for another, it is not his own credit or his own capital that he risks; it is the money of his own creditors. Therefore I say that if you are ever called upon to indorse, never do it unless you have cash means not required for your own debts, and never indorse beyond your means."

PURE AIR.

Breathe the pure air of an absolute unselfishness. Do things because they are right. Say things because they are true. Seek for the judgment of a ripe experience. Know the verdict of history. When a man is right, he is right for an hour, right for a day, right for a decade, right for a century, right for a generation and right for eternity. There is nothing in personal rectitude like a "paid up policy" in righteousness. Concerning John Bright it was said: He was the peerless champion of popular rights and of Christian principles in their application to political practice. Mr. Gladstone said of him that "he was ever ready to lay his popularity as a sacrifice upon the altar of his duty." And, similarly, Justin McCarthy said: "I never knew a man who had less of personal vanity, less of ambition, less of self-seeking. He was absolutely sincere and honest. His own personal success was to him a matter of little or no consideration."

BE A GOOD HATER.

Get mad, betimes. Learn how to swear scripturally. Be angry and sin not. Have a knowledge of the vocabulary of a righteous indignation. Pronounce your individual curse on the liquor dealer, the white-slaver, the professional gambler and the social confidence man. They all belong to the same breed of mongrels. Be angry at times. Emit a growl. Let the flames of your indignation flash. "I have seen him," writes one of his friends of Robertson of Brighton, "grind his teeth and clench his fists when passing a man who he knew was bent on destroying an innocent girl;" and he himself writes when he was accidentally reminded of an experience of his own, "My blood was at the moment running fire, and I remembered that I had once in my life stood before my fellow creature with words that scathed and blasted, once in my life I felt a terrible might; I knew and rejoiced to know that I was inflicting the sentence of a coward's and a liar's hell."

INFERIOR MEN.

A silent contempt for humanity is a most dangerous thing. It leads a man to close the door in the face of possible knowledge. Every man is a specialist on some particular subject. Ignorant in many respects he may be, and rough in the exterior of his personality, but at times he may be the possessor of special information which will be of great value to you. So do not, even in your thoughts, scorn the so called "inferior man." In Senator Boutwell's "Sixty Years in Public Affairs" I find these words concerning R. H. Dana:—"Mr. Dana will be remembered by his tale of the sea, "Two Years Before the Mast." He was a learned lawyer, an aristocrat by nature, and a man of eminent power. He scorned the opinions of inferior men, and therein was the cause of his failure. By a hair's breadth he failed of success in all the public undertakings of his life, excepting only his tale of the sea."

LITTLE DEVILS.

The big devil bothers nobody—it's the little devil that is dangerous. Little slips, little mistakes, little blunders, little missteps, little faults, little eccentricities, and little mannerisms. They begin small but grow mightily. They expand with a growth which to us is unconscious but to our friends alarming. The dwarf has become a giant and the germs a disease. Beware of the little devil. I like this pointed illustration from the pages of the "Expositor":—"Henry M. Stanley says that the most formidable foes he and his men encountered in Africa were not the giant blacks, fierce though they were, but the diminutive Wambutti Dwarfs. These little men, with their bows and poisoned arrows, could hide behind a bunch of leaves, and shoot their arrows all unseen. Men and women everywhere need to be on their guard against the tyrrany of the Dwarfs—the little insignificant habits that endanger the peace and comfort of home. These are their real and dangerous faces."

LOVE YOUR MAN.

Have friends and keep them. Select them for their personal character and they will stand the test of time. A man may lose his money or his social position but culture of soul and the accomplishments of the mind are innate and inherent. The Historian says concerning Sir Walter Scott:—Even in the earliest days of this intimacy, the lads who had been Scott's fellow-apprentices in his father's office, saw with some jealously his growing friendship with William Clerk, and remonstrated with Scott on the decline of his regard for them, but only succeeded in eliciting from him one of those outbursts of pereemptory frankness which anything that he regarded as an attempt to encroach on his own interior liberty of choice always provoked. "I will never cut any man," he said, "unless I detect him in scoundrelism, but I know not what right any of you have to interfere with my choice of my company. As it is, I fairly own that though I like many of you very much, and have long done so, I think William Clerk well worth you all put together." Scott never lost the friendship which began with this eager enthusiasm, but his chief intimacy with Clerk was during his younger days.

SIN'S REBOUND.

Sin has a great way of coming back to us. Once you have made the acquaintance of a crime, it will shadow you. You may forget about it, but it will not be unmindful of you. Back again it will come, saucy, impudent, audacious, demanding compound interest for all the years, and getting it too. "The poet Goethe won the love of the innocent and tender Fredericka, and afterward threw her away like the remnants of an eaten orange. He used her to make a charming idyl for his literary glory and then heartlessly deserted her. But this cruel abandonment was fearfully avenged through the marriage of the proud, calculating, cold-hearted poet to Christina Vulpius. She became almost beastly in appearance, ugly and intemperate. They have said that this was a strange ending for the author's love experiences. It was the ending to be expected in a world of law. Goethe said of Balzac that each of his best novels seemed dug out of a suffering woman's heart, but history gives the same verdict upon the sadly interesting experiences of his own untrue and impure life."

PHRENOLOGY.

Ask the professor in phrenology wherein you are lacking; it may be in "location" or "reverence" or "memory" or "language" or "courage" or what not. Guard well your weak point. Will-power, properly applied, can match any mental deficiency. You can do anything you have "a mind' 'to. A phrenologist, examining the head of the Duke of Wellington, said: "Your grace has not the organ of animal courage fully developed." "You are right," replied the great man: "and, but for my sense of duty, I should have retreated in my first fight." The Duke of Wellington saw a soldier turn pale as he marched up to a battery. "That is a brave man," said he; "he knows his danger, and faces it." "That is grit as I understand it."

ILL-HEALTH.

If the doctors can't help you—pay them off. If Christian Science does you no good, try mental science, for a change—its the same thing with a new label. If mental science falls short try a surgical operation—have the appendix of your "mental doubt" removed or the "floating liver" of your emotions properly stitched up. If all these new phases and phrases fail, try a dose of good, genuine, old fashioned religion—simple faith in God. Read about Baxter—Richard Baxter. "Baxter moved among his contemporaries as one who had serious personal disadvantages to contend against. From the cradle he was the martyr of disease; he believed himself always "looking death in the face," and, in his own memorable phrase, he preached "as a dying man to dying men." Yet such was the ardour of his spirit, and the concentrated fervour of his purpose, that he lived to old age, and retained his vigour to the very end of his laborious life."

PULPIT PREPARATION.

Inspiration is the child of cogitation.. Cogitation is mental preparation. Preparation means time, system, forethought, analysis, a suitable outline and a telling illustration to drive the truth home. A man may be eloquent by accident, and say a good thing on "the spur of the moment" but spurs are a mean article when supplied as a steady diet. No sir! Run before you jump. Measure the distance with your eye—and—BE READY. Bishop Haygood used to tell in his sarcastic way, of a certain preacher who wasted all his time on trifles during the week, and then got on his knees in the pulpit when Sunday morning came, and fairly screamed for "power." "Such a prayer is of no more value than the mad ravings of the priests of Baal on Mount Carmel," said he.

POOR EYESIGHT.

Use your eyes—both of them. Take things in at a glance. Look beneath the surface. Compare. Contract. Count the number of people in an audience. There are usually eighteen hundred persons in an audience which is spoken of as "a vast congregation of three thousand." Be exact. Don't over-state or under-estimate. Get into the way of being honest with facts. Facts may fool you, but do not fool yourself—you can't fool a fact. So be exact. Be scientific. "Sherman's wonderful faculty for comprehending topographical details, developed, of course, by his war experience, often astonished those with whom he was well acquainted. He would go for a drive where he had never been before, and startle those around him by telling them where this and that road started, the length of stream, what was planted before growth appeared, and even telling what would be encountered ahead that was not in sight. All this he did by his keen observation, his wonderful intuition and reasoning powers, and the experience he had given to such matters for a lifetime. He said himself once, in speaking of his march to the sea, that he already knew before he started some of the States better than anybody who lived in them."

Good Taste in House Decoration.

By Edith Charlton Salisbury, Professor of Home Economics Manitoba College.

It was one of the most inviting, most satisfactory rooms I have seen, and yet it was wonderfully simple and comparatively inexpensive. That is one reason why I want to tell you about it. Another is because there are a number of plain practical rules in house decoration that can be followed by even inexperienced persons, giving satisfactory results.

The prevailing color in this room—a living room worthy its name—was given by the wallpaper, a rich, golden brown, which gave the effect of softened sunlight. The room was on the shady side of the house and needed brightening. Golden browns, tans and neutral browns (much the same shade as the paper in which groceries used to be wrapped) are particularly good colors for living rooms, because they are unobtrusive, never jarring, always friendly and harmonize pleasantly with other colors we may wish to use.

The hard wood floor was covered with two medium-sized, inexpensive Axminister rugs, the colors in which were a mingling of darker browns, dark, rich greens and just a suggestion of the softest red imaginable. There was so little of the latter color, one had to look twice to see it, but almost instinctively one looked for it because it was the note which gave the charming bit of contrast in the color scheme. The ceiling was covered with a deep cream, or ecru moire papers which extended beyond the ceiling, dropped over on the walls and lost itself in the quiet browns and greens that formed the conventional pattern in the border, placed two feet down from the ceiling. Here the border and ceiling papers were joined by the picture molding of oak to match the woodwork.

Strong comfortable furniture is desirable in living rooms.

The window curtains, hung straight from the top, were of simple Madras, the same shade as the ceiling. Side curtains were of golden brown rep, a shade darker than the walls, and as much lighter than the rugs. The wallpaper was without pattern, so the danger of monotony was avoided by trimming the window draperies with broad bands of green, to match the green in rug and wall border.

Character in Furniture.

The furniture fitted in perfectly with the rest of the room, and yet there was nothing especially noticeable about any of it. One always remembered that the chairs were comfortable, and the table strong and roomy — plenty of space for books and papers—and, best of all, there was a low writing couch. A living room is not intended for a reception parlor and lays no claims on formality. It is primarily intended for the comfort and enjoyment of the family, and I would not consider it fulfilling its requirements unless it contained a couch. It need not be an expensive one and should never be one of these narrow, slippery, uncomfortable affairs that repel rather than invite. Speaking of couches for living rooms, the most satisfactory to my mind are those made with a plain, strong frame, at least three feet wide, fitted with woven wire springs, reinforced; over this an ordinary felt mattress, and the whole covered with a serviceable cover and luxuriously piled with pillows, dressed in pretty, washable covers. But even a good thing like luxury in sofapillows can be overdone, for I remember once trying to crowd in and make myself comfortable among the frills and fluffs and angles of ten pillows of varying shapes and sizes. The couch in the living room I am describing had a brown rep cover and the pillows were clothed in washable greens and golden browns, and one had a dress of darker red.

A piano, low book shelves filled with books, and a thrifty-looking fern growing in one of the windows almost completed the furnishing of this delightful room. There were a few pictures on the walls, of course, but of them, their value in the home, the kind to select, and how to hang them, I must tell you another time.

Important Rules to Observe.

If one were asked why this room, unpretentious in every way, proved so friendly in its simplicity, the answer would surely be because the one who planned it had followed the cardinal principles in selecting and using colors.

First: The color had been chosen in regard to the location, size and style of room. It was a dark room, so a warm color was selected to give the effect of added sunlight.

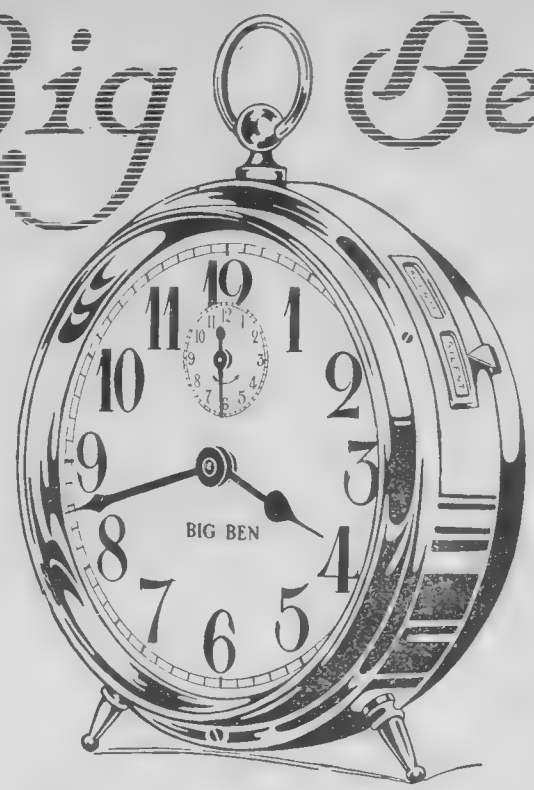
Second: The color had been chosen with regard to the colors in the adjoining rooms.

Third: Gradation in tone values had been observed in applying the colors, the darkest shade was on the floor, the next on the wall and the lightest on the ceiling, while the intermediate shade was used for draperies and in the furniture.

One seldom makes a mistake in regard to putting the darkest color on the floor, though occasionally one sees a rug lighten the wall, or draperies darker than either at windows and doors. In such cases, the room is always out of harmony and the general effect is unpleasant.

The study of colors harmonies and contrasts is most fascinating, and one that is sure to lead into enjoyable by-

Big Ben



What Franklin said, I say again—
"Plow deep while sluggards sleep"—Big Ben

Farm-work goes like clock work when it is *started on time* each morning. Run your farm as *factories* are run. Have a *whistle* start the workday. Big Ben, the national sleep-watchman, will *blow* such a *whistle* for you—in other words, he'll ring his tuneful bell at any time you say. Begin the work on schedule time each day, and you'll do a great deal more. *More work done, more money made.*

Some men get rich on farms and others fail. What is the reason? Most always it is this:—Some farm systematically and some do not.

The best system begins with the rising hour—start with getting the farm hands up on time.

BIG BEN IS BUILT FOR THAT ONE THING. TRY HIM ON YOUR FARM. See him at your dealer's today. Note his big jolly sunlike face—his great, strong keys that are easy to wind, his large, clean-cut hands and figures which make time-telling easy, even in the faint morning light. Hear Big Ben's jovial voice — his *whistle*. You'll want him in your room and in the rooms of every farm hand on your place. Nine men will do the work of ten the first day he is used. Thus he'll pay for himself.

A community of clockmakers stands back of him—*Westclox, La Salle, Illinois.* If you cannot find him at you dealer's, a money order for $3.00 addressed to them will bring him to you duty charges prepaid.

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MAKES HENS PAY
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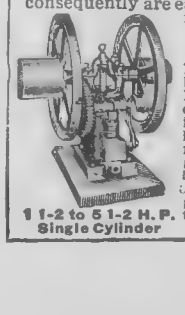

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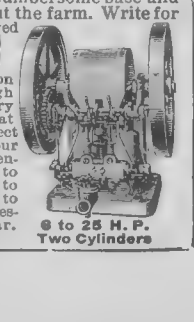

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paths. Color has quite as great possibilities for pleasure or pain as sound, if we only knew as much about it. Almost every person can distinguish between intervals of sound, is thrilled by harmonies, or distressed by discords, and is wearied by a monotony of sound. But the same person may live day after day with colors that clash as unpleasantly as any discordant chord in music, and may never know that uncongenial color in a room may be the reason for unexplained fits of nervousness, bad temper or depression.

Color Affects the Mind.

There is a psychological effect in color just as there is in sound, so they tell us, and enough people have proved the theory to make us confident it is more than imaginary. Red is the stimulating, exciting color. Don't use it for wall decoration in bedrooms or living rooms, or any place where it cannot be removed easily. Better not to use it in rooms that are occupied for several hours at a time. It is seldom desirable in a dining room, for if it is sunny, as it should be, it will be too bright, if it is gloomy, red will not brighten it, for that color absorbs light. The woodwork in dining rooms is frequently oak in natural finish. A rule in house decoration, wise to follow, is that red and oak should never be used together—they often are—but the result is disastrous. Red is a beautiful color, but should be used sparingly, and chiefly to give a contrasting touch of color, rather than as the keynote of the general scheme.

Yellow is the aggressive color that suggests good cheer and prosperity. Some one has said poverty and yellow can never be companions. A rich, soft shade of pomegranate yellow is delightful in a dining room which has dark woodwork and dark furniture.

All shades of violet and mauve are depressing, and should be handled very carefully in house decoration. Those are the colors which are said to be used in Russian prisons where troublesome diplomats are confined. Surrounded by these seductive colors the brilliant ambitious revolutionists soon lose interest in themselves and their country.

Books make a room home-like and are the best furnishing.

Blue has a tendency to depress, though it is generally conceded to be quieting. It is a good color for sleeping rooms, and the Dutch blues are agreeable in dining rooms.

Green is the most soothing and restful of all colors, and is especially desirable for sleeping and living rooms; in fact, it is not out of place in any part of the house. But the soft olive greens are always preferable; the emerald shades are suitable only in draperies.

What Color do you Prefer?

One important rule to observe in selecting color is to choose your favorite one if possible. Everyone has a favorite color, and, if it is at all suitable, it should be given prominence in some room. Color is the atmosphere of the house. A wise use of it gives character to every room. You cannot always tell why certain persons are more attractive to you than others. Neither can you explain why you prefer certain colors. But the fact remains that you do in both cases, and in both cases the favorite should be given preference. Remember, however, that the Indian and the child prefer the bright, gaudy colors. As civilization and intelligence progress, we prefer the quieter shades ,and when we have advanced still further we are able to enjoy the subdued blendings — half-tones and greater tones of the color scales.

His Beard Grew too Fast.

One morning one of twin brothers went to a barber-shop to get shaved, and a new barber shaved him. In the afternoon the other twin went to the same shop and placed himself in the new barber's chair. The barber looked at the man and then went over to the boss of the shop.

"Boss," he said, "I think I'll go home. I guess there's something the matter with me."

"What's the matter?" inquired the boss.

"Well," replied the barber, "see that man in my chair? I shaved him only this morning, and here he is with two days' growth of beard. I guess I'll quit."

Waiting for the signal.—A schoolmaster told his pupils that whenever they moved an arm or leg it was in response to a message from the brain. "The brain always sends a message down your arm or leg whenever you wish to move the particular member," he explained. Shortly afterwards a boy named Wilkinson aroused his ire by his apparent inattention to the lesson. "Hold out your hand, Wilkinson!" said the master. Wilkinson did not stir. 'Why don't you hold out your hand?" cried the master furiously. "Please, sir, I'm waiting for the signal!"

A Poor Sandwich.—A tall but very thin gentleman of the true masher type, walking between two ladies, also tall but stout, was accosted by a barefooted little newsboy—"News, Sun, Star, sir?" No notice was taken. "Speshul 'dition, sir!" "Get out of the way, you dirty brat!" was the answer. The "brat" was resentful and took his revenge. "Hi, Bill!" he yelled at the top of his voice to a chum standing near. "There's not much ham in that sandwich, is there?"

Metaphors Galore.—Dennis: "'Tis th' early bur-rd gets th' wur-rum, Misther Casey." Casey: "'Tis thot. If ye want to keep your head above wather these days, ye can't let th' grass grow under your feet, Misther Dinnis."

"The little mermaids and merboys never have any snow under the ocean, do they mamma?" asked Johnnie.

"No, dear."

"I suppose instead of snowball fights they have fishball fights, eh?" said Johnnie.

"John!" called his wife from the foot of the stairs, "what on earth are you singing and dancing and making such a noise about?"

"Matter enough," replied John. "I dropped my last collar button and it didn't roll under the dresser or fall in the spittoon."

Mrs. Casey—"Harrigan's daughter is turnin' out for a medium. She do be hearing voices in the upper air, they tell me."

Casey—"Bah! Oi hear them ivery day meself. Sometimes they yell, 'Mortar!' and sometimes 'Bricks!'"

A man who had tastes anthropophagus,
Expired of a severed esophagus;
They laid him away
Under six feet of clay
In a hieroglyphicked sarcophagus.

Kind Old Lady—"To what do you attribute your uncontrollable appetite for strong drink? Is it hereditary?"

Weary Walker—"No mum; it's thirst."

Can you afford to take these chances?

Read these clippings—all taken from the same paper — the result of an electrical storm.

Another Barn Burned.

St. Catharines, Sept. 15.—(Special)—Lightning struck and set fire to the barn of John Bertram on the townline between Louth and Clinton township, about a mile north of Vineland on Tuesday night. There was a heavy electrical storm in that vicinity. The barn was entirely destroyed, with its contents, including two valuable horses, hay, grain and some implements. Most of the implements happened to be outside the building. Mr. Bertram had recently cleared a barn for thrashing, which had been completed. The loss will be $1,050 or $2,000. The barn was an old one, but answered the purpose of a storage for crops and shelter for horses.

Blaze at the Falls.

Niagara Falls, Sept. 15.—A barn and outbuildings owned by Mr. Thomas Petch were struck by lightning and consumed, with the season's crops. Loss $4,000; partially covered by insurance.

LOSSES BY LIGHTNING.

BARNS BURNED IN DIFFERENT SECTIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

Farmers Lose Live Stock and Crops —Planing Mill at Niagara Falls and Large Stock of Lumber Destroyed—Other Fires.

(Special Despatch to The Globe.)

Lindsay, Sept. 15.—A more than ordinary electric storm, doing considerable damage, passed over this section this morning at about 1 o'clock in the rural districts. Several barns were destroyed by fire from lightning. Among others the following have been reported: The barn of Nicholas Ops, containing the season's crops, owned by Mrs. Shea, total loss; the barns, crop and horses belonging to Wm. H. Skuce of Mount

The dwelling house and barns of Mr. Lamb of the township of Verulam are reported destroyed, but no particulars have been received. In the town of Lindsay the storm was

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The Young Woman and Her Problem.

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

THE DANGEROUS AGE.

The girl who is just ready to step from girlhood into young womanhood is at the edge of a dizzy chasm. Full of youth, health, spirit, and excitement she may heedlessly step aside one moment and be swallowed by the whirlpool of follies that seethe and froth in society's Niagara.

I have before me a picture of a girl at the dangerous age. She is leisurely lolling in a big chair filled with cushions. At her side is a small table, on which tea, cake, bonbons, and a half-open novel reveal the taste of a girl without ambitions; in her hand a mirror reflects a face that seems to say: "Be clever, sweet maid, and let who will be good"—Kingsley modernised. (By clever, I mean proficiency in the arts and wiles of all that is artificial). The idle ease of luxury, the expression of sarcastic indifference on her face, and the utter lack of responsibility in the whole attitude of the girl fill me with a desire to write on this page in letters of fire that would burn deep into the mind of every girl reader—just two words—Be Good.

I believe that the heart of every honest young woman hungers for the love of a noble man. "There can be no love without trust, and no trust without purity" says Joseph Cook.

THE POWER OF A WOMAN'S FACE.

Habits of economy, neatness, and helpfulness, combined with energy and good sense, will make of any girl a woman of distinction. For a woman with a cultured mind, a noble heart, and a holy purpose, there are no limitations for her power and influence in the world. The thoughts of a beautiful character shape themselves into fine facial strength.

"Once when a slave was being tried for running away, Mrs. Nott sat near him in court—a sincere sympathiser. Her son-in-law, Edward Hopper, defended the case. The opposing counsel asked that her chair might be moved, as her face would influence the jury against him! Benjamin H. Brewster, also counsel for the Southern master, said: "I have heard a great deal of your mother-in-law, Hopper; but I never saw her before to-day. She is an angel." Years after, when Mr. Brewster was asked how he dared to change his political opinions, he replied, "Do you think there is anything I dare not do, after facing Lucretia Nott in that court-room?"

HIS MOTHER.

A girl confided in me the fact that she did not like the mother of her young man friend. They were engaged, and she accused the mother of being jealous. A mother has a right to jealously guard her son's interests. No right-minded mother is jealous of the young woman her son chooses for his wife, but she has seen how marriage changes men, and naturally fears the result.

"The altar is the grave for many a boy's love for his mother."

Girls are few who acknowledge the debt to the mother who for twenty-five years has given her best thought and care to the boy whom the girl is to marry.

If he is thoughtful, kind, and cossiderate, clean and manly, these are due to his mother.

It is seldom a girl gives the mother the credit of his virtues, but she blames her for his faults.

After marriage a wife begins the process to alienate her husband from his mother—blind to the fact that by lessening his love for his mother she adds nothing to her own store.

Many a woman who complains of "lost love" might trace her husband's coldness to the day his mother died, when the sudden flash of insight convinced him that his wife had made him neglect his mother. Love the mother for "his" sake, and he will love you the more for it.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF VANITY.

Vanity is an inflation of the mind on slight grounds—an intoxicated desire for notice—unsubstantial enjoyment.

Myrtle Reed has in one of her books a chapter on the physiology of vanity. She says: "Woman is more subject to vanity than man, that it develops from her insatiate thirst for love, and from a single root her vanity spreads and flowers until its poisonous blooms permeate all social life. The things which should be valued for their beauty alone become food for vice. She thinks she is so charming that some man works night and day in his office, sacrificing both pleasure and rest, that she may have the luxuries she expects. Vanity has reared places which have vanished like a mirage. Vanity has led armies against itself.

One woman has a stone brought from a mine in South Africa. Vanity sets it proudly upon her breast, and leads other women to envy her its possession.

One woman's gown is made from a plant in Georgia, and she is unhappy because it is not the product of a French or Japanese worm. One woman's coat is woven from the covering of a sheep, and she is not content because it did not require the life of the unborn lamb. Vanity allows a tender-hearted woman who cannot see a child or dumb brute in pain to wear upon her hat the pitiful little body of a song bird that has been skinned alive.

Vanity permits a woman to insist that her combs and pins shall be real tortoise shell, which is obtained from the quivering animal by roasting it alive before a slow fire. The mad race goes on, and wrecks lives, ruins homes, and kills morals.

There is only one force that can conquer Vanity—that is Love."

A PICTURE GALLERY.

Every young woman has a secret picture gallery. She cannot rid herself of it. She cannot help hanging landscapes and faces on the wall of this picture gallery of the mind, and once a picture is hung she cannot give it away or destroy it.

Sometimes these pictures delight and comfort her. Sometimes they fill her with remorse.

Let every young woman examine these character paintings carefully. Is there a picture there of a home you have made happy by your unselfishness, or a mother you have cared for kindly? Are you painting scenes of vice into which you have stolen as you think—unseen? Is there the face of a friend you have wronged Do you see the figure of a young man whom you are saving from a life of sin? Some of the pictures you may be painting in secret, but they will never fade. Young women are painting these pictures every hour of their lives. They are filling their galleries with paintings. Some day you will close up all other rooms and live in the picture room. Shall it be filled with beautiful works of art, so that your old age will be lovely, or shall the room be hung with horrible scenes that will render your old age hideous.

Imagine being locked up in a room with ugly pictures that would haunt you night and day.

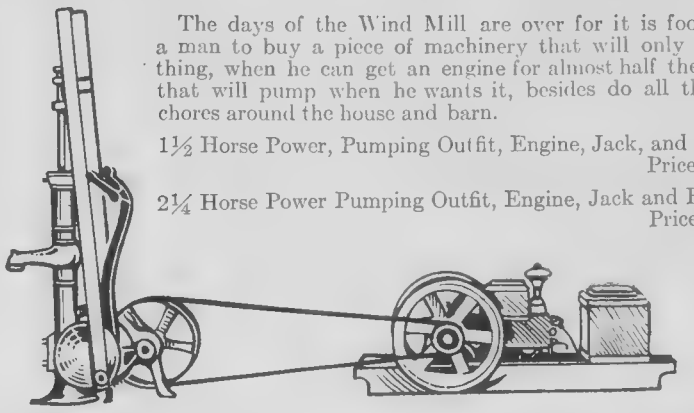
On the other hand think of the happiness of being locked in a room where every picture radiates beauty and purity of spirit. Human eyes cannot look into your picture gallery, but you see it and God sees it.

A CONTAGIOUS ELEMENT.

A woman sees something in a window and stops to admire it. Another woman is attracted to the window because she sees the first woman is interested. Others stop and a crowd soon gather—all lost in admiration— of the object discovered by one woman. The same is true in finding something to admire in a girl—others begin to see good in her, and soon she has many friends.

What an opportunity! Look for a girl who is not popular, find an admir-

POWER FOR EVERY PURPOSE



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These are made in 26, 28 and 30 inch length in different shades and colors with or without collars, and in three-quarter lengths, white fancy knit, with or without collar. . . .

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One or the other must go. **OXYDONOR** will make you master of your own body and enable you to overcome all aches and pains, all acute and chronic illness at any reasonable stage. You can attain and maintain **GOOD** health. **OXYDONOR** compels you to bring Nature to your aid. Your body absorbs oxygen from Nature's unlimited supply: you become revitalized. Results so speedy as to almost appear like miracles follow in many cases. World prominent men and women declare that **OXYDONOR** renders the system immune to disease. They declare **OXYDONOR** to be of priceless value as a family possession for restoring and maintaining health. You can carry it with you wherever you go and use it wherever you are. No drugging or dosing. No electricity. A great discovery, by Dr. H. Sanche, the science of Diaduction, the control of Nature's greatest law, was followed by his invention of **OXYDONOR**, the means of controlling and applying Nature's remedy —**OXYGEN**. We have a booklet that will fascinate you, reports that will convince you, a device that will restore you. Send for the proof to-day. Every delay is an added day of misery that **OXYDONOR** would have turned into a day of health and joy. We pay the postage—simply send your name and address to our nearest office, and ask for book No. 10.

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Superfluous Hair

A Horrible Hairy Mask

Completely Removed Without One Moments Pain.

No longer need women suffer the terrible humiliation and embarrassment of a repulsive, hairy growth on the face, neck or hands, which gives the feminine face such a coarse, ugly, masculine and ofttimes positively repugnant appearance. For years I searched for a painless, simple and satisfactory way to remove superfluous hair from the skin so that it need never return. Endless experiments and the experience of thousands of women who have undergone the barbarous torture of the electric needle, burning paste and powders prove to me that these widely advertised treatments were for the most part dangerous in the extreme and seldom satisfactory in their results. Usually the unsightly growth returns in greatly aggravated form, and sometimes the victim's face is horribly scarred for life. Yet, I determined there must be a way and that I should find it.

At last a happy thought came to me, and after many long, wakeful hours I emerged triumphant with a wonderful new mode of treatment, different from all others I had ever seen, yet so simple and practical it seems strange it had never been discovered before. A few friends tested my discovery, with instant success. A noted French chemist, to whom I showed it, said it contained ingredients for dissolving the hair—root and all. One lady who tried it said: "A single application sufficed to destroy the hair instantly." "Removed every trace of the undesirable growth. I did not suffer one second," said another lady. "Hair completely disappeared, leaving my skin soft and white," said still another woman.

I have put my discovery to the hardest possible tests. I have seen this remarkable preparation put on an arm fairly bristling with disgusting black hair and watched it fairly wither and die before my very eyes—shriveling up and vanishing as though touched by the hand of magic.

It seems certain now that I have at last discovered a plan which will succeed in producing marvellous results where all other plans have failed, and I believe that no matter how much or little superfluous hair is on your face, neck, arms or body you can, with my simple and wonderful discovery, remove completely every hateful hair, positively, painlessly, and with perfect safety.

While I cannot agree to long continue this plan, I will for introductory purposes during the next 30 days send to every interested woman who writes to me information concerning the secret of my discovery absolutely free. If you like, you may enclose a 2c stamp for reply.

Simply address me, KATHRYN B. FIRMIN, Suite 1335 A, Clarke Music Building, Syracuse, N. Y., and I will send you by return mail full particulars in a plain sealed envelope.

"Every lady reader of this paper who has the slightest interest in Miss Firmin's wonderful discovery is urged to write to her without delay, for, as she has said, the information is free, and you have everything to gain and nothing to lose."

able quality in her for she has one, than tell another girl about it. The news will spread, and you will be blessed by the reward of seeing a girl lifted into light and happiness.

Bring out the best in others. The art of doing good is the finest of all arts.

When you see misery in your sister's face, let her see mercy in your eyes.

Look inward through the depths of thine own soul,

Reach out and help her, and make her whole.

DEVOTED DAUGHTERS.

One has a fine feeling of reverence when he sees a daughter devoted to her father. It is a beautiful trait of character, and unconsciously the girl develops into a woman of power and ability.

Miss Emily McSheehy, a girl of only seventeen years, has been appointed town clerk of Byron, New South Wales. She acted as her father's assistant for a while before his death, and became so efficient that the municipal council thought it would be entirely safe to allow her to become her father's successor.

When the blind Milton composed his great works in the night, and awakened his daughter to write down his dictation, in her filial obedience she wrote herself into fame.

More than one devoted daughter figures in the scenes of the French Revolution, which called forth so many noble deeds.

Elizabeth Cazotte, who in France is canonized as a model of filial piety, clung to her father to the last. When they were about ready to kill him she threw her arms round him, covering him with her body, as she cried, "If he must perish kill me first." History is full of recorded deeds of devoted daughters. Honor thy father.

THE TEST.

It is a common thing to hear a girl say: "I know no difference in men. Jack comes here every evening, and we are engaged, but really I do not care any more for him than I do for Tom or Dick. I wonder how one can know when the right one comes?"

"Thou shalt know him when he comes,
Not by any din of drums,
Nor the vantage of his airs;
Neither by his crown,
Nor his gown,
Nor by anything he wears.
He shall only well known be,
By the holy harmony
That his coming makes in thee."

CONCENTRATE.

A girl cannot do yesterday's work today without neglecting something or over-working. Many who work the hardest accomplish the least. They fool away a great deal of time in getting ready, and let their minds skip here and there and everywhere except upon the work at hand. The rattle-brained girl works in vain, while the one whose mind is focussed upon her task, and works with her brain and soul, will accomplish the work before the other one has started. The secret of the successful is summed up in one word—Concentration. We all mean to do great and noble things, but let us do our common work in a great and noble way. Among a dozen "don'ts" is this: "Don't allow desire for a higher position to render you too small to fill your present place efficiently." The books we read are factors in making our minds strong or weak in the power of concentration. There never was so much trash read as is to-day. Trashy books lower the standard of the mind until it shrivels and degenerates.

"Be ye yet transformed by the renewing of the mind."

The lives of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, George Eliot, and Margaret Fuller Ossoli, emphasize the necessity of almost unlimited knowledge of good books, if woman would have everlasting fame. A great woman of letters without great scholarship is nearly an impossibility.

The Kindness of a Great City.

Free Kindergarten.

Prior to 1892 Winnipeg had no provision for caring for children too young to attend the primary grades in the public schools. Times were hard, and often both parents helped earn the living. This left the children to their own resources from early morning until night.

Miss Colby, a Winnipeg lady, while in Chicago training for Kindergarten work, was much impressed, and on her return to Winnipeg went to several of our influential women and asked them to help interest the churches in Kindergarten work. The various churches felt they had already as much work as they could attend to, so the ladies themselves undertook the work, and in April, 1892, the Free Kindergarten Association was organized. The object of the association was to establish and maintain Free Kindergarten in the city, and to further the good work among needy and neglected children. Such Free Kindergartens are able to keep little children off the public streets, to bend their faculties in the right direction, to teach them the first principles of correct living—namely, good manners, habits of cleanliness and industry, and to train them to exercise their powers of choice wisely.

Work was begun in a small building at the corner of Ellen Street and Logan Avenue with Miss Fleming, a trained Kindergartener, as directress. There were five children in the first class, but the number quickly increased, and the building was found too small. A larger room was obtained at the corner of Gunnel Street and Logan Avenue.

In 1895 the work having again outgrown the accommodation, the classes were removed to Selkirk Hall, with Miss Barnette in charge. In 1898 the total enrollment was 100, and encouraged by this steady growth the association decided to purchase a church building that stood on the site of the present building, 294 Ellen Street. During this year the city made their first grant of one hundred dollars to the association. In 1901 the grant was increased to two hundred dollars.

It had been intended to repair the purchased building, but this was found to be impracticable, and it was decided to erect and equip a building suitable for Kindergarten work.

The present building was begun in the spring of 1903. During the summer months the classes were held in the Swedish S.S. Room opposite. On December 30, 1903, the new building was formally opened, with Miss Copus as directress. At this time there was a total enrolment of 135 with an average attendance of 62.

The work was so much greater that it was found necessary to engage a deaconess. New departments were opened; mother's meetings; a girl's club, and a boy's club. The work of the boy's club has been merged with the Winnipeg Boy's Club.

Up to this time the Free Kindergarten Association had not been incorporated. The property had been held by trustees. In view of the extended work of the Board, it was deemed advisable to apply for papers of incorporation, and a provincial charter was granted to the Winnipeg Free Kindergarten Association.

In 1907 a branch school was opened in the Sherman Street Church, with Miss Coulter in charge. Work was continued here until the following year, when the Froebel School was built at 676 Alexander Avenue.

At present both these Kindergartens are in operation. At the Ellen Street School, during the past year there have been two hundred and eighty

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The IDEAL APERIENT.
A sure relief for constipation.
Very pleasant to take.
Exceedingly mild in action.
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Sir Geo. W. Ross, ex-Premier of Ontario.
Rev. N. Burwash, D.D., President Victoria College.
Rev. J. G. Shearer, B.A., D.D., Secretary Board of Moral Reform, Toronto.
Right Rev. J. F. Sweeney, D.D., Bishop of Toronto
Hon. Thomas Coffey, Senator, *Catholic Record*, London, Ontario.

Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are healthful, safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no publicity no loss of time from business, and a certain cure.

Consultation or Correspondence invited.

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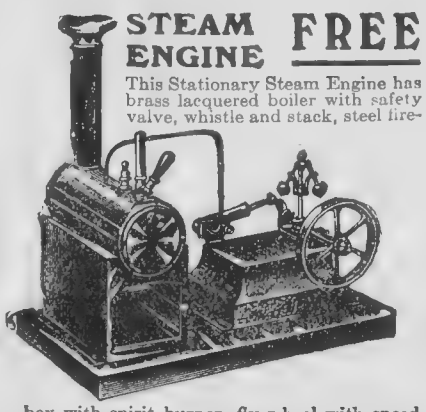
This Stationary Steam Engine has brass lacquered boiler with safety valve, whistle and stack, steel fire-



box with spirit burner, fly wheel with speed regulator on metal pedestal, entire engine on wood base. We give it to you free for a few hours' work selling our high-grade embossed and colored litho-art postcards at 6 for 10c. When sold send us the $4.00, and we will send Engine by return. Write now. **THE WESTERN PREMIUM CO., DEPT. WINNIPEG, CANADA**

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The EVERSON "88"

$850 Value Player Piano

FOR

$650

Look over the entire Piano field and see if you can get these "Everson 88" features in any other Player at $650.00; see if you can get all of them in any other Player outside our store at less than $850.00

You will buy the player that represents the Biggest Value for the Money.

The Everson Player is from the hands of the leading specialists in the Piano and Player industry, where they have the factory, the organization and the know how. We give the following fourteen reasons in support of our statement.

LARGE PRODUCTION. HIGHEST QUALITY. LOW COST.

1. The Player mechanism is the kind used in the highest priced Players and is made by the same people. Large production cuts down overhead expenses; good scale, modern machinery, and up-to-date methods cut down manufacturing expenses. In this factory enough instruments are built to reduce overhead expenses to a minimum. It is equipped with the most up-to-date machinery and labor saving devices. Materials are bought in large quantities and the cash discount taken advantage of. We know that Factory can build a high grade finely finished instrument, using the same material and workmanship at a lower cost than many who build lesser numbers.

BEST MATERIAL USED.

2. This Player is built with full metal plate, and the tuning pins are bushed with wood. The pin block is of the improved sectionally built type, impervious to warping and an aid to holding the Piano in tune. The best German steel wire is used, the sounding board is first quality white mountain spruce, stoutly ribbed to provide against cracking. The case is double veneered inside and out the same, as in the higher priced Players.

8. **Automatic Sustaining Pedal.**—The sustaining, or what is sometimes erroneously called the loud pedal, is the one which puzzles all players of the Piano. It is a study in itself. The most beautiful musical effects are produced by its proper use, but all too frequently it is misused, which results in blurred, disagreeable and unmusical sounds. In the Everson 88 the phrasing is done perfectly for you by this remarkable invention.

9. **An Automatic Tracking Device.**—By a simple yet ingenious arrangement, a perfect alignment of the music in crossing the tracker bar is secured at all times. This is absolutely necessary for satisfactory results with an 88 note Player.

10. **Five Unit Motor.**—Gives utmost power with steady and perfect control, prevents speeding up under pressure. It is smooth and quiet running and vibration is entirely eliminated.

11. **Large Feed Bellows and Air Reservoir** makes pedalling so light that a child or invalid would not tire, yet it is capable of gathering instant force for dynamic or forte passages.

12. **The rich musical tone of the Everson,** its even scale and perfect action, its dignified appearance commend it to the most critical music lover, while all question as to its durability and the permanence of its fine features is set at rest by the reputation of its makers.

13. THE EVERSON IS THE FIRST PLAYER CONTAINING THESE ADVANCED AND HIGHLY DESIRABLE FEATURES TO BE SOLD AT ANYWHERE NEAR THE PRICE.

ELEGANCE OF DESIGN.

3. **Design.**—You cannot find a piano anywhere with greater beauty of line. The above illustration represents one style which is obtainable in nicely figured Mahogany or French Burl Walnut, highly polished or Satin Finish. The other style at the same price is a handsome library or mission design supplied in Old Gold, Mission or Flemish Oak, in the newest shades. The Everson is equipped with nickle hinges and pedals and single piece top, which can be raised when the full volume of tone is required. It has the refined and elegant appearance of the $850.00 and $1000.00 Players.

LATEST TYPE OF ACTION.

4. The Player action is the latest single valve type of construction. It is predicted by the leading authorities, both American and Canadian that the single valve is the type for the future. It allows a direct and forceable stroke, and is less complicated. All woods used in the Player action are saturated with a special prepared solution for sealing the pores, preventing leakage under climatic changes.

COMPLETE CONTROL OF EXPRESSION

5. The Controlling Buttons and Levers are placed for greatest convenience, and the levers fold outwards so as to give you a perfectly natural and comfortable position. They are very simple and act instantanously, offering possibilities for a perfectly graduated cresendo or dimunendo. You can produce tones as soft as a whisper or a dynamic crash.

SELF-OPERATING EXPRESSION DEVICES.

6. The most wonderful improvement in Player construction, operated automatically by special cuttings on the roll, accenting the theme or melody notes, dispels entirely the dead level or mechanical effects and produces expression that is artistic and almost human.

7. **Tempoaid.**—A correct guide to artistic interpretation, so simple that a child can produce proper shading.

INSTANTLY AVAILABLE FOR HAND PLAYING.

14. Briefly described, the Everson Player has a keyboard that may be used in the ordinary way for hand playing and practice. A few simple movements convert it into Player Piano, and it may then be played by anyone, wholly irrespective of musical knowledge, with the expression and the correctness of a trained musician.

EDUCATIONAL PLAN OF PAYMENT.

A payment of $100.00 down will place one in your home and the balance can be arranged in two or three Fall payments. Twelve rolls of music and a bench are included, and to mail order customers we prepay the freight to any station in Western Canada.

With the Everson Player you can play the master pieces as they are played by the great musicians, or the simple folk songs of any nation, the dear old hymn tunes, the lively two-step or the entrancing waltz. **Dispel the monotony of country life, usher in cheerfulness, refinement and culture, which will brighten your home.** Make life worth living. It will benefit your family, and keep them at home, to say nothing of the educational value and opportunity of providing high-class entertainment when friends call.

This wonderful invention, the Player Piano, has made it possible for every home to enjoy the world's best music, and every member of the family to play it.

Remember: that the Everson 65 at $550.00 is the same instrument without the self-expression devices enumerated above, and playing sixty-five notes instead of the full keyboard.

COUPON

I am interested in the Everson "88." Send your booklet "The Player Piano and the Ability to Play it."

I have at present ..... State Organ or Piano.

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This FREE BOOK Tells How

And Still Wear Tailor-Made Clothes. The **American System** enables over 32,000 women to wear better clothes—clothes finished like tailor-made, that fit like tailor-made—that set like tailor-made—that feel like tailor-made—that wear and satisfy like tailor-made at less than half the cost of tailor-made. The **American System** will enable you to use better materials in your clothes and still save money, because the saving all comes in the making of the garments. You sacrifice nothing of style, fit or comfort; in fact **American System** clothes, made at home by the woman herself, are equal in every respect to clothes made by the most expert professional ladies' tailor. They have none of the ear-marks of "hand-me-downs" or "ready-to-wear" store clothes that require alteration after alteration until you lose all patience and the clothes lose all their original style and fit and can never be made to satisfy or please.

The **American System** is most thorough and complete. It teaches you how to **Design, Draft, Cut, Fit, Make, Drape** and **Trim** any garment, including children's clothing. It will enable you to duplicate any garment you see illustrated in fashion magazines with the certainty of perfect set, fit and style, insuring that individual, modish tailor-made effect so much desired and admired by all discriminating women. No matter whether or not it is necessary for you to economise, it is a source of great satisfaction to be able to save money and at the same time get more than twice the value—that's the secret of the success of the **American System.** That's why you should learn it.

Many graduate dress makers are earning $15 to $25 a week, some much more, operating dressmaking parlors of their own. Every graduate is competent to do as well or better, should circumstances make it necessary.

DRESS BETTER SAVE HALF

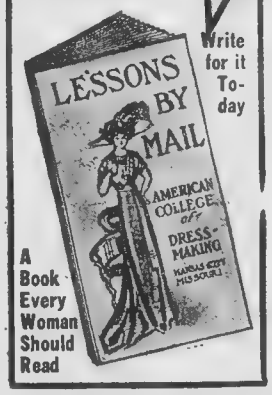
The greatest good the School has accomplished, however, is in the thousands of homes where the practice of economy is necessary to make the family funds meet the growing demands. It would do your heart good to read testimonials we receive daily from these homes. Read what Mrs. Spurlock has to say. Her experience is but typical of that of thousands of others. What they have done you, too, can do.

We want to help 50,000 families this year. Mothers, we want to show you how you can dress yourself and your girls better on half the money; we want to help you to economize in a practical way. Our FREE book tells how we help you—write for it today. Sending in the coupon entitles you to the book free, but does not obligate you in any way.

MRS. F. G. SPURLOCK, of Muskogee, Okla, under date of July 2, 1911, says:

"I have just figured up what one fancy dress cost me and it amounts to $21.80. I have been told by several that I could not duplicate it at a dressmakers for less than $75.00 to $80.00.

I shall never get through praising your school for the help it has been to me and I will always recommend it to any one interested in this work."



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names on the roll. There are two sessions in the day. At the Froebel School there are sixty-five children enrolled. There is one session a day.

In each of these schools there is one paid teacher, who holds a directress' certificate. Her assistants are teachers in training. These assistants receive instruction which fits them to take the examination in first year Kindergarten work. In 1900 the first class graduated from these schools and these young women were the first graduate Kindergarteners to receive training in the Province of Manitoba.

In speaking of the working forces we must not forget the deaconess. Her work is varied. She has charge of the Sunday school, and all departments except the actual class room work. She brings the children to the school, washes and dresses them when necessary, frequently calling on the clothing supply to provide requisite garments. She does district visiting, comes in touch with the home life of the children, and reports needy cases to the Associated Charities and to the Margaret Scott Nursing Mission.

The funds necessary to carry on the work of the Free Kindergarten Association are received from several sources; a municipal grant, board fees, collections, and donations. The treasurer's statement for last year shows the receipts to have been:—

City grant	$1200.00
Donations and collections	$1348.90
Exhibition prize	$ 12.00
Fees	$ 75.00
Rummage sale, &c.	$ 104.90

With the rapid growth of our city must come a corresponding growth in the institutions. If such is not the case, how can we prevent ignorance, idleness, and vice, and keep the city free from slums? Much of the association's work is among foreigners, and it is only by teaching the children of these families the fundamentals of right living that we shall make good Canadian citizens of them.

The Kindergarten shields the children from the hurtful experiences of the street, and wakens in them a love for the school; it creates right tastes, and develops right habits; it introduces those who are ignorant to the ways of civilization; it unifies the classes, races, and creeds of a community; it tends to make discord an impossibility, for it creates anew each day the spirit of brotherhood.

Bank of Commerce has big Year

Business conditions in Western Canada are well reviewed in the annual report of the Canadian Bank of Commerce which appears in this issue.

Bank reports are of interest, not only because they show the conditions of the large financial institutions, but also because of the fact that they indicate the general trend of conditions in the business world. In the president's address, the following paragraph is worthy of special emphasis:—

"Few nations have such an alluring future and few can afford to mortgage their future, to such an extent, but our power to do so depends upon our credit, and there are those in England who are asking whether we are not borrowing too much. There is, of course, one great reason why we must go more and more largely into debt for many years to come. At present we are preparing for the settlement of about 400,000 immigrants in one year. This is an addition of five per cent. to our population, or the same as if 4,500,000 new people entered the United States in one year. To provide everything for these people, from transportation to housing, a huge task, quite large enough to account for more than the difference between our imports and exports."

Herein is indicated the great resourcefulness of the Dominion, together with a word of caution lest we make too great haste in using our credit. A careful perusal of the report will both interest and instruct Western farmers.

The President concluded with an optimistic view of Canada's resourcefulness, but a word of caution against too great a haste. The report is fully published on other pages of this issue.

Gold Rush in Manitoba.

The recent frenzied rush to Minitonas, when a rumor got around to the effect that gold in large quantities was to be found there, has only resulted in wealth accumulating to one person viz,—the liveryman who was engaged in driving the "miners" about the country. The whole business has proved to be a gigantic fake, and it is a pleasure to turn to another topic which rings genuine. The May Oatway Company in inventing a fire alarm which automatically warns the inmates of the house directly the fire starts, no matter how small, in any part of the house, have doubtless accomplished more than any one in the way of preserving life and property. The May Oatway Company have branches in all parts of the world, and it is a significant fact that they are constantly recipients of government contracts everywhere. A short time ago they opened up offices in Winnipeg, and the leading institutions in the city were quick to realize the ingenuity and usefulness of such an alarm and the consequence is that this wonderful system is found in all the prominent city institutions.

The Canadian May Oatway Company sell two alarms, the self-contained for residences and the standard for schools, business blocks and public institutions. In the case of the latter alarm directly on the outbreak of a fire the Central Fire Station is advised automatically, and the consequenece is that in the majority of cases the fire is put out before it has had time to make much headway.

No night watchman could be as useful and effective than this perfect specimen of mechanism which never sleeps but which is ready for action any and every of the twenty-four hours.

We feel sure that our readers will feel interested in knowing about such a piece of mechanical ingenuity and should they require further particulars the Canadian May Oatway Fire Alarm Company, 445 Main Street, Winnipeg, will be only too pleased to inform them.

Month's Bright Sayings.

Dr. Graham Bell: The lot of all innovators is to elicit sarcasm and criticism.

Miss Lilian Russell: It is odd that dress reform should always have meant something ugly.

Mayor Waugh: When people meet and rub shoulders, corners are rubbed off as well.

Andrew Carnegie: Appalling wastefulness is one of the worst features of British and American civilisation.

H. G. Wells: If we are to be happy, we must depend less upon outer conditions than upon inner sources.

Arnold Bennett: Perhaps the most pressing need of the day is the development of intellectual interests in the home.

W. J. Bryan: Social service means the doing by each man of the duty he owes to his country as well as to himself.

Sir Rider Haggard: When an Englishman is happy he sings and, generally, when he sings we are sorry that he is happy.

Dr. J. W. Robertson: The great aim in teaching young children should be to help them to understand and enjoy what they read.

J. K. Bangs: Patience conquers all things, but once in a while a little touch of impatience will shorten the fight.

T. A. Edison: No profession which offers the rewards that are open to brilliant success is without sad and dreary wreckage.

The Declension of a Kiss.

"You may please decline 'kiss,' said a teacher one day
To a miss of sixteen who was pretty and sweet.
"Why, I hardly know how, but I'll try, anyway,"
She replied with a smile bewitchingly sweet.
"It's a noun that's quite common, and when it's desired
It may be quite proper, I'm happy to say.
Its gender is common, second person required,
And it's plural in form in a singular way.
Its case is objective, you plainly can see,
Because it's an object so ardently sought.
It agrees, in most cases, with you and with me.
But according to no rule by schoolmasters taught.
I've made a mistake, very likely, somewhere—
If I have I assure you it's no fault of mine.
For I think to ask me was not very fair,
When you know that a kiss is hard to decline."

More Fun.

A little boy was sitting on one of the benches in Central Park, watching people ride the donkeys. Finally an exceedingly fat woman appeared, hired a donkey and was just about to mount, when she saw the small boy and said to him, "Little boy, don't you want me to hire a donkey for you, too?"

"No, thank you," said the boy. "I'd rather sit here and laugh."

Didn't Have Time.

A veterinary surgeon one day prepared a powder for a sick horse and gave it to his young assistant to administer. The assistant asked how it was to be done, and the doctor gave him a large glass tube and told him to put the tube into the horse's mouth and blow the powder down his throat. A short time after there was a great commotion, and the doctor rushed out to find his assistant in trouble.

"Where is that medicine?" he shouted. "What's the matter?"

The assistant coughed several times severely and then spluttered:

"The horse blew first!"

A Mutual Mistake

Little Willie told his mother that a lion was on the front porch, but when an investigation was made, it was found to be the Newfoundland dog which had been newly sheared.

"Now, Willie," said his mother, "you have told a very naughty story, and you must go up to your room and pray for forgiveness and remain there until the Lord does forgive you."

Willie promptly obeyed, but he was gone only a few minutes before he came tripping back.

"Did the Lord forgive you?" asked the mother.

"Yes," was the reply, "and He said He didn't blame me much either, 'cause when He first saw it He sort of thought it was a lion Himself."

The 'squire's son had just been ordained, and was to take charge of the morning service in his native village. He was a young man, very nervous. However, he did his best, and returned to the vestry, having accomplished the service to his own satisfaction.

"I think I got through the service without a mistake, John," he remarked to the old clerk, who was helping him off with his surplice.

It was first rate, Master Dick," said the old man with enthusiasm: "I don't know as I ever heard it better done." After a pause he added, "But the old parson, he never gives us the evening service in the morning."

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The regular price of this suit is $10.00 and it cannot be duplicated elsewhere for less. The materials are serviceable English Tweeds, firmly woven and will give excellent wear and satisfaction. Colors, dark grey, olive and brown mixed grounds. Cut in the latest three button, single breasted sack style, lined with a fine mohoir lining and interlined with shrunk canvas and hair cloth, carefully tailored. Sizes 34 to 42. Our special price $7.95

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MONTREAL QUE.

Scotch Column.

Conducted by William Wye Smith, Scottish Expert on Standard Dictionary, Translator of New Testament Braid Scots, etc.

Far over yon hills of the heather sae green,
An' doun by the correi that sings to the sea,
The bonny young Flora sat sighing her lane,
The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her e'e.
She looked at a boat wi' the breezes that swung
Away on the wave, like a bird of the main,
An' aye as it lessened, she sighed and she sung,
"Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!
Fareweel to my hero, the gallant and young,
Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!"

James Hogg.

Tradition. For what is tradition, but the fragments which History has left or lost in its progress to Eternity.

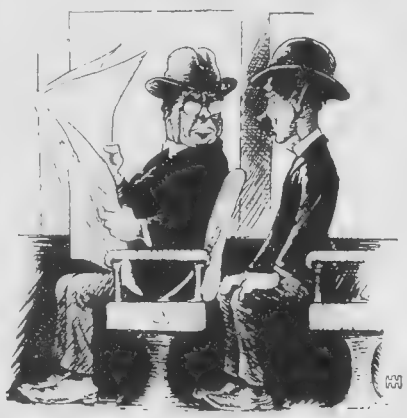
A gentleman, dining with the Duchess of Gordon, boasted that he was a complete master of the Scottish language. But the Duchess nonplussed him by asking him, "Rax me a spaul o' that bubbly-jock." (Leg of that turkey.)

O! the bonnie braes of Scotland,
Sae blooming and sae fair!
There's mony a hame o' kindness
And couthie dwallin' there!
And mair o' wardly happiness
Than folk wad seem to ken;
For the leal and happy heart
Mak's the canty but and ben.

Robert Gilfillan.

A visitor found a new made widow eating a meal, all alone, with a cheerful relish, and complimented her on standing her grief exceedingly well. "Oh," she said, "ye needna say that, Jessie, for I was just greetin' afore I took this bit o' milk and bried, and gin I had a suppit, I'll just begin greetin' again!"

The Heckling of a candidate has become something of a fine art in Scotland. If, by some question, appropriate or not, the candidate can be nonplussed, the other party is uproariously pleased. But surely the acme was reached in



"Say, why don't you buy a paper of your own?"
"Why yours will do if you will only hold it still."

Ayrshire lately, when a municipal candidate, in the middle of his speech, was asked "How long a hen, picking sawdust, would take to lay a wooden leg?"

An old man, who did not read very well, on "taking the Book," as family worship is often called in Scotland, came in the order of his reading, to a chapter full of Hebrew names. "Marion," he said to his wife, "this is an unco kittle chapter; and we had better turn over the leaf."

Land of the social virtues,
Where the tiller of the sod
Saith to his lowly household,
"Come, let us worship God!"
Where the humble shepherd readeth
His book within the glen,
And the meanest dwellers of the hills
Respect themselves as men!

Mary Howitt.

Scottish Superstition. It was a widespread idea that a new-born child is in fairy spells until after it gives its first sneeze! And an attendant in the shape of an auld wife has been known to secure this safety by the use of her own snuff-box.

Scots Proverbs:—

Meat is gude, but mense (propriety) is better.

The tod (fox) aye keeps his ain hole clean.

The shortest road is where the company's gude.

It would be a pity to spoil twa houses wi' them.

Like blude, like gude, like age, mak' the happy marriage.

Wide lugs and a short tongue are best.

There's ne'er a great feast but some fare ill.

Saw ye that and shot na' at it, and you sae gleg a gunner.

Pit yer hand twice to yer bannet for ance to yer pouch.

Better a wee bush than nae beild.

He was the bee that made the honey.

Glasgow Cathedral is the only one in Scotland that escaped injury at the time of the Reformation. In 1567, when a mob were preparing to "pull it down," an old gardener cried out,

"Ye gowks! can ye no mak' it a house for serving God in your ain way it wad cost ye muckle to build ane like it?"

The hint struck some of the leaders of the mob as sensible. And St. Mungo's Cathedral was spared, and converted into a Protestant temple.

Fashion Plate 1912 "From Life."

A poor idiot boy in Dumfriesshire, being asked if he got any benefit from his attendance on preaching, replied in an earnest voice:

Three in ane, and ane in three,
And the middle ane He sav-ed me!"

Then raise your wild slogan-cry,
On to the foray!
Sons of the heather-hill,
Shout for MacPherson, MacLeod
And the Moray.
Till the Lowlands re-echo
The challenge again!
Pinewood and glen!

George Allan

Apples have been plentiful in Glasgow this winter—mostly from this side the ocean, and prices are lower.

Before the days of gas and electric lights, a white ghost was seen several nights in Dundee. A gentleman sent round the town crier to announce that he would be out at night with a big dog to "hunt the ghost." The ghost appeared no more.

A Noble Deed. In Montreal, in 1880, a poor young Scotsman, a stranger and friendless, was in the hospital, dying of consumption. A little notice in the "Witness" drew the attention of Scotsmen to his case, and a dollar or two was sent in to help him to some comforts. A Scotswoman, living in a hired room, and making her living by her needle, saw the notice, and visited the poor fellow. She had him taken to her own poor room, and nursed him tenderly till he died. No names were given in the "Witness" in telling of this Christian deed.

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Madame Hillings,
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Anyone desiring to obtain the invention covered by Canadian Patent, No. 124166 granted on March 1st, 1910, for Cow Tail Holders, to Herman le Malstrone, of Hallock Minnesota, U.S.A., may do so upon application to the undersigned, who are prepared to supply all reasonable demand on the part of the public for the invention and from whom full information may be obtained. Featherstonhaugh and Co., Bank of Nova Scotia, Portage, Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Gerald S. Roxburgh, resident.

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Household Suggestions.

A Child's Valentine Party.

The invitations are written in a child's best copy-book hand on some scarlet hearts, and they bear this message:

"The King and Queen of Hearts invite you to their party, February the fourteenth, Nineteen hundred and eleven, at three o'clock."

And when the eventful day comes, guests are met at the door of the party house by their little host and hostess dressed like the royal King and Queen of Hearts, whom Mother Goose has made famous; the king in his best white suit, but wearing a gold paper crown and a long, white cloak on which tiny red paper hearts are pasted; the queen in a gold paper heart tiara and a tullee dress covered, also, with red paper hearts.

As soon as the guests have been greeted and have left their wraps upstairs, some Valentine games are started by the little King and Queen of Hearts. A big red heart, made of cardboard, and having a picture of a Mother Goose character cut from a picture book and pasted on the back, is hung about each guest's neck by a gift cord—the picture being turned inside, however. The children are then asked to question each other, trying to discover the Mother Goose character to whom they are talking. Pads of paper tied with red ribbon and tiny red pencils are provided for writing down lists of the characters guessed. A heart-shaped box of candy is the prize for the longest list of correct names, and the guessing contest is a splendid way of "breaking party ice," and getting everyone acquainted with everybody else.

A heart hunt is the next game. Queen of Hearts gives each of her guests a little red cambric bag and instructs them to fill it with as many hearts as they are able to find. Previous to the party, she cut hundreds of tiny red cardboard hearts and hid them about the rooms where the party is held — in corners, beneath books, under the edges of the rugs, and in every conceivable place. The guests enjoy a merry scramble as they hunt for the hearts, and when the bags are full, all the hearts are counted, and the child who had the sharpest eyes and found the largest number of hearts is rewarded by a big lace-paper valentine as a prize.

Next the King of Hearts takes his guests on a fishing trip—not for fish, but valentines. A number of fish ponds, enough to accommodate all the guests, have been made by the little host and hostess and laid out on a long table. They are empty suit-boxes inverted, and having long slits cut in the bottom, long enough to hold a valentine. The valentines are, most of them, picture post cards, and just one corner in which a hole has been made shows through the slit in the fish pond. Each little fisherman is given a fish line, just a twig pole with a red cord line tied on, and a hook made of a bent hairpin attached to the end of the line and, at a signal from the King of Hearts, they begin fishing for valentines. It is not an easy feat to secure one with the hairpin hook and draw it out. And the fishing will keep all the guests busy until it is time for the party supper.

A merry march headed by the King and Queen of Hearts leads to the room where the supper table is laid. Such a pretty sight as greets the eyes of the guests! Over the centre of the table, hung from the chandelier, is a big, red heart to which a shower of smaller gold hearts is fastened by very narrow red ribbons of varying lengths. Hosts of tiny red hearts are scattered over the white tablecloth, and festoons of the same, strung on gilt cord, are draped along the edge of the tablecloth. At each guest's place there is a crown made of cardboard gilded. When the children don them, they look like real subjects of the King and Queen host and hostess.

The place cards are larger red hearts inclosed in envelopes and having a heart painted in water colors in the corner of the envelope instead of a stamp, and the guest's name is written in the address space in red ink. Beside each plate there is a red paper ice-cup filled with red and white peppermint hearts. In addition, there are arrow favors, cut from red cardboard and having a tiny gold heart hung from one end by a length of red ribbon. A pin is attached to the underside of each arrow, so the children can wear them.

And at the end of the party, when each child is given by the Queen of Hearts a real, old-fashioned lace paper valentine, to be taken home, the guests are sure that it was the very nicest Valentine party they ever attended.

How to Clean Velvet and Velveteen.

Get a clean rag and dip it in carbonate of magnesia. Turn the rag as it gets soiled. Rub the velvet, then shake it well to get rid of the magnesia, then brush well with a clean brush. A simple way to clean velvet or velveteen that has become soiled, is to take some butter and a clean piece of old velvet, and rub well on the article to be cleaned. Finish off with a soft piece of rag. Has been tried on red velvet, also on black, and found very successful.

Mix equal parts of water and hartshorn. Moisten a stiff brush in the mixture, and then rub the article briskly until the dirt has vanished. Then shake well and dry in front of a fire, with the pile turned towards the heat. When dry, take some boiling water, and get a second person to hold the article very tightly over the steam wrong side downwards, whilst you brush up the nap with a stiff whisk.

For Black Velvet.

First brush all dust off carefully. Then heat an iron, and cover it with cloth wrung out of water and hold the velvet over it. The steam raises the pile, and if carefully brushed, very lightly, with a soft brush while steaming will look equal to new.

For Colored Velvets.

Heat some bran in the oven till very hot, and lightly rub the velvet with it, after first brushing the dust off. Then steam it as above, and the result will be satisfactory. Sometimes a second application of bran is necessary if the velvet is very dirty.

To clean velvet, place a wet cloth over a hot flat-iron, pass velvet over the steam, then brush it the wrong way of the nap with a piece of crape. To clean velveteen, wash it in tepid water with a little soap, rinse well, and then hang up, dripping wet, to dry. Do not wring it. Both the above have been tried, and found very successful.

With the assistance of a stiff whisk broom, a pan of boiling water in which two pennyworth of stone ammonia is dissolved, and an obliging friend who will brush up the nap as you hold the goods taut over the steam the wrong side to the water, these materials will look like new. Double the velvet or velveteen (pile inwards), and fold it lightly together. This process removes wrinkles, brightens the color, and makes the crushed nap stay up when brushed against the grain, and will answer for black or colored pile fabrics. If the velvet has a grease spot on it, remove it with French chalk before steaming. A sticky spot may be lightly touched with clean cold water before the steaming process.

Some Good Recipes

Jellied Chicken.

One good chicken, one onion, two bay leaves, half teasponful of whole white peppers, one heaping tablespoonful of powdered gelatine, one blade of mace, one teaspoonful of salt, grate of nutmeg, half teaspoonful of celery seed, three cloves, three hard cooked eggs, six olives, one can of fresh mushrooms, some chopped parsley, mayonnaise sauce.

Singe and draw the chicken, put into a kettle of boiling water and cook slowly until tender. Lift out and set aside to cool. Cut the meat in neat pieces. Put the skin and bones into a saucepan with one quart of the liquor, the onion cut up and the seasonings, simmer until reduced to one pint, then add the gelatine and strain. Arrange a layer of the chicken in a wet mold, then some slices of egg, mushrooms, stoned olives and chopped parsley, then more chicken, and so on till all are used up. Fill the mould with the stock. Turn out when set. Serve with mayonnaise sauce.

Lemon Toffee.

Ingredients: A quarter of a pound of butter, half a pound of golden syrup, a pound of brown sugar, and a little lemon essence. Method: Put butter, sugar, and syrup into a saucepan. Boil about fifteen minutes, or till when dropped into cold water it sticks hard. Add flavor, pour into a greased tin, and allow it to set.

Fairies Cream.

Apples, white of egg, sugar, and vanilla flavoring are required, taking two whites of eggs to six large apples, and sugar to taste. Bake the apples, and beat all the pulp quite smooth with the sugar, to which the whites of eggs, thoroughly well whipped, must be added. Well mix all together, adding a little flavoring last of all. Serve in custard glasses with sponge biscuits.

Fig Roly Poly.

Four ounces flour, four heaping tablespoonfuls breadcrumbs, four ounces chopped figs, four ounces chopped suet, one tablespoonful baking powder, a pinch of salt, one and a half gills of milk.

Mix the flour, salt, baking powder, crumbs and suet together. Mix these into a stiff dough with the milk. Roll out the dough into an oblong shape. Spread the chopped figs over the dough, wet the edges, and roll up the pudding. Tie it in a scalded and floured pudding cloth; boil for three hours. Serve it turned out onto a hot dish, hand with it any sweet sauce.

Under Her Bed.

Mrs. Hicks was telling some ladies about the burglar scare in her house the night before.

"Yes," she said, "I heard a noise and got up, and there from under the bed I saw a man's legs sticking out."

"Mercy," exclaimed a woman—"the burglar's legs?"

"No, my dear, my husband's legs. He had heard the noise, too."

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Combination Fancy Work Outfit No. 13

This beautiful outfit is the best bargain ever offered to those interested in Embroidery. It contains:

1 Corset Cover stamped on Nainsook.

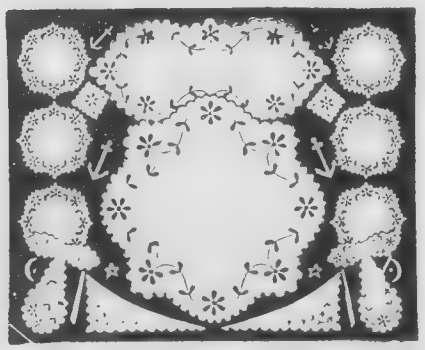
One 18-inch Centrepiece stamped on fine imported White Linen.

Perforating outfit (all new designs) including: Ladies' Entire Suit, Belt, Collars, Jabot, Cuffs, Handkerchief, Calendar, Sprays, Baby Cap, Dress, Kimona, one complete Alphabet, and many other designs not shown in illustration: in all, 33 up-to-date patterns perforated on Bond Paper, enabling them to be used over and over again. We also include in each outfit a cake of Superior Stamping Preparation, a Distributor, and full and explicit directions.

If you bought each of the above separately, they would cost you several dollars.

We will send you for a short time only, the entire outfit free, prepaid, for only two subscriptions for the Western Home Monthly at $1.00 each.

Combination Linen Outfit No. 15



This remarkable outfit is the biggest bargain ever offered to those interested in embroidery. It consists of:

1 Centrepiece, size 16x16 inches.
1 Tray to match, size 7¼x17¼ inches.
6 Doilies to match, size 5½ x 5½ inches.
2 Small Doilies for Salt and Pepper Shakers.
2 Ties and 2 Jabots.
2 Revers for Linen Coats.
4 Anchors, 2 Stars, and 2 Half-Moons for Children's Coats; in all, 24 beautiful articles stamped on fine white Imported Linen.

If you bought each of the above separately they would cost you several dollars. We will send you for a short time only, this beautiful entire outfit, free, postpaid, for only two subscriptions for The Western Home Monthly, at $1.00 each

Beautiful Hand-Embroidered Waist Front No. 14

Hand-Embroidered Waists are the delight of all dressy women. The short-sleeved one illustrated above is sure of a warm welcome during the summer months; perhaps it would be more appropriate to say a "cool welcome," as for coolness and comfort this waist cannot be excelled.

The charming design is hand-embroidered in the finest manner on 2 yards of fine white Lawn (40 inches wide), enough to make any style of waist, including the popular Peasant or Kimona style.

When this waist is finished with Valenciennes Insertion, it could not be bought in the stores for less than 4 or 5 dollars. We do not give the insertion.

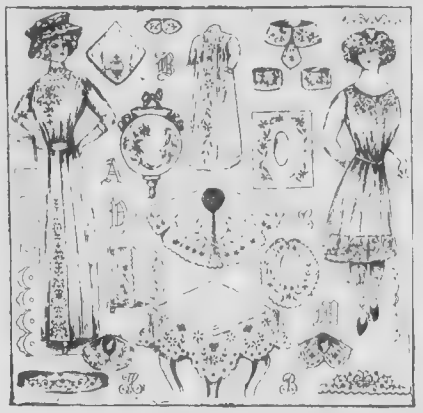
Our supply of these waists is limited, so send us $3.00 for three subscriptions to the Western Home Monthly, at once and we will send you one of these waists, prepaid, absolutely free.

Corset Cover No. 17

In these days of scant petticoat, the corset cover is more generally used than the fuller garments. The corset cover illustrated above buttons on the shoulders and is very convenient, because with a low-neck frock, the shoulder strap may be separated and turned under. This style of corset cover is much prettier with blouses than the style opening in front. There is so much better opportunity for embroidery on these, and embroidery is the most attractive decoration one can put upon the corset covers, and is very durable.

We will send this dainty corset cover design stamped on a very good quality of nainsook, free, prepaid, for only one subscription for The Western Home Monthly, at $1.00.

Latest Stamping Outfit No. 16



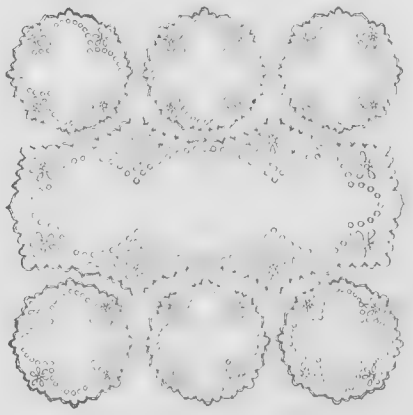
This artistic Stamping Outfit was made especially for us by one of the largest manufacturers. It consists of:

1 Shirt Waist Set. 1 Skirt Panel and Hat to match. 1 Combination Suit (Corset Cover and Drawers), 1 Table Cover, size 32 inches square, (can also be used for Scarf), one 18-inch Centrepiece, 1 Turnover Collar, Cuff and Jabot to match. 1 Belt. 2 Dutch Collars. 1 Towel or Pillow Case End. 1 Handkerchief. 1 Baby Kimona, Cap and Bib to match. 1 Panel for Baby Dress. 1 Tie. 1 Whisk Broom Holder. 1 Picture Frame. 4 Borders. 1 Stocking Design. 1 Complete Old English Alphabet, two inches high. 1 Complete Script Alphabet, one inch high, and many additional designs not illustrated, making a grand total of 76 up-to-date designs and 2 complete alphabets. All these designs are perforated on Linen Bond Paper, enabling them to be used an unlimited number of times. Enclosed in each outfit is a cake of Superior Stamping Preparation, a Distributor and all necessary directions for transferring Perforated Patterns.

With the aid of this complete outfit you can do your own stamping or make money by doing stamping for others.

We will send you this up-to-date outfit absolutely free, prepaid, for only two subscriptions for The Western Home Monthly, at $1.00 each.

Linen Set No. 18



The most beautiful of all trays and doilies are those which display a great deal of Eyelet Work: there is nothing more attractive on the dining room table than white linens embroidered in open work through which the polished wood may show.

The pretty set illustrated above shows a dainty pattern that should be carried out wholly in Eyelets both oval and round. This set was made especially for us and consists of:

1 Large Tray, size 8 x 17 inches, 6 Doilies to match, size 5½ x 5½ inches, all stamped on fine white Imported Linen.

We will send you this set for a short time only, free, prepaid, for one subscription for The Western Home Monthly, at $1.00 .

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By E. Cora Hind.

Women's Meetings.

The women of Saskatchewan have already had a number of opportunities of gathering together and discussing matters in connection with their Homemakers' Clubs, and I learn from the women of Winnipeg who have gone out to attend these short courses and conventions that the interest displayed has b n great and the gatherings in every sense helpful and inspiring. During the present month there will be provincial gatherings in both Winnipeg and Saskatoon, and very helpful programmes are being provided for both. I hope the weather man will be kind and not drop the thermometer quite so persistently as has been the case this month. It is hard for women on the farms to get away for a few days in winter, and doubly hard, if not quite impossible, when the weather is so extremely severe, and yet after the close confinement to home that the extreme cold necessitates, what a blessed relief to get away for a few days and mingle with women from other parts of the country and exchange ideas and forget for a few hours, at least, the endless round of dish-washing, mending, bread baking, and the like, which must form so large a part of the life of every woman, the mother of a family, who, having chosen this as her lifework, looks well to the ways of her household.

At the meetings in Manitoba I am glad to say we are to once more have with us Mrs. McEwan, of Brandon, a woman with knowledge broad and deep, with a warm place in her heart for all the women who toil at that most arduous of all tasks—home making.

Mrs. McEwan is able to speak out of a wide and full experience, she knows personally of the hard work on the farm, the difficulty of getting help and the thousand and one things that make life difficult in this broad, beautiful West of ours.

Then, too, we are to have Nellie L. McClung, and I only regret that the powers that be at Manitoba Agricultural College, after suggesting to Mrs. McClung that she choose her own subject, in the end objected to her speaking to us on the "Womens Questions," that is the questio of the extension of the Franchise to women, the amending of the dower laws, the right to homestead, and kindred matters, for I feel that she would have handled these matters with truth, discretion and delicacy, and would have helped many a woman to a right decision. The excuse made by the Principal of the College was that these were debatable questions. I felt like saying "so for that matter is the boiling of a potato, for some people insist on putting it on to cook in cold water, and some in boiling water." Furthermore, a long experience of attending men's meetings, held under similar auspices, has taught me that the mere fact that a question is debatable has never prevented them from tackling the discussion of it, and the president of the College has never once objected. However, though these matters are barred, I am sure Mrs. McClung will give us an address that will be good to hear and helpful to remember, and I would suggest that delegates come primed with questions, and if an opportunity is afforded we may be able to draw out some of the views which Mrs. McClung would have expressed had she been able to really choose her own subject as she was originally invited to do.

* * * * *

Mrs. Pankhurst

It is a matter of keen regret to me that I was absent from Winipeg when Mrs. Pankhurst addressed the great gathering here, as I had greatly looked forward to the privilege and pleasure of hearing her.

For the women who are interested in the suffrage movement, both here and in England, I would like to say that, arriving as I did, the day after the meeting, I had the opportunity of hearing it discussed by a large number of men who attended, very few of whom were really in sympthy with the movement of votes for women, and I did not hear one man say a disparaging thing of Mrs. Pankhurst, very many of them freely stated that hers was by far the finest political address they had ever heard delivered by either man or wo an. One thing is certain, that the majority of the 2,000 people present were fully convinced that the English suffragette movement was far from the insane performance that the press of that country and our own has conspired to make it appear. The point which Mrs. Pankhurst so especially emphasized was, that in their militant tactics the women had followed the well-established precedents of men when, as non-voters, they had sought redress for grievances and extension of privileges.

I am sure that there will never be the same need for militant tactics in Canada, personally I am convinced that at the present time anything like a general demand for the extension of the franchise to women would be met with no very hostile reception in the various provincial houses, the trouble is that men in parliament are demanding of women, what they never demand of men, namely, that a majority should show their desire for this reform. It may not be known to many women that no demand for manhood suffrage was ever made by the young men of Manitoba, for example. The franchise was extended to them because a few men in parliament thought it would be wise for their party to make such a move, and an act was consequently brought in granting manhood suffrage, and indeed, the exact wording was, but the bill had passed its second reading before any members, but the framer of the bill, realized that if it passed in that form it would have included all women 21 years of age as well as all men. There was quite a hubbub in the House, and the bill was amended to exclude women. Funnily enough over that very bill some member raised as an objection to the inclusion of the women, that women were not asking for the franchise, when, at the very same time, they were according the right to vote thousands of young men, none of whom had ever asked for it. Not to women alone belongs the privilege of being inconsistent.

* * * * *

About Books.

A good many new books have passed through my hands during the past few months and a few, at least of them, are worthy of mention to those who, buying new books, wish to purchase only such of the current literature as is really worth reading.

"Queed," by Synder Harrison, though it has been out some months only came to me at the first of the year. It is a book which I can most cordially recommend. It is well written, and the character of hero "Queed" is a remarkable and very fascinating one, in fact, it is distinctly unique. The scene is laid in an American city, and the time is the present day or near the present day. The working out of the story shows that because a man is the son of a bad father he has not necessarily criminal instincts, and may rise to heights of honesty and integrity, known to few of those with a stainless ancestry behind them.

"The Mooney Moon" is the second book by Jeffry Farnol, author of "The Broad Highway." The scene of this book, like the previous one, is laid in beautiful Kent. This time, however, it is the Kent of to-day, and the horn of a motor car makes music through its pages. It is a charming tale and most charmingly told, though it is not in the same class as the former book. Some of the critics, I find are condemning the author for starting this hero out on a walking trip also, but he found so much that was delightful on the road I think it may be forgiven him.

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"The Romantic History of the Pilgrim Fathers and its Place in the Life of To-day" is a book that will grip the heart of all who have grown up to admire the work done for this continent by the settlers who came on the Mayflower. The book is a masterpiece of letterpress and illustration, and is most successful in relating under one cover the cause of this pilgrimage, the early life and training of its leaders, the stay in Holland, and the final departure for America. The book is issued by the L. C. Page Company of Boston, and is one of the very finest of the many fine illustrated works of an historical character issued by that house.

Home Economics.

Morris, Man. — Our Home Economic Society held their annual business meeting and election of officers on Jan. 3rd—Mrs. F. Mackenzie, president; Mrs. J. Willin, vice-president; Mrs. A. Chisholm, secretary-treasurer, re-elected by acclamation. The board of directors was increased to ten. A joint committee of the retiring and newly-elected officers was appointed to arrange the programme of subjects for the first half-year, and also to select a special committee to provide a code of by-laws for use until such time as we may be provided with a constitution for general use in the province. The need of a handbook is felt more as the organization grows. There is here now a membership of eighty-five. It has been decided to forward a resolution to the Department suggesting that "The Home Economics Societies throughout the province might adapt their programme in May to patriotic subjects and sentiments, making it fall in line with Empire Day in the schools." It might be made a most interesting meeting—music, readings, essays on our resources, etc. At our next meeting on the 24th Jan. Dickens' writings will be the subject.

A Spray of Heather.

By Lilian Leveridge, Coe Hill, Ont.

Far away in Bonnie Scotland, where the mighty mountains keep,
Night and day, unwearied vigil o'er Loch Katrine, still and deep,
On a lonely isle, a-glimmer in the dawn-light and the dew,
Kissed by all the winds of heaven, this sweet spray of heather grew.

Little spray of Scottish heather, there is magic in your bloom.
In a beam of misty moonshine melts this dim Canadian room.
And I stand amid the blossoms, dewy-sweet, on Ellen's Isle.
In the winds old voices murmur, olden faces round me smile.

Twilight gathers: purple shadows fall from lofty Benvenue.—
Who is this in skimming shallop cometh o'er Loch Katrine blue?
'Tis the lovely Ellen Douglas, guiding home a stranger guest,
James Fitz-James, the Knight of Snowdoun. Kind his welcome, sweet his rest.

On a couch of fragrant heather Ellen's thoughtful hand hath spread,
Dreaming of the gentle maiden, rests the knight his weary head;
Rests until the rosy morning o'er the purple mountain breaks,
Then across the rippling waters his lone way the stranger takes.

O'er the waters other faces, other voices come and go,
Ellen's lovers — rival suitors — Malcolm Graeme and Roderick Dhu.
And methinks Clan-Alpine's chieftain finds no favor, but the Graeme—
Just a glance of his has kindled on her cheek the tell-tale flame.

Rival suitors—mortal foemen! Look, a flash of naked blade!
But the Douglas stands between them, and the deadly feud is stayed.
Gloom enwraps the lonely island. Dangers lurk on every side.
Threatening her who could not—would not — be the unloved chieftain's bride.

Hark! Beyond the misty mountains, over moorland, dune and glen,
Shrills the pibroch: 'tis the Gathering of the bold Clan-Alpine men.
Woe is wailing in its music; hill and valley hold their breath,
While the Fiery Cross speeds onward—emblem dread of doom and death.

Doom to James, the King of Scotland,
Graeme and Douglas, Ellen's dearest, death to those who fight for him!
love the king: her eyes are dim.
Exiled from the island bower, on the hills she yearns and waits,
While her sire, with noble purpose, hastens on to Stirling gates.

Comes Fitz-James across the heather, asks the maid to be his wife.
He would bear her to his bower, shield her through the cruel strife.
Luckless suit! The Knight of Snowdoun, vanquished, still is true and kind.
Chance may yet befall when Ellen him a noble friend will find.

Foemen meet upon the mountain, Roderick and Fitz-James, the knight.
"Whoso fells the foremost foeman he shall conquer in the fight,"
Prophesied the Hermit, Brian. Now at Coilantogle ford,
In the glimmer of the day-dawn, these shall prove the mystic word.

Bitter hatred fills each bosom, and the fight is to the death.
On the morning stillness quiver clash of steel and panting breath.
Oh! the strife is fierce and fateful. Now the chieftain vantage gains.
Smiles upon his foe in triumph—now he falls in mortal pains.

Trampling o'er the hills of heather myriad footsteps come and go.
There is clang and clash of battle on the shores of Katrine blue.
Gloomy glen and mighty mountain far and wide the echoes fling
Of the bugle notes proclaiming victory for Scotland's king.

Many a fragrant heather blossom Ellen's weary feet have passed
Ere she sights the gates of Stirling, thither led in filial quest;
Seeking pardon for the Douglas. On the lone isle exiled long,
Faithful Douglas, loyal-hearted, undeserved has suffered wrong.

Now at last she enters, trembling, where the king, in regal state,
'Mid a scene of dazzling splendor, morn by morn is wont to wait.
See the vivid tide of crimson to her pallid forehead spring.
Startled eyes are wide with wonder.—James Fitz-James is Scotland's king!

Kind he stoops to raise the maiden where she kneels in sudden shame.
Royal friendship for the Douglas, royal favor for the Graeme—
All her wish—is freely granted, granted with a kingly smile.
Ended now the long, long exile on Loch Katrine's lonely isle.

Bonnie bells of purple heather, these are dreams of long ago.
Gone, long gone, the gentle Ellen, gone, long gone, the Douglas, too.
But a dream-sweet magic in my heart to-night ye wake,
While I walk and talk with Ellen, lovely lady of the Lake.

—Lilian Leveridge.

Inspector Lang: The absorption of bookish knowledge is as natural to some boys as the absorption of apples or jam, while to others it is as unnatural as the absorption of castor oil.

REGINA

the capital of the Great Province of Saskatchewan, is one of the cities that looms up big as a financial, railway and commercial centre, at the present time.

We just received a copy of the "Regina Leader" and some of the Head Lines that catch the eye in glancing over the paper are as follows: "REGINA, the THIRTEENTH AND FASTEST GROWING CITY OF ALL CITIES WITH A POPULATION OF 30,000 OR OVER."

Vancouver's percentage growth during the past ten years was 270%, Toronto 80%, Montreal 74%, Winnipeg 178%, Calgary 975%' and REGINA LEADS WITH A PERCENTAGE GROWTH OF OVER 1,400%.

The building expenditure of nine live American cities per thousand of population for 1911 is as follows:

REGINA	$166,000	Atlanta	47,782
Calgary	124,213	Jacksonville	55,176
Oklahoma	85,557	St. Paul	46,813
Seattle	73,436	Rochester	45,158
Spokane	56,826		

The total expenditure for buildings in Regina during 1911 was over $5,000,000. The following is a list of some of the buildings that were erected in Regina during 1911:

Methodist College	$275,000	Public Library	50,000
Union Station	200,000	Armoury	130,000
Leader Block	151,000	Assiniboine College	60,000
Donahue Block	110,000	Sawyer-Massey Block	70,000
Dominion Trust	70,000	Ackerman Block	55,000
Baptist Church	60,000	Cameron & Heap	55.000
Y. W. C. A.	50,000		

In addition to these buildings there are other buildings being erected which mean a great deal to the City of Regina; The Grand Trunk Pacific Round House and Shops, which it is estimated will add at least 5,000 people to Regina's population. The C.N.R. Shops and Round House estimated to add another 2,000 to Regina's population and the statement was recently authorized by the Canadian Pacific Railway, that they will also make Regina a Divisional point and erect shops and Round House.

Our object in giving you these facts in connection with Regina is to call your attention to our choice residential sub-division of "WASCANA CRESCENT," located between the Lieutenant-Governor's residence and the Barracks, close to the Exhibition Grounds, with half a mile frontage on Dewdney Avenue, the wholesale street of Regina and bounded on the South by the beautiful Wascana Creek, along the banks of which the finest homes in Regina are being built. WASCANA CRESCENT is well within the city limits and is a sound, safe investment at the prices at which the same are being offered.

We have issued a folder giving full particulars, photographic views, etc., of our property Regina. WRITE FOR IT TO-DAY.

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11 Cadogan Block, Calgary, Alberta

The Childrens' Hospital.

Another of Winnipeg's Charitable Institutions.

About three years ago a few of the Winnipeg women, seeing the inadequate condition of the city to look after the sick poor, became interested in starting a children's hospital, with Mrs. Bond as president. There are in this city several excellent hospitals, but none especially devoted to children, this being the only one of its kind through the entire West. Small teas were given, and enough money was collected to rent an old-fashioned house on Beaconsfield St. (our present home). This they converted into a hospital, accommodating fourteen children. In three months time they were so crowded, it was necessary to put up a pavilion, holding ten patients. We are daily refusing patients admission owing to lack of room, showing the need of a larger hospital. As the work grew, interest spread, and we now expect to move into a large up-to-date building on Aberdeen Street, with accommodation for sixty children. We have here a small outpatient department, but even here we are working against tremendous odds. We treated last month one hundred and thirty-five children. We encourage the people to pay some thing. Some times in the outdoor they will pay 5, 10 or 15 cents for a dressing or medicine.. For the indoor patients we very often get nothing. Occasionally we get 25 to 50 cents a day; very seldom they are able to pay $1.50 a day, which it costs us for each child. Patients are sent to us from Saskatchewan and Alberta; in fact, from all over the West. We get some donations, and 25 cents a day a head from the city. In the new building we hope to get $1.00 per day for each patient, as it is customary for the city to give that amount to any hispital with fifty beds or more.

The Board, which is composed of about 21 women (Mrs. G. H. Walker being president), collect or get in some way most of the money necessary for maintenance. They have had bazaars, musicals, violet days, etc. They hope to have the latter an annual affair—to be held every Saturday before Easter Sunday — trying to make it general throughout the country. Last year some of the Winnipeg men had a campaign and collected over $100,000 for the building fund. The linen and numerous other expensive necessary appliances are being supplied by St. Agnes' Guild, made up of about 70 of the young married women and girls of Winnipeg. The meetings of this Guild are held at Mrs. Walter Moss's, who is the president of the Guild, and the energetic treasurer of the hospital.

The future prospects, though uncertain, are bright. Owing to the enthusiastic work of the committee and friends of the hospital, a large bazaar was held in November, the proceeds of which went towards the maintenance fund for this year. As we depend largely on annual subscriptions, any donations sent in would be thankfully received and acknowledged. At present we have a very small training school, but intend to increase it in the new building, where the nurses will have a larger experience, and will receive a thorough first-class training.

We have a consulting and regular staff of physicians, surgeons and specialists who give their time conscientiously and gratuitously.

Childrens Hospital.

A Little Phonetic.

Senator Blackburn says that some years ago there were among the members of the House of Representatives hailing from Kentucky two gentlemen from the mountain districts who were anything but strong in their orthography. Mr. Blackburn says that Proctor Knott once told him of an amusing conversation between these two statesmen with reference to the spelling of the word "horse" which occurred in a document brought to them by the clerk to one of the committees.

"Here's a funny paper, John," said the first member to his colleague, "in which one of our Kentucky lawyers spells horse h-o-r-c-e!"

The second member took the paper, examined it carefully, and then replied, in all seriousness: "It is funny, isn't it? Why didn't he leave off that 'e'?"

When Pat Laughed Last.

A short time ago two Englishmen on a visit to Ireland hired a boat for the purpose of having a sail.

One of the Britons, thinking he would have a good joke at Pat's expense, asked him if he knew anything about astrology.

"Be jabers, no," said Pat.

"Then that's the best part of your life just lost," answered the Englishman.

The second Englishman then asked Pat if he knew anything about theology.

"Be jabers, no," answered Pat.

"Well," the second said, "I must say that's the very best part of your life lost."

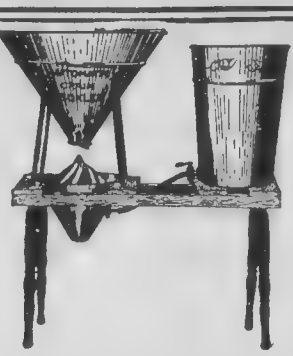
A few minutes later a sudden squall arose and the boat capsized. Pat began to swim. The Britons, however, could not swim, and both called loudly to Pat to help them.

"Do you know anything about swimology?" asked Pat.

"No," answered both Englishmen.

"Well, be jabers," replied Pat, "then both of your lives is lost!"

Montague Glass: We often know very little of that with which we are familiar.



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Call on your local dealer and ask him to show you this machine in actual operation. If he does not handle it, cut out and mail the attached coupon, upon receipt of which we shall mail you an illustrated circular and full information as to price, etc.

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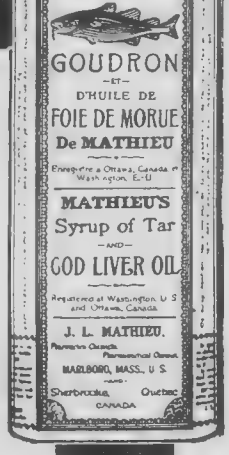

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The five ingredients mentioned above prepared with great accuracy and skill not only in regard to proportion, but also in selecting the best material, have been put up in compressed tablet form, and are called

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If you suffer from any form of uric acid in the blood, and have Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, this is the way to drive it out of your system in quick time. Simply send your name and address, enclosing this advertisement, to JOHN A. SMITH, 1202 Laing Bldg., Windsor, Ont., and by return mail you will receive the box absolutely free. It is only in "Gloria Tonic" that you can get the above combination ready for use.

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In Lighter Vein.

The Piece that Robert Spoke.

Once there was a little boy, whose name was Robert Reece;
And every Friday afternoon he had to speak a piece.
So many poems thus he learned, that soon he had a store
Of recitations in his head, and still kept learning more.

And now this is what happened: He was called upon, one week,
And totally forgot the piece he was about to speak!
His brain he cudgeled. Not a word remained within his head!
And so he spoke at random, and this is what he said:

"My beautiful, my beautiful, who tandest proudly by,
It was the schooner 'Hesperus'—the breaking waves dashed high!
Why is the Forum crowded? What means this stir in Rome?
Under a spreading chestnut tree there is no place like home!

"When Freedom from her mountain height cried, Twinkle, little star,
Shoot if you must this gray old head, King Henry of Navarre!
Roll on, thou deep and dark blue castled crag of Drachenfels,
My name is Norval, on the Grampian Hills, ring out, wild bells!

"If you're waking, call me early, to be or not to be,
The curfew must not ring tonight! Oh, woodman, spare that tree!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on! And let who will be clever!
The boy stood on the burning deck, but I go on forever!"
—Carolyn Wells, in "Saint Nicholas."

What Bobbie Wanted to Know.

He asked so many questions that day that he finally wore out his mother's patience.

"Robert," she cried, "if you ask me another question I shall put you to bed without your supper."

Robert promptly asked another and was packed off to bed.

Later his mother repented. After all, asking questions was the only way he could acquire knowledge; so she tiptoed upstairs, knelt beside his bed and told him she was sorry.

"Now, dear," she said, "if you want to ask one more question before you go to sleep ask it now and I will try to answer."

Robert thought for a moment, then said: "Mother, how far can a cat spit?"

Our Old Friend The Sea Story.

By Tom Masson.

We were deep in muck, gloom, and fog somewhere off Gloucester, with the sea below murking from inky green to absinthe, and our trim little craft was bucking down to it, digging her way down into the seas, and anon pointing skyward. We had of course the hatches battened down, all the staysails and topsails clewed up, a new coat of tar on the rigging, the belayin' pins set and all the lights out; for, spite of being in track of the liners, we couldn't afford to give away the Company's business in the offing.

Sandy McRamsgate was at the hellum, and as the seas broke over him picturesquely he squinted at me from his weather eye.

"I'm thinking," said Sandy, "that I smell the sand dunes to looward."

We hove the lead and sounded for eight fathoms, and then the lookout, who was sitting in an easy-chair on the end of the jibboom, sung out there was a vessel on the port bow, bearing three points down and laboring much.

"Ken you her odor?" asked Sandy, while I waited in breathless suspense, knowing that no fish had come into port for over two weeks, and realizing that if we were the first one in it meant a fortune to the Company and glory enough for all. While, if we were beat, some one else would have smuggins of coin smithered up in their teapots afore the weather broke again.

"It's Raftery's smell," says the lookout; and then we knew the worst, for the Matilda Pratt Smith of Gloucester was our sooperior in more ways than one, and Raftery was mean enough for anything.

"What's adooin', Sandy?" I says; but Sandy made no reply for some time, for he was ever a man of few words.

Then I saw a look of determination come into his face, and I knew that Raftery would never beat us in.

"Here, mon," said Sandy, "take your trick at the wheel, while I go ashore for a tug."

I gazed at him in amazement. But his face was ever imperturable. "A tug," I shouted, sweeping away the fog atween us so that he could hear.

"Man alive, but you can't swim in such a seaway. Think of the ground swells that's on and the slithering gale blowin'."

But Sandy only smiled. "The Company ne'er would forgee me," he said, "and there be no help for it, but I must go ashore and get a tug, and then, mon, we'll be towed into port under Raftery's nose."

And before I had the keen sense to stop him, he was overboard, oilskins and souwester, breasting the heavy seas—off towards Gloucester where the Company's clerks sat before warm fires.

And so I took the helm an' waited with Raftery looming up two points to looward, and me keeping her up in the eye of the gale laboring and pounding as she was.

The night wore on apace, and the hail came down, with icebergs forming all around us. I thought of the stiff cargo of fish beneath my feet, and if I ever prayed, I done so that night, with the scent of the sand dunes mingling with Raftery's.

Toward morning the sky broke somewhat, and, thinks I, Sandy must have missed his footing and failed somehow to make his way into the harbor. And I thought of the trim wife and childer waiting for him in the little low cottage just beyond the meetin'-house.

And then I looked up and saw a light bobbing through the mist, and it was but a moment more afore the tug was alongside, with Sandy throwing us the hawser. Then he jumped aboard, and as we steamed down close by Raftery, emotionless as my temperament is and stiff as my arms were, what with holdin' the wheel fourteen hours, I clasped Sandy to my breast.

"You were a long time a-sea, Sandy," I said, with the hot tears a-freezin' in my eyes.

"Aweel," said Sandy, "you ken, mon, I had to stop several times to light me poipe."

And that's how the Company's honor was saved off Gloucester on that dark night in February.

In the Absence of a Tip.

"Excuse me, madam, would you mind walking the other way and not passing the horse?" said an English cabman with exaggerated politeness to the fat lady who had just paid a minimum fare, with no fee.

"Why?" she inquired.

"Because if 'e sees wot 'e's been carrying for a shilling 'ell 'ave a fit," was the freezing answer.

Not in His Line.

"When you are grown up," queried the visitor, "will you be a doctor, like your father?"

"Oh, dear me, no! Why, I couldn't even kill a rabbit," replied the boy with great frankness.

French Embroidered Lingerie.

Our women readers will be interested in the designs for embroidered lingerie which we show on this page, as these garments appeal especially to women of refined taste. No one need be afraid to attempt this work as the designs are simple but effective, and these garments after being embroidered are simply and easily made up. Fine hand sewing is a suitable finish for these garments, daintily sewn seams and perhaps a few tucks are all that are necessary to complete these. The woman who longs to possess the dainty garments which bear the magic titile of French Lingerie for which such high prices are asked in the shops need not hesitate to purchase her materials and to commence the work, as a knowledge of embroidery is all that is necessary to produce garments which will equal the imported models.

Every spring brings to one's mind the fact that the "white wear portion" of one's wardrobe needs to be replenished, and the wise woman will add to her stock each season, thus keeping up the necessary supply, and avoid overstocking, as many of us have perfectly good garments on which expensive materials were used, but the changing styles and materials stamp these as antiquated. Fine soft materials are the accepted favorites, and have completely changed the old ideas which demanded close, heavy "good wearing" cottons. The materials may now be as expensive or inexpensive as one's purse will allow. Special weaves of lonsdale, fine and soft, are most satisfactory for these embroidered garments. Our designs show effective, but imple, arrangements, and may be matched throughout an entire set.

No. 7002—Stamped Kimona Night Dress $1.10.

The embroideries used for these garments are a combination of solid and eyelet, and we would again remind our readers that a simple design well worked is preferable to an elaborate design carelessly embroidered. A few hints to the novice may not be amiss, and one of the most important of these is that the padding must be carefully and evenly laid. First, run the stamped edges of the design, then fill the remainder of the pattern lengthwise, making it slightly higher in the centre.

The surface or satin stitch is then smoothly and evenly worked across the padded foundation, each stitch lying close to the preceding one.

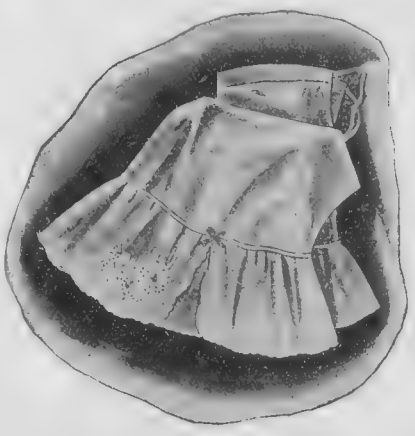
Special attention must be given to the buttonholing which finishes these embroidered garments, as if not closely and firmly embroidered, the edges will fray and become shabby. Pad the scallops carefully after first running the edges and buttonhole evenly.

The first garment, No. 7002, illustrated is one of the popular one-piece or kimona night-dresses. These garments are so easily made up after being embroidered, the only finish being the underarm seams. The design may be worked in either solid padded embroidery or pierced eyelets.

No. 7004—Stamped Combination Corset Cover and Drawers) $1.25.

Combination garments, No. 7004, are now in such general use that every woman knows their advantages; the first illustrated is a combination corset cover and drawers. The present style of dress demands that as few under garments as possible shall be worn and all unsightly ridges and bunches must disappear, so for this reason the combination garments have become popular.

The umbrella drawers, No. 7003, are another garment which carry out the same embroidered design. Separate corset covers may be had to match this set.



No. 7003—Stamped Umbrella Drawers $1.10.

If You will send us 35c.

For eight skeins of ART EMBROIDERY SILK which is sufficient to embroider a 15 inch Cream Linen Centre Piece, stamped for the new HEATHER EMBROIDERY.

We will give you FREE, this Centre Piece, and sufficient Cream Lace to edge this as illustrated, also a diagram lesson which will teach any woman this beautfiul embroidery which is simple but effective.

Send to-day, as this generous offer is good for a short time only.

This offer is made to convince every woman that our ART EMBROIDERY SILKS are the best made.

Address:

BELDING PAUL CORTICELLI LIMITED,

Dept. L. Montreal, P.Q.

The second combination, No. 7009, shows a combination corset cover and skirt. This, too,is a favorite garment.

Readers will please note that all the designs quoted on this page, as well as on preceding numbers, are for stamped or tinted materials only. We do not supply made up or embroidered articles. Materials and directions for working same will be furnished if desired. For further information regarding any of the articles described on this page write to Belding Paul Corticelli Limited, Dept. L., Montreal.

Allow at least 10 days from the time the order is received for filling.

No. 7009—Stamped Combination (Corset, Cover and Skirt) $1.25.

Let it Pass.

Has it been a weary day?
Let it pass;
Lots of others on the way—
They will pass.
Soon the skies will start to lighten,
All around begin to brighten—
And misforten cease to frighten—
Let it pass.

Does the world the wrong way rub you?
Let it pass.
Did your best friend seem to snub you?
Let it pass.
Chances are you were mistaken,
None are ever quite forsaken.
All for naught your faith was shaken—
Let it pass.

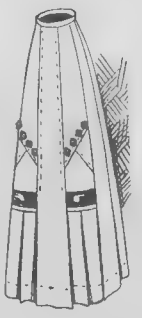
A Perfect Complexion

The woman of to-day should have and keep her complexion looking its best. The best results are obtained by using,—

Ideal Orchid Cream

It is a tonic and feed for the complexion, soothing and beneficial to the skin. Delightfully fragrant. Guaranteed by your druggist— 35c for full sized bottle.

Send only $2.95.



Receive by return mail postpaid this beautiful style skirt of all-wool Panama in dark red, dark green, navy and black. This beautiful skirt is cut in seven gores both side gores end in two large pleats, and are trimmed with a wide band of rich satin and four large buttons just as pictured. This is a beautiful style and is bound to please. Simply give inches around waist and hips, also length in front, and send only $2.95, together with 35c for postage. This is no hobble skirt. Standard Garment Co., 10 Standard Bldg., London, Ont.

Sold the World Over. 80,000 in Use

Our Direct "Factory-to-Home" Selling Plan Has Saved

Piano Buyers many Thousands of Dollars. If we presented instruments to artists and schools to secure testimonials—if we built costly buildings or rented expensively fitted-up warerooms—if we had to pay for other extravagences—of course we would have to charge $100 to $150 more for every **Dominion** piano sold. These "expenses of doing business" add greatly to the cost of many pianos, but **do not** add to their value.

"Dominion"

Pianos, Organs, and Player-Pianos

are sold direct from our factory to your home, through our own local agent, thus saving you all these unnecessary expenses. This plan appeals to every music-lover who want full value **in the piano itself** for every dollar it costs. Doesn't it appeal to you? The[s]n

Write for Free Catalogue

which fully explains the uniqne arch plate frame construction that endows the "**DOMINION**" with a tone equal to that of a Grand in sweetness, purity and permanence —a piano that never grows old, that endures the stresses of time, climate and hard usage

Write for this Catalogue Today

The Dominion Organ & Piano Co., Ltd.

Factory at Bowmanville, Ont.

Geo. H. Rife, Western Travelling Representative, 354 16th St., Brandon, Man.

I Need That Common Sense Article of Clothing—NOW!

The Human toll collected this Winter, by the storms of Western Canada is 6, as far as known, some of whom perished right in their own dooryard, nobody knows how many the gentle sun of the Spring will be the first to discover. I might be caught next unaware—unprepared—in the fierce grip of the Blizzard and leave another widow and more orphans.

The stormy season of the year is yet left and life is too short to be miserable, by getting one of these warm Face Protectors at once. I can face any blizzard, wind or cold in the winter and sand storm in the spring—with perfect comfort.

No more dread for the long slow trips on the road.

No more waiting for the weather to settle.

I go when I get ready and get home safe.

I stay inside while I am outside, and look into the snow storm and blizzard as through a window.

PRICE $1.00

WRITE FOR THE DOCTORS AND MINISTERS OPINION TO-DAY

AGENTS WANTED

MARTINIUS DYSTHE, 279 Fort Street, WINNIPEG, Man.

Fashions and Patterns.

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c. Order by number stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

SMART GOWNS IN TUNIC STYLE.

Every possible kind of tunic is fashionable this winter, the long and the short, the straight and the shaped. Illustrated are two gowns that represent quite different sorts, yet which are equally smart.

The gown to the left is made of crepe meteore over velvet with trimming of fancy silk. The blouse is made in one piece, in peasant style, but is finished with a square yoke and trimmed with banding. The tunic is made in two pieces. The skirt is made with a five gored foundation and circular flounce, and the flounce only is of velvet. The high waist line is fashionable, and in every way to be desired when becoming, but this skirt can be cut to the natural line if preferred; consequently, the model becomes adapted to all figures. Any two fashionable materials can be used. Silk and velvet are essentially smart, but plain and striped materials make a pretty effect and, wool material can be used with either silk or velvet. If the round neck is not liked, the blouse can be made with a yoke as indicated in the back view. For the medium size the blouse will require 2 yards of material 27, 1⅛ yards 36 or 44 inches wide with ¾ yard of silk for the trimming and ⅞ yard of all-over lace for the under-sleeves or 1⅛ yards for under-sleeves and yoke; for the tunic will be needed 4 yards 27, 3 yards 36 or 44 with 1½ yards of silk for trimming, for the foundation skirt will be required 2½ yards 27, 1¾ yards 36, and for the flounce. 3 yards of velvet 21 inches wide.

7211—Fancy Peasant Blouse, 30 to 40 bust.
7034—Tunic Skirt with Five Gored Foundation, 22 to 30 waist.
7227—Over Blouse with Tunic, 34 to 40 bust.
7212—Two-Piece Skirt, 22 to 30 waist.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse, No. 7211, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 bust, of the skirt, No. 7034, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist.

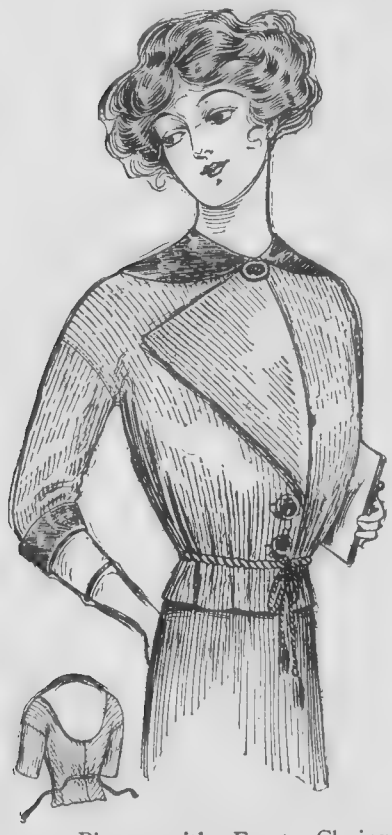
The short tunic shown on the second figure is cut in what is known as Greek style. The model is much liked in lace, such as illustrated, and in silk, velvet and all seasonable materials. It can be cut with a low neck or a high one. It is exceedingly attractive and can be utilized in many ways. In the illustration the blouse and skirt are made of messaline and the skirt is trimmed with ruchings of the material. The over blouse is made with front and back portions and is closed under the left arm. The tunic is made in two pieces and attached to it. Any preferred blouse can be worn beneath, but this one is in plain peasant style, cut in one piece with the sleeves. The skirt is made in two pieces with seams at the sides only. In addition to its other possibilities, the over blouse can be used without the tunic, and when treated in this way it becomes a very simple garment, and can be made from any pretty silk or other material in color to match the skirt, to be worn over a guimpe in combination with a tailored skirt or with an odd skirt. For the medium size the tunic will require 2¼ yards of material 27 or 36, 1⅝ yards 44 inches wide with 4 yards of lace banding; for the skirt will be needed 4½ yards 27, 2¾ 36 or 44 inches wide with 2½ yards of additional material 21 inches wide for the ruchings.

The May Manton pattern of the over blouse, No. 7227, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 bust, of the skirt, No. 7123, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

The above patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each pattern ordered.

BLOUSE WITH FRONT CLOSING, 7277.

Here is a blouse that shows the very latest features of the season. It is finished with a big revere on the right front. The round collar is cut to from a deep black and it can be worn over or under the skirt. In this case it is made of corduroy with trimming of doe-skin



7277 Blouse with Front Closing, 34 to 44 bust.

cloth, but it will be found adapted to all materials that are used for separate blouse and for simple gowns. For wear with the tailored suit, it would be pretty made from light weight material, such as meteore or messaline, as well as from corduroy, which is in the height of style and, for entire gowns every seasonable material is appropriate. If a more elaborate effect is wanted the revere can be faced with material to match the collar, in place of matching the blouse.

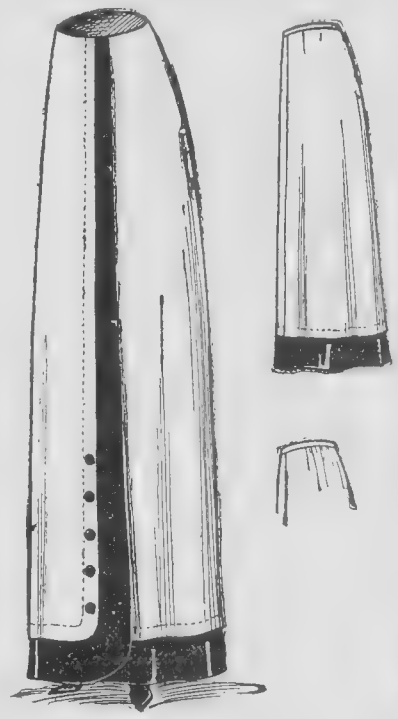
The blouse is made all in one piece, but the sleeves are separate and joined to it. When the revere is usde it is joined to the right front edge, but the blouse can be finished without it, if liked. The sleeves can be finished with cuffs or left plain.

For the medium size will be required 3½ yards of material 27, 1⅜ yards 36 or 44 inches wide with ⅞ yard 21 inches wide for collar and cuffs.

The pattern, No. 7277, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

THREE-PIECE SKIRT, 7273.

With foundation that is extended to form a panel at the left of the front, with high or natural waist line.



7273 Three-Piece Skirt, 22 to 32 waist.

Every possible tunic effect is in vogue. This skirt is absolutely new. The skirt is adapted to any two contrasting materials and it is overlapped at the left side after a novel and interesting manner. In the illustration, broadcloth is combined with velvet, but as will readily be recognized the skirt is just as well adapted to silk and to various lighter materials.

The upper portion and the trimming portion are each cut in three pieces, and the trimming portion is extended to form a panel at the left side. The upper portion is lapped on to it and stitched into place and the closing is made invisibly. When cut to the high waist line, the upper edge is arranged over a fitted girdle and under-faced. When cut to the natural waist line, the back can be fitted by means of darts or gathered and the skirt is joined to a belt.

For the medium size the skirt will require 3¾ yards of material, 27 or 36, 2½ yards 44 or 52 inches wide with 1¾ yards 20 for the trimming portion, width of skirt at lower edge 2¼ yards.

The pattern, No. 7273, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

GIRL'S DRESS, 7271.

With or without separate guimpe.

The dress that can be worn with or without a guimpe is available at all seasons. This one is made in that way and has an additional advantage of being both smart and simple. The trimming portions are arranged in a quite individual and unusual manner yet they involve no difficulties. The

They Taught me how to Live

did Diamond Dyes. And when I say this, I mean it in all sincerity."

So writes MRS. J. M. POTTER, of MONTREAL, who says further;

Before I learned what wonderful economy could be effected by the use of Diamond Dyes, I think I was the most extravagant housewife in Canada.

Never did I think of saving anything, much less clothes that were worn and faded.

On a friend's advice one day I tried Diamond Dyes, and esides getting beautiful results I learned a lesson that has been worth great sums of money to me."

There isn't a woman in the land who if she hasn't ever used them before, cannot learn a similar lesson from

Diamond Dyes

There are two classes of Diamond Dyes—one for Wool or Silk, the other for Cotton Linen or Mixed Goods. Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk now come in **Blue** envelopes And, as heretofore, those for Cotton, Linen or Mixed Goods are in **White** envelopes.

HERE'S THE TRUTH ABOUT DYES FOR HOME USE

Our experience of over thirty years has proven that **no one dye** will *successfully* color every fabric.

There are two classes of fabrics—*animal fibre fabrics*—and *vegetable fibre fabrics*.

Wool and **Silk** are animal fibre fabrics. **Cotton** and **Linen** are vegetable fibre fabrics. **"Union"** or **"Mixed"** goods are 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

Vegetable fibres require one class of dye, and animal fibres another and radically different class of dye. As proof—we call attention to the fact that manufacturers of woollen goods use one class of dye, while manufacturers of cotton goods use an entirely different class of dye.

Do not be deceived

For these reasons we manufacture *one class* of Diamond Dyes for coloring Cotton, Linen or Mixed Goods, *and another class* of Diamond Dyes for coloring Wool or Silk, so that you may obtain the *very best* results on EVERY fabric.

REMEMBER: To get the *best possible* results in coloring Cotton, Linen or Mixed Goods, use the Diamond Dyes manufactured *especially* for Cotton, Linen or Mixed Goods.

AND REMEMBER: To get the *best possible* results in coloring Wool or Silk, use the Diamond Dyes manufactured *especially* for Wool or Silk.

Diamond Dyes are sold at the uniform price of 10c per package.

VALUABLE BOOKS AND SAMPLES FREE

Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you that famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book and 30 or 36 samples of Dyed Cloth— Free

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., LIMITED
200 MOUNTAIN STREET, MONTREAL, P.Q.

shoulder edges of the sleeves are overlapped, and overlapped edges are essentially new. In the illustration, the dress is made of a light weight wool material, but it will be found just as desirable for the washable ones. The guimpe being quite separate can be of any preferred material.

The dress consists of blouse and skirt portions. The blouse is made with separate fronts and backs that are cut in one with the sleeves and joined over the shoulders, the trimming portions being arranged under them. The front is trimmed in harmony and the blouse is joined to a belt. The skirt is straight and plaited, and the closing is made at the back. The separate guimpe is a simple one, fitted by means of darts at the front. It is faced with all-over lace to form the yoke and includes two-piece sleeves, the lower portions of which are made of lace.

7271 Girl's Dress, 6 to 10 years.

For the 8 year size will be required 3½ yards of material 27, 2⅝ yards 36, 1¾ yards 44 inches wide with ⅜ yard 27 for the trimming portion, 1 yard 36 and ⅞ yard of all-over lace 18 inches wide for the guimpe.

The pattern, No. 7271, is cut in sizes for girls of 6, 8, and 10 years of age, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

SEMI-PRINCESSE GOWN, 7284.

With high neck and revers, or V-shaped neck and shawl collar, with or without shield, with three-quarters or long sleeves.

The semi-princesse gown closed at the left of the front is one of the newest and most fashionable. This one is especially well adapted to the combinations of materials so much liked. As shown in the front view it includes a single big revere that is exceedingly smart, but V-shaped necks are greatly in vogue this season and the round collar with low neck, that can be worn with or without a shield, is equally smart. Any two seasonable materials can be used. In the illustration broadcloth is combined with striped silk.

The gown consists of the blouse and skirt. The blouse is made with front and back portions and the sleeves are stitched to the armholes. When made with high neck, the revere finishes the right edge. When made with the collar, the blouse is cut on indicated lines and the collar is joined to the neck and front edges. The sleeves are finished with rolled-over cuffs, whatever their length. The skirt is made in three pieces lapped onto a panel at the left side.

For the medium size will be required 7⅜ yards of material 27, 5½ yards 36, 4¾ yards 44 inches wide with 1¼ yards of trimming, the width of skirt at lower edge is 2⅛ yards.

The pattern, No. 7284, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

SEMI-PRINCESSE GOWN, 7284.

7284 Semi-Princesse Gown. 34 to 42 bust.

The Food Question

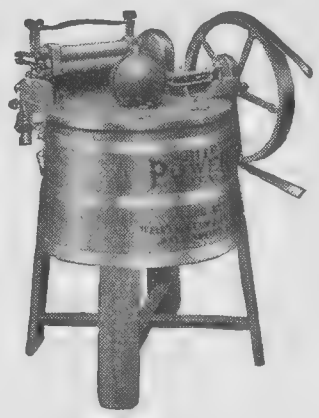
Collier's (Canadian edition) of August 26th contains an article entitled "Westfield—a Pure Food Town," which is sure to be interesting to all housekeepers. The people of Westfield (Mass.) woke up to the fact that they were not getting pure food or pure material for use in food. They do not want, and now will not have, fruits, jams, etc., in which certain preservatives are used, peanuts that have been varnished to make them look nice, etc. Of the groceries tested in the laboratory one of the most frequently adulterated is baking powder. A delightful concoction known as a tart proved to be puff-paste made with alum, with a jelly centre dyed with coal-tar. The article goes on to say: "So little baking powder is used in some homes that this product would seem comparatively unimportant. But a great deal of baking powder, however, is used in the bought cake and biscuits, and a great deal of this is adulterated." The adulteration may be by ammonia, which is fraudulent but not injurious, or by alum, which is decidedly injurious, as it hardens the tissues of the mucous membranes. As a precaution, look at label and see if ingredients are stated. Better refuse it if alum or something that looks like alum (such as alumina) is one of them, or if the ingredients are not stated by the manufacturer it will be well to select some other brand.

Jams, jellies, catsups, confections, gelatine, dessert powders, flavoring extracts are often colored with coal-tar dyes. These dyes are sometimes harmless, but very frequently injurious, depending on the particular combination. There is one bottle of Creme de Menthe at the Normal School which contains a coal-tar dye sufficiently poisonous to have killed two people. The bottle is almost full, but the small amount used caused the death of a man and his wife, and then the product was sent for analysis. Extracts are also adulterated with wood alcohol and with tumeric, a fraudulent adulterant.

No doubt many cities and towns will profit by Westfield's experience and follow its example.—Canadian Home Journal

Lloyd Osbourne: The world is divided into two great classes, yourself and other people. The latter are more numerous; and the former more important.

A WHITE LILY POWER WASHER MEANS A HAPPY WASHING-DAY



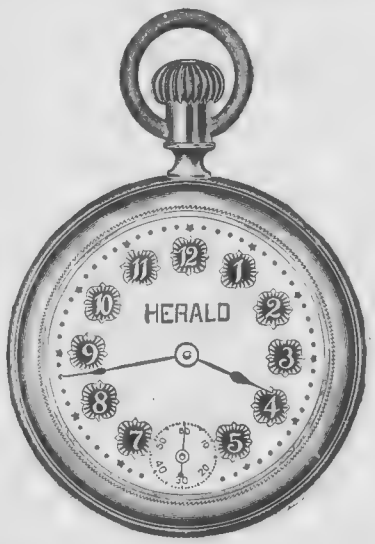
The day of the old-fashioned scrub-board is over and soon even the hand-driven washing machine will be a thing of the past. No more washing day drudgery for with a **White Lily Power Washer** the housewife **has absolutely no manual work to do at all.** Each washer is fitted with a special power connection which enables it to be driven by any engine and thereby can be produced spotless laundry at a minimum of time, expense and trouble. The washer and wringer work simultaneously so that one lot of clothes can be washed while another is being rinsed, blued and wrung out. Remember that every **White Lily Power Washer** is guaranteed for **five years.** Write for further particulars to-day.

GEM MOTOR CO.,

DEPT., W.H.M.,

419, Portage Ave., Winnipeg.

Boys, Girls



Would you like to own this watch or purse? We have made many of our **young friends** happy and **we** want to become acquainted with **you.** We know the **boys** and **girls** of **Canada** are **honest.** when **honestly dealt** with, therefore, **we trust you.** Just write and tell us which premium you wish and we will send you **prepaid** our twenty assorted **jewelry articles** to sell at 10 cents each. **Everybody** buys at sight. Send us two dollars and you get the watch or purse, **Free, at once.**

Genuine Herald Watch. 16 s. **Latest** Flat Model, Solid Nickel, Highly Polished, Small round bow, Knurled, **Gold Plated** Crown, **Ivoried Dial** with depressed secondhand. The Figures are in Silver on a **Fancy Panel** design in blue, which gives it a sightly rich appearance. Blue Spade hands; **Stem Wind** and **Set; Jewel Balance;** Patent **Tempered Hairspring.** A **guaranteed** Watch that anybody would be **proud** to wear.

Chain Mesh Purse — German Silver mounting. Round Link Chain Mesh Bag, **Fancy Embossed,** two ball clasp frame, finished in **French Gray** with **long** trace link Neck Chain attached. This purse is a **beauty** and will be **admired** by **everyone.**

WE AIM TO PLEASE **OUR GUARANTEE IS GOOD**

KING BROS., IMPORTERS,

Dept. "C," Box 1090 **CALGARY, ALTA**

Gas Traction Co.'s Two Big Four "30s," each pulling five 8 foot-cut Binders harvesting wheat.

Young People.

The Cider-Mill that Knew

There was once an old cider-mill that stood under a still older apple tree, and said nothing. The reason it said nothing was because it was not the cider-mill's time to speak. It always talked when apples were ripe; but now it was only apple-blossom time, so the cider-mill looked dingy and lonesome; but the loneliness was not to last. A Carolina Wren came drifting on the morning breeze one day, busy with plans for the future. Now, there was a rusty old sheet of iron fastened close to the top of the mill to keep out the wind and rain from its throat, but it could not keep out Dame Wren. She slipped slyly under it, and Papa Wren followed her out of sight. They were seeking a choice spot to build a cradle. Dame Wren didn't care anything about cider, but she thought the cider-mill just the place for a nest. Nobody—not even prying Pussy—would dream it was there. The cider-mill said nothing, but he was a sociable old soul, and earnestly hoped they would stay.

It was not long before Dame Wren had her cradle built under the iron roof. It was a very rubbishly cradle, indeed, made of leaves, twigs, dry grasses, and lined with fine rootlets and feathers. And it had no rockers, though Dame Wren called it a "cradle." But Wren babies were not used to being rocked, as are Robin and Tanager babies. Dame Wren said it was foolish to spoil babies so, and that the Robin babies cried every time the Wind stopped blowing. She said the Wind was a very rough nurse, anyhow, and reminded her of Tilly Slowboy.

Well, it wasn't any time at all before there were four speckled eggs in the cradle. Then Dame Wren sat in the darkness for many a long day, and the cider-mill was never lonesome. She had to stay at home to keep the eggs warm; but Father Wren flew gaily about, singing so that Dame Wren might hear. He often slipped under the iron sheet, and took her a bite to eat. They were very happy indeed. Dame Wren mused fondly of the dear babies behind the dainty shells. Perhaps she wondered if they would be good, or if they would cry to be fed. She knew she and Father Wren would have all they could do to keep the four mouths filled. I think the poor little dame must have suffered from the heat sometimes, and surely it was a trial to spend two whole weeks in prison when the grass was so green and the sky so blue! But she stood it bravely, because she knew it would not last always, and then Pussy could not even get her nose under the edge of the iron roof.

At last the little Wrens pecked their way out of the shells; but we heard not a sound from them. Neither could we see them, so dark was their cradle, but Father and Dame Wren told it. They crept in and out, in and out, with so many worms, insects, and other dainties that we read the whole story. We knew they would never go under that iron roof to eat; they would perch in the old apple-tree in the sunshine. The old cider-mill looked wise, but said never a word, but Father Wren was so proud that he had to climb into the old tree and sing all about what had happened.

The little brown parents were so busy now that we knew the baby Wrens would soon grow plump and strong. We watched for them to spread their tiny wings, test their slender legs, and venture out into the world with stubby tails erect. I fancy Dame Wren warned them many times to look out for Pussy, and to keep high in the apple-tree. And she didn't propose to have us see their first awkward efforts to fly. I'm afraid Dame Wren thought us almost as dangerous as Pussy; anyhow, we found the cider-mill deserted one day. But the old apple-tree was not; there were four scrubby, frightened little Wrens scattered among its twigs.

Imagine their wonder and surprise when they tumbled out of their dark cradle and saw the bright sun and blue sky! How wonderful the green grass and nodding blossoms seemed to them as they learned to fly from one roomy apple-tree to another, borne lightly upon the morning breeze! It could not be long ere they, too, would burst into song from joy of bird-life. I fancy, too, that Pussy will feel abused when she knows that she did not find out the old cider-mill's secret. She knows all about it when he makes cider; for then the cider-mill talks.

A Sweet Story.

How Twickem and Twee did love sweet things! They were two wee brown ants. One day they were running about, hunting for something to eat. Twickem could smell the sweetest, most sugary smell, and so he trotted along as fast as his six legs could carry him, and Twee scampered close behind. Straight up the side of the house they went, and in at the open pantry window.

It was sugar Twicken had smelled, a whole big can of it. It was on a small table under a shelf, and each table-leg stood in a big saucer of water. The ants could not swim; they could not jump across all that water. How could they get at the sugar! Twee found the way. Up the wall he went and boldly walked, upside down on the under part of the shelf till he was just above the can of sugar. Then he let go his hold and dropped. He had got to the sugar at last. Twickem followed him in the same way.

The little fellows ate and ate till they could eat no more. Then how were they to get back again? They climbed out of the sugar can, and crawled down one leg of the table till they came to the water in the saucer. A breeze had blown a leaf from the apple-tree outside through the open window into the saucer of water.

Twickem and Twee hurried on to it, and in a minute more, the breeze helping, the green leaf-boat swing away from the table-leg and drifted across the water, landing the ants safely on the outer edge of the saucer.

Then Twickem and Twee scampered home, and the big people in the house never knew how much sugar the little fellows had enjoyed.

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COULD SEE SUN SPOTS

Rutland, Vt., Feb. 16th, 1910

Telescope arrived O.K. I have seen the spots on the sun for the first time in my life. Dan C. Safford, Rutland, Vt.

COULD COUNT WINDOWS AND TELL COLORS SEVEN MILES AWAY

Newark, Ill., Feb. 9th, 1911

There is a large farm seven miles from where I live and I can count the windows and tell its color. Leslie Scofield.

At 10 miles distance could see objects invisible to the naked eye. J. Lewis White, Platteville, Wis.

L. S. Henry of N. Y., says: "Worth many times price." E. G. Patton, Kansas City, Kan., says: "Could count cattle twenty miles away."

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TO BLINK-WINKY LAND.

Two little boys went walking
Away to Blink-Winky Land.
With their eyes shut tight and a candle-light,
They walked away, hand in hand.
They ran over fields and meadows,
Crossed the bridges, big and small,
Jumped the little rills, climbed the high, high hills,
Yet didn't get there at all—
For with eyes shut tight and a candle light,
They went to Blink-Winky Land.

They sat them down to rest them
On the way to Blink-Winky Land,
And they cried, "We fear it is far from here,
And our eyes are full of sand!
Whatever can be the matter
That we tumble so about?"
Then a whisper clear came to each boy's ear,
"You must blow your candle out.
With your eyes shut tight, but without a light,
You must seek Blink-Winky Land."

Next time these boys went walking
Away to Blink-Winky Land.
They kept open their eyes. But, lo, a surprise
They found that they couldn't stand!
They bumped into all the people,
Fell down every step they took,
And were knocked about till their breath gave out,
And their wits their heads forsook.
Yet with candle-light, their eyes open bright,
They sought for Blink-Winky Land.

Now when these boys go walking
Away to Blink-Winky Land,
They blow out the light and shut their eyes tight,
And off they go, hand in hand.
And never a bit of trouble
Do they have in getting there.
The whole way seems short, as indeed it ought
To such a brave little pair,
For with eyes shut tight and without a light,
They go to Blink-Winky Land.

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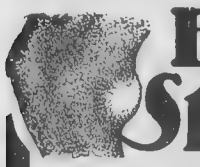

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Thorney

The True Tale of a Little Pet Fox.

Written for The Western Home Monthly by May Heward.

Thorney sat thinking. It was early spring; all around him birds were singing, trees were budding and a little breeze rustled softly in the branches, and Thorney listened to it. He had always heard the breezes whispering, or the wind howling through the winter but he had never heeded it, thought it told him of the woods covered with snow, of the burrows under the gorse-bushes, of the tender rabbits and young chickens that might be got if one were quick and cunning, but the little fox had merely tucked his head down into his paws a little closer. The snow did not appeal to him, he was warm here in his little house, and, although he wore a collar and chain he was quite happy. Didn't the children feed him with plum-cake and wasn't it very

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good? Did he not have all his food found for him without the trouble of hunting for it? No, he would stay where he was, he was quite happy there.

That was in the winter, but now spring had come and the many voices of the woodlands awoke. Awoke and called to the little fox with a strange insistence, he cocked his pretty pointed ears and peered into the woods. They were all round the bit of ground that had been wired in for him. Sometimes he would get up and trot all round the enclosure as far as his chain would go, then he would sit down again and listen, his sharp nose pointing to the woods. How they called! And how he wanted to go! Out to the smell of the soft, damp earth, out where the grass wind-blown rustled and sighed. He would go! What need to stay here? Ah! but the chain, he had never minded it before, but now pull and tug as he might it would not give way.

Night came on and with it the voices grew louder; the instinct of his race grew strong. Oh, for a canter through the dewy-scented woods!

Tug! Tug! Snap!

He was free!

A moment's astonished pause and then he was up, over the encircling wire and away, away into the dusk.

This was grand, loping along under the low-hanging branches, plunging cautiously through the rustling dead leaves that carpeted the ground. No more dead chickens for him, henceforth he would catch his own prey; no more kennel or chain, this was something to live for!

He pattered on joyously until presently he met another young fox older than himself.

"Hullo!" said the stranger, "where have you come from and why are you wearing a collar like that?"

"I was a tame fox," answered Thorney, "and lived in a kennel, but I have broken loose and I'm never going back!"

"I should think not," the stranger said, "far better to live in the woods. Come with me, "I'll show you round. By the way have you ever been hunted?"

"Never!" Thorney shivered as he spoke. "They used to shut me into the kennel when the hounds came by, or they would have killed me."

"Oh! ah! I suppose so. But when you're free hunting's grand; you double and twist and lead the hounds where you will."

"I'd like to try."

"So you shall. Come with me next time they are out. I'll show you some sport; it has to be a very sharp hound to catch me," and the stranger chuckled to himself.

Thorney secretly thought this a little boastful, but his new friend was a cheery companion and chattered on about one thing and another, putting the little novice up to many things in the code of foxes.

Presently they heard a to Thorney familiar sound, his name being called again and again by the children with whom he had been so long.

"Don't answer," whispered his companion, and they crouched low under cover of the gorse, waiting until the sounds had passed away.

Night came on again, and with it excitement increased; other foxes began to come out, owls began to fly noiselessly, presently an old dog fox stopped beside them.

"Hullo!" he said, "you're the little chap who was up at the keeper's, eh? What's happened? Have they turned you adrift?"

"Oh! no; I escaped," answered Thorney, "and I'm never going back. It's grand out here in the woods, and I'm going to learn to hunt."

"Oh! are you?" The old fox laughed scornfully. "Fine sport, no doubt, you think hunting."

"Why, of course," exclaimed both youngsters.

"Ah! of course," echoed the old fox, "but perhaps you've never tumbled into an earth, dead beat, with the hounds' jaws just snapping within an inch of your tail. I tell you, youngster, you were better off before. Take my advice, and trot back to your kennel, where you're warm and well-fed and never have to go supperless because the rabbits are too shy and the farmers have shut up their chickens. I've been hungry, I can tell you," he went on with a snap of his jaws, "so hungry that I could positively have eaten one of you. You go home; there's no place in these woods for an untrained little beggar like you," and turning from them he jogged off through the undergrowth.

"That's old man Blacklegs, don't you take any notice of him; he's always croaking. You stick to me, I'll show you."

So the young stranger, whose name was Fleetfoot, took Thorney home to his earth, introduced him to his brothers and sisters, and made him so comfortable and happy that he was surer than ever he would never go back.

There he lived for several days, hunting at night with his new friend and learning all he could teach him about it. Sometimes he would hear the voices of his little playmates calling sadly and he would feel a little sad himself, but, after all, a life in the woods was better for foxes, so he would stay.

One morning Fleetfoot awoke him, crying gaily.

"Come along Thorney, the hounds are out and it's a glorious day for a run. Up with you, we'll start together and see how the land lies."

Away they went side by side, trotting daintily until they came to a large patch of gorse here they lay quiet and waited.

Thorney was dreadfully excited, his heart went thump! thump! against his side. What a lot of horses were gathered there! and men, too; some in pink and some in dark coats, and the hounds; he could just see their waving tails. What a lot of them!

One of the men said something, and next moment the gorse seemed full of dogs.

"Come along," said Fleetfoot then, and side by side they sneaked out in the opposite direction, but a chorus of shouts and yells told them they had been seen and in a second they were speeding away over the open country, with the hounds in close pursuit.

On they tore, Thorney keeping up well with his companion until they passed through a small copse, and, coming out the other side, he turned to speak to Fleetfoot, only to discover he was alone.

The poor little fox was horror-struck. He didn't know the country; he had never run before. What possible chance had he?

He flew on gamely, guessing by instinct that the brambles and ferns on the distant hilltop might afford him shelter. But it was a hard run and a long one before he came panting and nearly finished up the hillside with the hounds close, so close behind.

He dashed into the fern and came suddenly upon Blacklegs, the old dog fox.

"Hullo! where's your friend?" asked the gentleman.

"I don't know," gasped Thorney. "I can't go any further; oh! what shall I do?"

"Tumble in there, youngster, and lie low. I'll get rid of them for you," and, pushing the little fox into a hole, he sprang out almost on the noses of the astonished pack and was off like a flash.

How thankful was Thorney when the hunt swept after him with a shout from the master.

"By Jove! the place seems alive with foxes to-day; there goes another!"

Thorney lay still to get his breath and think things over.

At dusk Blacklegs came trotting back, dusty and tired, but otherwise all right.

"Well, youngster, what do you think about it now? Not all the fun you thought, eh?"

"No," answered Thorney meekly, "I think I'll go back if I can find the way."

"I'll show you," said Blacklegs, "and we'll get our supper on the way; come along."

It was early the next morning before, at the edge of the wood near his Master's cottage, little Thorney said "good-bye" to Blacklegs.

"You remember this," said the old fox at parting, "don't worry about changing your place when you're well off. And if the woods will call—well let 'em!"

Just then the door opened, the keeper came out and Blacklegs drew back into the shadow, but Thorney, running up to his Master, rolled over on his back with all his legs in the air, so pleased was he to get home.

The keeper took him up in his arms, and, oh! how pleased all the children were, and how they peted him, and fed him on the very best of plum-cake.

After that Thorney stayed with them, a contented little fox. Blacklegs sometimes comes to see him when nights are dark, and Thorney often wonders what has become of Fleetfoot and whether he meant to leave him alone that day in the wood.

Who's Afraid in the Dark

Who's afraid of the dark?
"Oh, not I," said the owl,
And he gave a great scowl,
And he wiped his eye
And fluffed his jowl—"Tu whoo!"
Said the dog, "I bark
Out loud in the dark—'Boo—oo!'"
Said the cat, "Miew!
I'll scratch any one who
Dare say that I do
Feel afraid—Miew!"
"Afraid," said the mouse,
"Of the dark in the house?
Hear me scatter
Whatever's the matter
Squeak!"
Then the toad in the hole
And the bug in the ground
They both shook their heads
And passed the word round.

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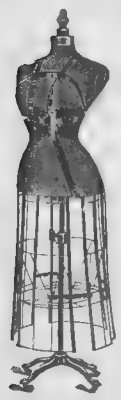

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Sunday Reading.

One Day at a Time.

We carry too often the burden that ne'er
Was meant for this day, nor the next day to bear—
How often we know the ills we deplore,
And shrink from the woes that ne'er darken our door.
Such worry's a sin: let's be done with the crime,
By living one day—just one day—at a time.

Then let all to-morrows stand waiting, I say;
And deal with each one when its name is to-day.
The best preparation the future can ask
Is doing one's best with to-day and its task.
Life's happiest and best — that's the path we must climb,
By well-chosen footsteps one day at a time.

For Husband and Wife.

Marriage is often a failure because men and women do not understand one another. Here are some things which please a woman: To be called sensible; to be complimented on being well dressed; to be told that she is fascinating; to be told that she improves a man by her companionship; to depend on some man and to pretend she is ruling him; to be treated sensibly and honestly, and not as a butterfly with no heart or head; to find happiness in being ruled by an intellect that she can look up to admiringly, and one to whom her own mind bows in reverence.

A man is pleased to have a woman love him; to have a soft, gentle hand to alleviate an aching head; to have a sensible and sympathetic woman in whom he can confide; to have a woman's strength and goodness to help him over the weak places and difficulties of life; to have her for a true friend and helpmeet; to have a woman treat him sometimes as a big baby, to be cared for and petted.

Beware of Sudden Friendships.

Keep a close mouth concerning your own affairs. Don't meet a girl for the first time on Monday and tell her your heart's secrets on Tuesday.

Sudden and violent friendships between girls often mean that the secrets confided in such cases are scattered broadcast. A little tiff between the two dear friends, and neither can be quick enough in telling the other's secrets.

Sometimes, in order to get relief, one just has to talk. When such is the case, be wise in choosing the one you confide in.

Never put a secret on paper. Remember that you can't get away from written words. The best and safest confidante a girl can have is her mother, but there are even some little girlish secrets that girls are shy about telling to their mothers. Try and keep those secrets to yourself; whisper them to your own heart.

You know we all have many acquaintances, but few of what may be termed real trustworthy friends.

Don't consult every one you know about your personal affairs. By doing so you will merely accumulate a mass of more or less unreliable advice, and will have given to the world that which concerns you alone.

My Boy's Room.

My boy is coming now to the age when he begins to think of other rooms than those in our own home, and so I must set myself about it to make his little corner more attractive than any he will find elsewhere, so that he will love it better than he does any other place in the world, and so that it will have the power to bring his mind back to Father and Mother as long as he lives, no matter where he may go or what he may do.

I begin by picking out the sunniest room in all the house, for he loves bright things, and to condemn him to a dark dismal room would be little better than to send him to the galleys and done with it. His heart is now cheery and full of joy. I want to keep it so. His home surroundings will have a great deal to do with this.

And when we go to pick out the paper for the walls, we will take Boy along with us. To the clerk who comes to serve us we will simply say, "Something for a boy's room — you know. Think how it was when you were a boy." Then we will give the boy's taste full play. We have no fear in doing this, for we have not let his fancy run wild in the days gone by, but have been careful to lead him along such paths as should develop in him a real artistic eye.

What queer tastes boys do have sometimes when it comes to the decoration of the walls of their rooms! Some grown up boys never get over this. I remember in college some rooms that were a sight to behold! Postage stamps, posters of all kinds, clippings from newspapers — anything outre and bizarre seemed to appeal to the young fellows who inhabited those dens. But never mind. This is only a passing spasm. It will go on, just as the mumps and whooping cough have had their day and left their record in the boy's diary.

While on this part of the furnishings of my boy's room, we must not forget a picture molding, for his camera is in active operation these days, and he is bringing in some photos that are really worth mounting and placing on exhibition. I noticed some of them last night as they lay on his table. Bits of landscape, with sheep in the foreground, a nook in the old sugar bush with Father tapping a tree, some of the thoroughbred cattle down in the lane outlined against the trees beyond a couple of the spring's calves; and here very much in evidence is Rex, the dog companion of us all. When slipped into the picture molding, these will always meet Laddie's eyes the first thing in the morning and the last at night, and they will leave their imprint on his heart through all the years that come; and who knows what influence they may have on his life.

Now that provision has been made for wall decorations, let's see to it, too, that there are some good pictures not of Laddie's own making. A fine picture has an educative value that cannot be overestimated. I would like Laddie to go with us when these are chosen, at least some of them; but when we have learned his taste, we may surprise him on his birthday or at the holiday season by hanging on the wall now and then a particularly good picture.

There will be a good many other things on the wall. Surely his school pennants, and perhaps those of some of his friends in other cities, with whom he has exchanged. If he goes to the state convention of any society as a delegate, we will encourage him to bring home the pennant which was displayed there. It will have memories worth while.

We must have a pretty carpet on the floor, one that will harmonize well with the paper and other furnishings of the room. We ought to have a good carpet, too, for there will be some "doings" in this room. Visitors will come, and who knows what fire there may be in the hearts of them all when they have looked the room over and cannot contain the flood of animal spirits any longer? So, too, the furniture must be of the sort that will stand usage. Stunts will be performed in this arena. Nothing flimsy will "stand the racket." Neither will it do to find fault if some of the breakables get the worst of it. Accidents will happen, and nobody will feel worse about it than my boy.

I should like my boy's room to have

PRIVATE OFFICE

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Proper habits of eating, with a Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal, restore good digestion, health and happiness.

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Girls, Here is Your Chance to Obtain FREE a Handsome Bisque DOLL Do you want to receive Free a beautiful doll? We have them for you. Our large handsome doll will sit down, fold its arms, turn its head, shut its eyes and go to sleep like a real baby, the best kind of a doll, 18 inches tall, with long curly hair, real eye lashes, handsome turning Bisque head, full jointed body, pearly teeth, very stylishly dressed, fancy underwear, with hat, shoes, stockings, etc., dressed completely from head to shoes, *free* to you for selling only 15 packages of our famous Marvel Bluing at only 10c per package. We send a beautiful finished Turquoise Brooch to give to every customer who buys a package from you. This makes them sell quickly

Return the $1.50 when sold and we will promptly send you this handsome doll. Write to-day Address Dept. 129

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The tray cloth regularly sells for 25 cents, and one year's subscription to our embroidery Magazine would ordinarily cost you 20 cents, thus making a total cash value of 45 cents.

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a matchsafe under the gas jet. I have seen one that will have a charm for him. The face and form of an Indian are on the front, gaily painted. Nobody ever saw an Indian thus painted; if he did, he would take to the woods in astonishment. Never mind that. The more paint on this Indian the better. Near the Indian will be a ring for neckties. I have counted them up and there are seventeen of them now, and the number is fast increasing. When does he ever wear them all? There will come a day when my boy will blush to think of this fancy of showing off the neckties he used to wear in this way. Let it all pass now. It is all right.

I will not be satisfied if there be not a good bureau in my boy's room, with a big mirror to dress by. The glass must be as clear as crystal—none of those wavy, irregular glasses that make a fellow look one minute like a solemn-faced deacon and the next shows his features up into the expression of a woodland elf. To match this a good, easy chair and a desk to write on must be in the room.

If there be room for it in the boy's room, and I hope there will be, I should like him to have a case for books. Otherwise, it shall be as near at hand as possible. There may be a corner in the hall just outside his door for this. I want it to be a good one, too, for I mean to put some good books into it. Already he has a lot of books such as boys enjoy—Alger, Henty and the rest; but now he is coming along to the point where he will like Scott and Kingsley and Dickens. When I get these works, they shall be good ones, for I see my boy likes to feast his eyes on books that are artistic both in cover and print. These can be had in our day in the very finest editions for a very small sum of money. I want some good histories, too, for where is the live boy that does not like history? With these I will place the biography of one or two of our best men. I want his taste to be developed along this channel.

What do you think about such a room as this for my boy? You are going to say something about the cost, but I do not want to hear anything about that. I can do it a little at a time and never feel it. And if I did, what of that? If I have helped to make my boy love home and his room best of all, could any money ever be called extravagantly expended that went this way? Seems to me not. Anyway I am willing to venture it, because just now my boy's life is in the making. He will never get away from the tastes and the habits he is forming now. So let me do my best, and then I will not have it to think of by and by that if I had done differently I might have kept my boy's heart true to the very best and highest ideals.

Before Your Mirror.

The Banishment of the Disfiguring Double Chin.

By Geraldine M. Forbes.

It is unnecessary to tell you that a double chin is undesirable. No sane woman wishes to have a bag of flesh hanging down underneath the chin. On the contrary, she does everything possible to rid herself of it, but usually with small success. Banishing an extra chin is really quite an undertaking, and one must bring knowledge and perseverance to the task.

Why are double chins regarded with such horror? For two very good reasons: Because they are most unbecoming, and because they are universally regarded as a sign of advancing age. Every woman past twenty-five wishes to look young, and the prettiest face in the world is made to look old and "of the earth earthy," when a double chin puts in its appearance.

Many years ago, in the time of our great-great-grandmothers, it was considered quite a mark of distinction to have a double chin. It denoted good living and that the world had dealt kindly with one. All gentlewomen past a certain age had them and were just the least proud of them, too! Doesn't that seem odd? But, remember, this was over a hundred years ago!

Things are very different now. Women have no desire to look fifty, when by a little care they can look twenty. They see no distinction in an ugly fold of flesh, and are eager to try any sensible treatment that will give them back a single chin.

If your chin looks like a pudding, you must give up the wearing of tight collars, as they never fail to give one the baggy pouch of the confirmed double chin. See to it that your stocks are loose and not very high. If your neck is not too thin for the fashion, make a practise of wearing the collarless dresses so popular now. They will give your throat an opportunity to bend and turn, and in this way the muscles get the needed exercise. Tight, high collars hold the throat as in a vice, and the muscles underneath the chin become flabby. Eating between meals and late at night is sure to cause double chin, and very often a triple chin. If you eat a lobster a la Newburg, or perhaps a sweet, just before retiring, you will be sure to wake up next morning with an extra layer of flesh under your pretty chin. Food eaten late at night seems to go right to the throat. For that reason plump women, or those who have a tendency toward over embonpoint, would do well to cuddle down to sleep without the customary "bite."

Girlie, don't let your head droop forward in that despondent fashion when you walk, unless you want to have chins galore. Let your chin stay in its present position for a moment, and study your profile in a mirror. You will see any number of creases and folds forming under the chin—double and triple — in their infancy, so to speak. It depends upon you whether or not they quietly fade away. Any girl who forms the habit of letting her head droop can look forward with absolute certainty to the day when she will find a heavy lump of flesh spoiling the pretty outline of her throat.

Such a habit can be easily overcome, if you will practise balancing a vase on the top of your head while walking rapidly around your bedroom. This is not an easy thing to do, as the vase will enjoy nothing so much as tumbling off and breaking into a thousand pieces. When beginning this exercise, be content to walk very slowly, or simply stand still, balancing a book or vase. As you become more expert, walk faster, increasing your speed every day until at last you can run swiftly around the room, balancing the vase in such a manner that it does not fall once.

If you succeed in doing this, you may be sure that you have learned to poise your head correctly.

As a rule the woman who sews is also guilty of drooping her head forward. She is sure to get into this habit if she uses the needle to any great extent, and the result is that she generally acquires a double chin. You can hardly blame it for putting in an appearance, as it is certainly offered every inducement to settle down and make itself at home. The moral is plain to be seen—hold the piece of sewing up so that you can see to stitch plainly without bending the head.

Summon up all of your courage now, as I am going to give you quite a strenuous exercise. It is warranted to reduce fat chins, but, sad to say, at the cost of many tears. This is what you must do: Stand erect in front of your mirror, put a hand on either hip, and take a deep breath, filling the lungs to the fullest extent. Hold the breath and hit your extra chin ten sharp blows with the back of your hand. Strike hard enough to make the tears come to your eyes. Now exhale. Once more inhale and slap the unwanted folds of flesh with your left hand. If you will practise this exercise for five minutes every morning, the extra chin will melt away in a very short space of time. I have heard it said that this exercise takes off a fraction of an ounce of flesh each day, and certainly that is as much as one could expect.

Another exercise that I wish you would practise for fifteen minutes every morning, immediately after getting out of bed, consists in holding the chin up as high as is possible and then lower-

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly

LOCAL TREATMENT FOR WOMEN'S DISORDERS

The health we enjoy depends very largely upon how the blood circulates in our bodies; in other words, if we have perfect circulation we will have perfect health.

There is a constant wearing out of the tissues in every part of the body. The blood flowing through the veins carries off this waste or dead matter, while the blood coming from the heart through the arteries brings the fresh new living tissue, the essence of the food we have digested, to replace what has been carried off. This constant wearing out and expelling of the dead matter and the replacing of it with new matter, atom by atom, goes on day and night, until in about 7 years a complete change has been effected. Thus every man and woman has an entirely different body in every particle of it from what he or she had 7 years before.

It sometimes happens, however, from a variety of causes, that the blood becomes congested in certain portions of the body. This means that the blood vessels in these parts become weakened, and the circulation in that section of the body becomes sluggish and stagnant. The consequence is that the dead matter in that part of the body is only partially carried away, and that but little of the new, vital matter is introduced there to build up and strengthen the tissues and nerves.

This condition invariably exists in all cases of female disorders. The dead matter retained in the circulation, which should have been expelled, causes irritation and inflammation of the delicate memberane, and oppresses the nervo centres. This condition is the cause of the grievous physical and mental suffering which accompanies female troubles.

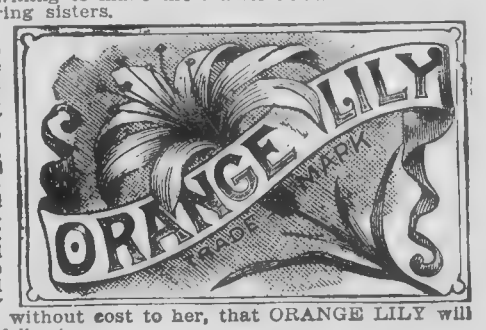
To obtain relief it is evident that the first thing to be done is to get rid of the dead matter which is being held in the circulation. If this dead matter is allowed to remain there a species of blood poisoning will result and nature will endeavor to get rid of it by forming ulcers, tumors, etc.

The above explanation will also show why ORANGE LILY is so successful in curing this condition. It is a local treatment, and is applied direct to the affected organs. Its curative elements are absorbed into the congested tissue, and from the very start the dead matter begins to be discharged. A feeling of immense relief, both mental and physical, accompanies it, and the improvement is constant and positive. This feature of the expelling of the dead matter is always present to a greater or less extent, and in some cases it is so marked as to be amazing. The case described in the following letter is not exceptional:

Dr. Coonley—I am thankful to Mrs. F. E. Currah, your Canadian representative, for my health restored by your wonderful remedy. I have suffered for 17 years, but not so bad until 3 years ago. Then I had a doctor, who told me I had a tumor, and could live no more than a year. If I went through an operation I would not live through it. A year later I sent for him again, and he gave me up to die. My husband then sent for another doctor, who performed an operation, and it did me much good. I doctored with him 3 or 4 months, but became so bad again that I thought I could live no longer, and I began to long to die. One day my husband came home and threw a slip of paper to me with Mrs. Currah's address and told me a lady had advised him to write to her for a treatment that would cure me. I said it was too late, that I would die anyway. I could not lift a teacup without hurting me. Then the first doctor told me I was worse than ever. However, my husband sent for ORANGE LILY, and the third treatment brought away one tumor. Others followed, until 7 tumors had been expelled, 3 large ones and 4 small ones. I know if it had not been for ORANGE LILY I would have died, for I could not live much longer. I would have thought it cheap at one hundred dollars for a month's treatment, instead of one dollar. It is worth its weight in gold.—MRS. GEO. LEWIS, Huntsville, Ont.

The above letter is published with Mrs. Lewis' permission. All letters received are treated as being sacredly confidential, but occasionally some patient feels so grateful for being cured that she is willing to make the matter known for the benefit and encouragement of her suffering sisters.

ORANGE LILY is a positive, scientific remedy for all disorders of the female functions. As explained above these troubles are of local origin, and require local treatment. It is just as sensible to take medicine internally for female troubles as it would be to take medicine internally for a bruise, a boil or an ulcerated tooth. In all these cases some dead matter is being retained, and the cure is effected by employing local methods for expelling the dead matter. ORANGE LILY has antiseptic, soothing and healing properties, and also tones up and invigorates blood vessels and nerves. I am so anxious that every suffering woman may satisfy herself, without cost to her, that ORANGE LILY will cure her, that I hereby make the following



FREE TRIAL OFFER

I will send, without charge, to every reader of this notice who suffers in any way from any of the troubles peculiar to women, if she will send me her address, enough of the ORANGE LILY treatment to last her ten days. In many cases this trial treatment is all that is necessary to effect a complete cure, and in every instance it will give very noticeable relief. If you are a sufferer, you owe it to yourself, to your family and to your friends to take advantage of this offer and get cured in the privacy of your home, without doctors' bills or expense of any kind. Address MRS. FRANCES E. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont. 7

ing it as low as one can. This is a simple movement, but it takes off the fat.

Try to do most of your exercising in the morning, as you are sure to feel too tired to do much beauty work at night. Generally, then, after you have bathed your face and braided your hair, you are ready to stop, and the exercises are omitted. For this reason, practise them in the day when you have plenty of time.

Another way of banishing a pudgy chin is to give it a special steam bath every other day for a month. Begin by wringing a small towel out of very hot water and holding it to the unwanted lump of flesh. Keep this up for five minutes, or until the chin is red as a rose. Now bend over a kettle of boiling water and proceed to steam that troublesome chin of yours until it perspires freely. This not only reduces the fat, but softens stiff, hard outlines.

Taking the fat off by steaming is a comparatively easy matter, but one must guard against leaving a fold of wrinkled skin hanging over one's collar. This would be an awful catastrophe, so before the chin has time to cool I give it a treatment with some good astringent. The following is a formula for flabby chins:—

Tincture of benzoin.....15 drops
Hamamelis water .....15 drops
Orange-flower water .....1 ounce

Throw twenty drops of the above into a basin of tepid water and saturate a strip of cotton cloth with it. Pass this wet bandadge underneath the chin, pinning the two ends together on the top of the head. This braces up the sagging flesh, and the astringent prevents the skin from wrinkling. In about an hour remove the cloth and dash ice-cold water over the throat and chin.

Follow this up with a heavy massage, using an astingent cream. The kneading of the unsightly overplus of flesh is sure to reduce it. The movement consists in stroking the double chin with the back of the hands upward, bearing down on the flesh with considerable weight. Never forget that swift, hard strokes reduce, and soft easy massage develops.

A good astringent massage cream is made as follows:

Oil of sweet almonds.....3 ounces
Oil of bitter almonds.....10 grams
Balsam of tolu .....2 grams
Benzoin .....2 grams
Essence of lemon.....2 drops
Essence of cajeput.....2 drops

This cream is very valuable for strengthening relaxed tissues, as also for whitening and softening the skin.

If you cannot spare the time to take the treatment outlined above, use a rubber adhesive plaster for reducing the chin. Wear this at night, and in the morning sponge off the place with cold water. This will prevent you from catching cold.

If You Are Fat Like This

I Can Reduce You So You Will Look Like This

ARE YOU FAT? If you are I need not tell you of the many discomforts the corpulent suffer, nor remind you of the dangerous risk they run. *You* know all this as well as I can tell you.

FAT IS DANGEROUS, because the corpulent are liable to sudden death from Heart Disease or Apoplexy. Besides this risk it hinders the breathing, destroys the health and spoils the appearance of either man or woman.

I CAN SAVE YOU FROM OBESITY, and reduce you to normal weight safely, easily and pleasantly, and as your excess of fat is taken off, Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart troubles leave you.

CONSULT A SPECIALIST if you want safe, sure and permanent reduction, because only the qualified physician who has made a specialty of Obesity can give *your* individual case the skilled attention it needs and *must have.*

THE TESTIMONY OF MY PLEASED PATIENTS shows that in many cases 5 to 7 pounds a week is taken off without starving and without exhausting excercises, and what is more *the fat does not return* when the treatment is completed.

E. A. Richards, Ex-Mayor of Holly Hill, Fla., says: "Your treatment cured me of Obesity, permanently. It is now three years since I stopped taking it and I have not regained a pound. It also cured my Dyspepsia, and I now enjoy the best of health."

Rev. Mary Kimball, 112 So. Jackson St., Janesville, Wis., says: "Your treatment for Obesity has cured me of violent choking fits and reduced my waist six inches and my hips eight inches. My garments now are all so large they seem as if made for another woman."

Mr. J. T. Harwood, Hartland, Vermont, says: "Your treatment reduced me from 242 down to 191 pounds and I have not gained a single pound up to this day, almost a year after."

Mrs. Harry V. Nichol, Treherne, Manitoba, says: "Your treatment reduced me from 210 to 157 pounds and never felt better in my life. I was a perfect burden to myself and never knew a well day for three years before taking your treatment. My weight is the same as when I stopped the treatment two years ago."

Mrs. John Bye, Minneapolis, Kas., says: "Your treatment reduced me from 203 to 145 and has also wonderfully improved my general health."

LET ME HELP YOU AT MY OWN EXPENSE.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER. My success as an Obesity Specialist has been so wonderful, and my patients are so grateful, that I feel ALL FAT PEOPLE ought to know of my treatment. So for a limited time I will send **Trial Treatments Absolutely Free.** However fat you are—I can help you. No matter where your excess fat is located, stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck, it will quickly vanish under my treatment. Mine is the Obesity Treatment endorsed by physicians. As well as being a Fat Reducer it is a Health Builder. **Don't just take my word for this; I will prove it at my own expense.** All you need to do is just send me your name and address and I will mail you the Free trial and some interesting and instructive literature about Obesity and how it can be remedied. **It costs you nothing** and places you under no obligation. Address

DR. J. SPILLENGER, Suite 205F 72 Madison Ave., New York City.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr. Spillenger is known the world over as a successful and honorable Obesity Specialist, and his statements can be absolutely relied upon. He is a graduate physician, licensed and registered by the State of New York.

A Favorite.

The fellow with a smiling face
Finds friends at every turn.
He doesn't have to search the streets
Nor for companions yearn.
For people like to shake his hand
And look into his eye,
And catch the twinkle lurking there
For every passerby.

The good right hand of fellowship
Extended is to him
Or be it in the market place
Or in the social swim,
For in the radiance of the face
Of this same smiling one
The people like to sit and bask
As flies bask in the sun.

The children greet him on the street,
For he is just their style.
They stop their play when he comes round.
And throw back smile for smile.
And even babies in their cabs
Look up and say, "Ah, goo!"
And he looks down at them and smiles
And says, "The same to you."

He harvests pleasures as he goes,
His friends his praises sing,
And as for foes—well, on the square,
He hasn't such a thing.
The world looks very bright to him,
In joy the day is spent,
And best of all, as you'll observe,
It doesnt' cost a cent.

How to Clean Silk.

To freshen black or dark silk, take three potatoes, wash them, and having sliced them thinly, put them in to a basin and pour a quart of boiling water over them. Stir this well, and when it is cold, pour the liquid off and take a sponge or cloth, dip it into the liquid, and thoroughly sponge the material all over. It should then be rolled up for an hour or two, and ironed with an old piece of black lining over the silk.

The Housewife's Friend.

In the laundry salt is a trusty friend, for if added to the water in which delicately colored fabrics are soaked it will prevent the color from running.

Ink stains can be removed, if they are not too old, by rubbing the spots with lemon and salt, and standing them in the hot sun.

Silver that has been blackened by eggs can be quickly freed of spots by being rubbed with wet salt. Salt must not be allowed to stand in silver salt-cellars between meals, however, or it will blacken them.

When scrubbing the kitchen floor, use hot salt water. Salt keeps down the dust and makes a carpet look fresh if used during sweeping.

In the bath-room or on the toilet table salt is invaluable. There is no better gargle for the throat and nose than weak salt water.

For those who are fatigued there is nothing more restful than a rub with hot or cold salt water.

Window and Door Drapery.

Except in the hands of a skilful decorator, draperies, such as portieres and curtains, should hang in soft lines, instead of being looped back with cords, as the drapery of these is an art in itself. Simplicity makes for taste in all household decoration, but in nothing more than in treatment of doors and windows. If the materials used must be cheap, there is added reason that they are not given an ordinary look by inartistic draping. Besides the greater

This Beautiful Switch

16 inches long and made of the finest quality hair for

$1.50

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Don't fail to visit us when you come to Winnipeg as we are allowing special discount during February.

If you are unable to come to Winnipeg be sure and write for a copy of our special catalogue It's free.

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The New York Hair Store

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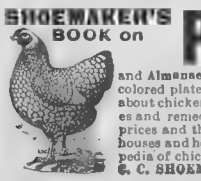
Eyeglasses Not Necessary

Eyesight Can Be Strengthened, and Most Forms of Diseased Eyes Successfully Treated Without Cutting or Drugging.

That the eyes can be strengthened so that eyeglasses can be dispensed with in many cases has been proven beyond a doubt by the testimony of hundreds of people who publicly claim that their eyesight has been restored by that wonderful little instrument called "Actina." "Actina" also relieves sore and Granulated Lids, Iritis, Cataracts, etc., without cutting or drugging. Over ninety-three thousand "Actinas" have been sold; therefore the Actina treatment is not an experiment, but is reliable. The following letters are but samples of hundreds we receive :



F. W. Brooks, Beauchene, P.Q., Canada, writes Owing to having severely strained my eyes writing and checking at night, my eyes became very painful, and I could not bear the light. After using "Actina" less than four months, I can read and write as well as ever.

Amanda G. Dumphy, Narhwaak Village, N.B., Canada, writes: I have used "Actina" as directed, and I can truly say it has done more for my eyes than I expected. I wore glasses for five years and suffered much pain. Since using "Actina" I can sew or read without glasses and my eyes do not pain me.

John Krahmer, Ricketts, Pa., writes: "Several years ago my eyesight began to fail. Oculists prescribed glasses but I received little benefit from them. After several months use of 'Actina,' I could read and write by almost any kind of light. I would not take one hundred dollars for my "Actina.'"

"Actina" can be used with perfect safety by every member of the family for any form of disease of the Eye, Ear, Throat or Head. Send for our free trial offer and valuable free book. Address: Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 84N, 811 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

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Do you want to receive FREE a beautiful Doll? We have them for you. Our large handsome Doll will sit down, fold its arms, turn its head, shut its eyes, and go to sleep like a real baby, the best kind of a Doll, 18 inches tall, with long curly hair, real eye lashes, handsome turning Bisque head, full jointed body, pearly teeth, very stylishly dressed, fancy underwear, with hat, shoes, stockings, etc. Dressed completely from head to shoes, FREE to you if you will sell only 25 packages of our Famous Marvel Bluing at only 10c. per package We send a beautiful Gold finished Turquoise Brooch to give to every customer who buys a package from you This makes them sell quickly

Return the $2.50 when sold and we will promptly send you this handsome doll Write to-day. Address Dept 30

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By rubbing a fresh lemon thoroughly into a sponge which has become slimy, and rinsing it several times in lukewarm water it will be as nice again as when it was new.

For Tender Skins.

A little borax added to the water in which a baby is bathed has a very good effect upon the tender skin of a small child. Oatmeal is excellent for the same purpose, and also for dusting the child's skin after the bath.

The Care of the Hands.

A pinch of powdered borax added to the washing water will help to soften it. The water should be just tepid, as if too cold or too hot it will coarsen the skin.

When doing housework, the hands should be protected with gloves, so that they do not become too grimy. If the hands are very red, a good skin cream should be applied at night and gloves worn, from which the tips have been removed. It is important, however, to see that the gloves are quite clean inside, otherwise the dirt from them will be drawn into the hands. Oatmeal water also acts as a softener to the hands, and is prepared as follows:

Pour a pint of cold water over a tablespoonful of oatmeal. Let it stand for an hour, and then boil up. When nearly cool, wash the hands in this, using no soap.

It is a wise precaution to rub a little powdered oatmeal over the hands after they have been dried, as the fine powder absorbs any suspicion of moisture that may remain, and is also good for perspiring hands, which many girls complain of. Talcum powder sprinkled inside gloves will help to prevent them getting stained, and to cool and dry the hands a few drops of eau-de-Cologne rubbed into the palms will be found beneficial.

Some people, however, suffer from damp hands, not only in the summer months, but also during the cold weather, when they are exposed to the bitter winds. Such people should wear gloves when out of doors, and should rub a little powdered oatmeal over the hands before going out.

"JUST ACROSS ON BOYHOOD'S SHORE."

I am gazing through the twilight
Of a day that's soon to close,
And the busy world around me
Seems to join me in repose;
I can see the golden sun shine
Of my youth now gone before
And my playmates calling to me
Just across on boyhood's shore.

I am roaming through the woodland,
Where the leaves are gold and brown,
I can hear the children singing
London Bridge is falling down;
I can see their happy faces
As they played when school was o'er,
How my heart aches to be with them
Just across on boyhood's shore.

As the twilight turns to darkness
And my eyes begin to fill,
As I gaze upon a cabin
Over yonder on the hill,
Where a loving voice is calling
As it called in days of yore
The voice of my dear mother
Just across on boyhood's shore.

Yes I'm gazing through the twilight,
And the sun has died away,
And my lonely heart is aching
And my hair has turned to grey.
I am dreaming of my childhood
That has gone for ever more
As I gaze across a life time
To the joys on boyhood shore.

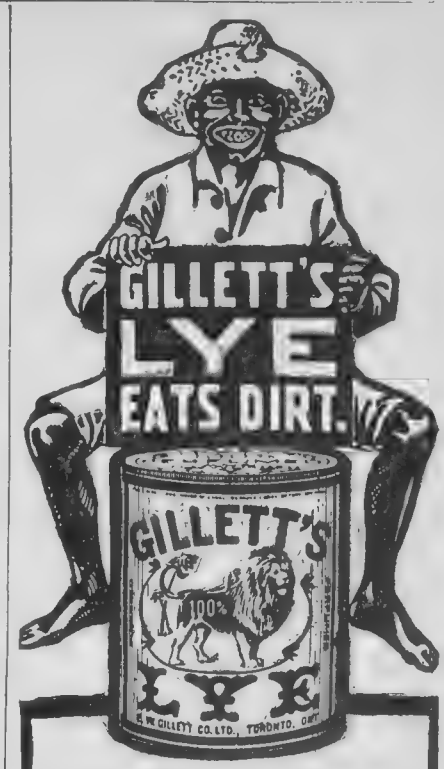
—Christopher James Bryne

Live for Others.

How little it costs if we give it a thought
To make happy some heart each day;
Just one kind word or a tender smile
As we go on our daily way.
Perchance a look will suffice to clear
The cloud from a neighbor's face,
And the press of a hand in sympathy,
A sorrowful tear to efface!

One walks in sunlight; another goes
All weary in the shade,
One treads a path that is fair and smooth,
Another must beg for aid.
The cost is small; I wonder why
One gives it so little thought?
A smile, kind words, a glance, a touch,
What music with them is wrought!

faced on the bottom and left plain or it can be finished with narrow ball or tassel fringe. The plain valances, particularly those of velvet, look well when finished with dull gold braid.



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WINNIPEG, MAN.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTHWEST LAND REGULATIONS.

Any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties.—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre.

Duties.—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties.—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Shiloh's Cure

STOPS COUGHS HEALS THE LUNGS PRICE. 25 CENTS

er, and a good cure for this ailment is to keep on the dressing-table a little box filled with powdered borax and starch, three parts of the latter to one part of the former, and to dust it on the hands after washing them.

A Laundry Hint.

To wash silk lace, procure a good lather of soap on the hands and rub the lace gently until it is clean. Then roll it round a bottle which has been filled with hot water, and the lace will be ironed and dried without the risk of being scorched.

Washing Woollen Goods.

Woollen articles ought never to be washed in hard water, and whenever possible rainwater should be used. They ought never to be rubbed at all; they should never be put in lukewarm water for washing, nor in cold water for rinsing; they ought never to be wrung; they ought never to remain lying in the water. These are some of the things to be avoided. Now as to what is to be done.

Well, first, let the things that are to be washed, be well brushed or shaken before beginning to wash—this is to get rid of the dust.

If several things are to be done, let each be begun and finished separately. A smaller vessel and smaller quantity of lather will suffice, and the stuff in which one article has been washed would do no good but harm to others—it is, in fact good for nothing.

With a piece of sponge or old flannel rub up a very strong lather of either soft soap or best yellow soap. The latter may be prepared with a small quantity of water, and the remainder added boiling hot—the moment before using it. The whole should be as hot as the hand can bear it—the hotter the better.

If the articles are very dirty, two lathers will be required in succession; and unless a second person is at hand to rub up the second while the first is being used, both had better be prepared in separate vessels, leaving only the boiling water to be added.

Take the article to be washed, and keep on dipping and raising for two or three minutes. By this time the water will be mainly absorbed by the wools, and the liquor left will resemble slimy suds.

Now squeeze the article as dry as may be without wringing it. The second water having been brought to the same heat as the first, proceed in the same manner.

Having again squeezed the article as dry as possible, for lighter things—such as shawls—spread it on a coarse, dry cloth, pulling it out to its proper shape; lay over it another cloth, roll up tightly, and let it remain for about half an hour. To keep them from shrinking they must be kept pulled into perfect shape while washing, drying and pressing, and there is nothing better than these suds for washing stockings and flannel underskirts. A plentiful application of French chalk will clean any woollen article such as light cloth jackets or coats and light colored dress skirts. Spread the garment on a table, then sprinkle the chalk over as much of the garment as can be cleaned at one time, then brush the powder well into the goods with a fine brush and when the whole garment has been carefully cleaned in this way give it a good pressing and it will look fresh and new.

Gossip Treated Seriously.

Few of us realize how much we gossip, and even when we are brought face to face with the trouble we have made by repeating what was told us in confidence or what often should never have been spoken of at all, we are quite shocked, and then at once begin to take our own part. Why, of course, to make mischief is the last thing we dreamed of, or would do under any circumstances. We only told the story because we understood it to be an absolute fact, and the people who talked of it to us are the ones to be blamed, etc., etc., etc.

Yet we know full well that Gossip, and her more vindictive sister Slander, would die a natural death if everyone of us would make this resolution, whatever we hear, and particularly when we are told not to mention it, we adhered strictly to the rule never to let it escape us in any way. Soon, indeed, there would be no unkind stories, no reports derogatory about anybody, because simply there would be none left to fetch and carry news.

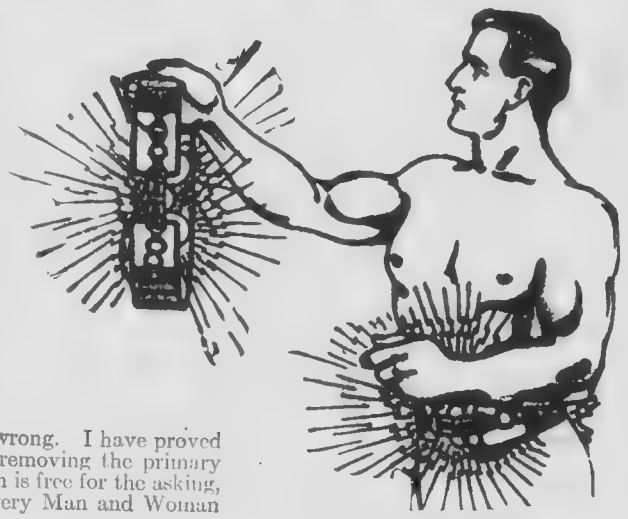
A New Way to Regain Health and Happiness

The Old Way

Long ago, when I first lifted my voice of warning against drugs and patent medicines, and began my first great fight in favor of Electricity as a curative agent, I found anything but smooth sailing against superstition and prejudice, but, knowing I was on the right track, I pounded away, backing my judgment with what money I had, and have lived to see the great change of sentiment that has now come over the public.

I have done my part in showing that this whole scheme of taking something out of a bottle, a vest pocket box, or to have something "rubbed on," in order to regain one's health and strength, is principally pure superstition. I have taught that, while the drug had a certain known direct effect, it had another and after effect that could not be foretold; that this after effect, or reaction, often causes other diseases, and produces complications and aggravations that require more drugs to mitigate; that this drugging habit, once entered upon has no end this side of the grave.

The old methods are wrong, I tell you; the whole scheme is wrong. I have proved to the world that nearly all human disorders can be cured by removing the primary causes, and if you will consult me, if you will read my book, which is free for the asking, you can learn something about this subject that will interest every Man and Woman who is in search of Health.



The New Way

If you feel that your Health and Strength—your vital stamina—are on the wane, if your liver has got into your eye, your heart in your boots, if you are not the Man or Woman, physically or mentally, you should like to be, I can give you the means of getting back the Strength and Vigor you have lost; a process of treatment founded upon common sense; one in which the use of drugs in any form does not enter.

Again and again I have preached that "Electricity is Life;" that by building up the nervous energy of the body by a constant and steady infusion of this life force, the causes of seven-tenths of the weaknesses and disease to which human flesh is heir can be effectually overcome.

Do you want proofs, Mr. Skeptic? I will give you an abundance of them. "An ounce of proof is worth a ton of assertion." Below is a sample of the kind of medicine I have to offer. Write to me and I'll give you more.

Dear Sir,—I am perfectly satisfied with the Belt you sent me. I followed your advice as far as possible and I have not been troubled with Rheumatism since. I have felt better this winter than I have done for four before. It was always in the fall and spring I was troubled with it. Yours, etc., **GEORGE MILNE, 69 McAdam Ave., Winnipeg, Man.**

Dear Sir,—After using your Belt for pains in the back for one month, I find it has cured me. I think it is the cheapest investment I ever made, as I have paid out more money for doctor's medicines which did me no good than would have paid for the Belt. Thanking you for your valuable service and wishing you success.—**FRANK HOWARD, Woodbend, Alta.**

Dear Sir,—I cannot praise your Belt too much for what it has done for me. I am strong and active again. I kept it I secret from my friends and they are always asking me how I came to be looking so well and strong, and I just show them my Belt, and say that is what did it.—**A. MATTHEWS. No. 44 Osborne Street, Winnipeg, Man.**

Do you doubt it? If so, any man or woman who will give me reasonable security can have my Belt, with all the necessary attachments suitable for their case, and they can.

Pay Me When Cured

My Belt is a success. It is a remedy upon solid scientific fact. Already it is proved that my Belt is a cure for hundreds of ailments that drugs and other medicines have failed to cure. For weak and broken-down men and women my Belt is the only logical remedy—the only effective remedy.

My Belt has proved a complete and lasting cure for Indigestion (Dyspepsia), Constipation, Headache, Drowsiness, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Weakness of the Back, Nervous Debility, General Debility, Sleeplessness (Insomnia), also Female Weakness, Menstrual Complaints, Inflammation, Bearing-down Pains, Dizziness. It improves the blood circulation, it restores lost vitality, it corrects every sign of mental impairment and physical breakdown in Men and Women.

FREE BOOK

Every man who admires the perfection of physical strength should read my beautifully illustrated Book. It tells how strength is lost and how to restore it with my Electric Belt. I will send this Book, closely sealed, free upon request. If you are not the man you should be, write to day. I have a Book for women also.

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About the Farm.

The Farmers Wife.

There is one thing that causes much real heartache in domestic life. It stalks the city as well as the country home. In a way it is not a serious thing. By a very few women it is not considered of any importance, but by 95 per cent. or more of them it is a source of never-ending unpleasantness for which there seems no remedy in sight. It is a matter of which the good, true wife does not like to speak; it hurts her pride to have reference made to it The majority of equally good husbands know nothing about it, for most of them are thoughtless about some matters. and this is one of the things concerning which the majority are very thoughtless.

We have reference to the wife's allowance of spending money. To ask her husband once for 10 or 25 cents or a dollar is no hardship. She can do that cheerfully. She argues that what that in reality it was only through the efforts of both of you that the wages could be earned Then suppose that you had to ask her for ten cents or a dollar whenever you wanted to buy a little tobacco or a pipe or a pair of shoes, and to give an account of every cent spent, how would you like it? Wouldn't you soon suggest that a division of funds be made on some equitable basis so that you would not be compelled to make your little wants known a hundred times a year? Of course, you would. Now the two cases are exact parallels. Your wife does not plow, sow, and reap, but she works as hard in the house as you do in the field. In the majority of cases she works longer hours and her work is usually more monotonous, more trying. She has a dozen things to contend with in the house where you have one in the field or among the stock. Her nature is more sensitive than yours. It is harder for her to ask favors than it is for you. Don't you see the point?

"Not very good friends."

is his is hers, and rightly so. She can ask twice, three, four, five and six times. She doesn't mind doing it for a year or two after marriage, but when she is compelled to ask her husband year out and year in for every penny she needs, and perhaps is expected to say what she wants it for, the ordeal becomes discouraging—yes, humiliating. Ten chances to one the husband means all right. He has drifted into the habit of being the custodian of the purse and has never once given a thought to a change.

The fact, Mr. Husband, that you may be willing that your wife shall have all the money she needs or as much as you can afford to give her, does not alter the fact that she feels humiliated at having to ask for it from time to time. If you don't understand her point of view, try to imagine yourself in her position. Suppose she were the bread-winner and that the sole cash income of the family came directly through her efforts. Suppose, also that she were able to earn this income only because you stayed at home to look after things about the house and Set aside a certain amount of your income for her own personal use. Put it in the bank for her. Let her use it when and how she chooses. She will appreciate it a hundred times more than she will acknowledge to you if you were to ask her about it. She will feel that her efforts are appreciated beyond her power of expression. You will be happier yourself, because you will realize that you have done the right thing. You have acted like a man.

It is true that many farm women do have their own spending money if they are so situated that they can earn it by raising chickens or something of that kind, but many more are supposed to turn in such earnings against groceries and household expenses. Unfortunately there are women who do not know the value of money. There are those who would spend a man's yearly income in a week or two if they could get it, but there are also men who will spend more on themselves and for their own exclusive enjoyment in a single year that they would give their wives in a lifetime. If your wife does

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Our readers will, no doubt, agree with us that this is the most extraordinary offer that has ever been advertised, and as it is not likely to be repeated, we suggest that you take advantage of it today. These three papers can all be sent to the same or different addresses. This special rate of $1.75 holds good to any address in Canada (except Winnipeg) and also to Great Britain.

Those of our readers, who in addition to sending in their own subscription, also forward us subscriptions for one of their friends, are entitled to ask for a magnificent picture of His Magesty, King George V, which will be sent to them **free.**

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Name.....

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Wheat, Oats, Barley, Flax

Owing to so much unfavorable weather, many farmers over Western Canada have gathered at least part of their crop touched by frost or otherwise weather damaged. However, through the large shortage in corn, oats, barley, fodder, potatoes and vegetables by the unusual heat and drought of last summer in the United States, Eastern Canada and Western Europe, there is going to be a steady demand at good prices for all the grain Western Canada has raised, no matter what its quality may be.

So much variety in quality makes it impossible for those less experienced to judge the full value that should be obtained for such grain, therefore the farmer never stood more in need of the services of the experienced and reliable grain commission man to act for him, in the looking after and selling of his grain, than he does this season.

Farmers, you will therefore do well for yourselves not to accept street or track prices, but to ship your grain by carload direct to Fort William or Port Arthur, to be handled by us in a way that will get for you all there is in it. We make liberal advances when desired on receipt of shipping bills for cars shipped. We never buy your grain on our own account, but act as your agents in selling it to the best advantage for your account, and we do so on a fixed commission of 1 cent per bushel.

We have made a specialty of this work for many years, and are well known over all Western Canada for our experience in the grain trade, reliability, careful attention to our customers' interests, and promptness in making settlements.

We invite farmers who have not yet employed us, to write to us for shipping instructions and market information, and in regard to our standing in the Winnipeg grain trade and our financial position, we beg to refer you to the Union Bank of Canada and any of its branches; also to the commercial agencies of Bradstreet's and R. G. Dun & Co.

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This preferred stock is cumulative, profit sharing—the 7% dividend payable twice annually

You can resell this stock to us or the company, at par, plus 7%, one year from the date of your investment.

Because the block we now control is limited you'd best write to-day for particulars.

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Free To prove it is better in every way, we give you the privilege of testing it at our expense in your own home. It will hatch ninety per cent of all fertile eggs and raise for you more strong, healthy chickens for market and make you big and easy money.

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CANCER

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not have an independent income for her own use that is commensurate with the resources of the family, give some consideration to this matter at once. She is your co-worker and helpmeet; let her share equitably in the returns of the labor of both.

Killing and Dressing for Market.

Most of the farm poultry is now marketed alive. The producer sells direct to the produce houses in the smaller towns and they, in turn, ship the live birds to the larger city markets. In some cases, the farmer possesses his own crates and ships his birds direct to the commission firms in the city. The shipping of live poultry always results in a tremendous shrink in weight. Many prefer to market their birds dressed. This is a wise plan if you know how to dress them in an attractive manner and get them to market in prime condition.

At this time of year the weather is cold enough to ship short distances without icing the package, and since market prices are lower now than earlier in the season one likes to get all one can for one's product. If you live close enough to a city market it would perhaps pay you to present a sample of your goods for inspection at some hotels or local meat shops and contract the remainder to be delivered dressed at specified dates. In such an event, the first thing to do is to put your birds in prime condition, with plenty of tender juicy meat on the carcass. The next thing is to get them properly dressed. At killing time you will need to pen them up without food for 24 hours to empty the digestive tract, for unless your state prohibits by law the selling of undrawn birds you will ship them undrawn. If you are obliged to draw the birds, this should be done with great care and as follows: Suspend the birds from a hook or limb of a tree by means of stout cord, head downward. The killing is done with a sharp instrument provided for the purpose. The instrument is thrust into the open beak, and the sticking accomplished by a deft thrust into the roof of the mouth, the instrument entering the brain and killing the bird without pain. While the bird bleeds the picker works rapidly so as to get all the feathers off while the body is still warm and before the skin contracts.

Save all the feathers, as live feathers bring a nice price on the market. Save all white feathers separately, as they bring a cent a pound more than colored ones. The head and feet are left on the bird; the first joint of the wing, the head, and an inch of the neck should be left unplucked. All pin feathers should be removed. No scalding or singeing should be resorted to if you wish to produce a first-class article. When they are picked, the carcasses may be dipped first in hot water, and then plunged in ice water to plump them. They are then ready for cooling and packing. For shaping the birds are often placed in V-shaped troughs, breast down and a weight put on top to cool and shape. They are then ready for packing in boxes or barrels for shipment. Your package will be chosen according to the number which is to go to each customer. If in large lots, barrels are best. Boxes answer nicely for small shipments. The packages should always be lined with clean, white paper. Be sure the package itself is clean and fresh.

Each bird should be wrapped in parchment paper to prevent absorption of moisture. The birds in each package should be of uniform size and age, and laid in the package with a view of uniformity. They should be thoroughly chilled before packing, and care taken to see that feet, head, and beak are clean so as to present an inviting appearance. Never include a scrawny, or unsightly bird in a package intended for the fancy trade. You injure the appearance of the whole package thereby and hurt your reputation for a first-class product. Better send a light package than an inferior article. Once you get up a reputation for a first-class article you can demand a first-class price and get it.

Just before the holidays is a good time for disposing of dressed poultry to private customers. Everybody wants fowls at that time. Even in small towns one can usually contract a large number of dressed fowls to be delivered during the holidays if one speaks in time, giving the customer to understand what one can furnish.

Prime roasters are usually sold to housewives in pairs, broilers in trios, capons singly or in pairs, turkeys singly, ducks in pairs, geese singly or in pairs. Home dressing of geese is rather a bothersome job and seldom resorted to by the farmer who has but few. If you can dress them nicely for private trade, however, it will pay and you will have the feathers and down left at home for your own use or for sale.

Farmers Must Organize.

There is unrest and dissatisfaction the world over. The immediate cause is high prices of food-stuffs. The cause back of that is scarcity of food products. This in turn is the result of too large a proportion of the people being engaged in non-agricultural pursuits. In the United States only one-third are engaged in the production of the raw products used in feeding and clothing all of us. A century ago 97 per cent. of the people lived on farms. It is true that the invention of labor-saving machinery has greatly increased the efficiency of the man on the farm; so much so that he can now produce food and clothing—or the raw products therefor—for his own and two other families, while a century ago, after he had provided for his own family it took his surplus together with the surplus of 63 others to take care of two non-agricultural families. Thus it may be said that in the United States one farmer to-day produces as much as 664 did then.

In those days the farmer was more than a producer of raw materials. He was his own manufacturer of cloth and clothing; he ground his own grain; hauled his own products to market; built his own buildings; did his own butchering; cured his own meat; was usually his own physician; did, in fact, a thousand and one things that others now do for him. He was not only a farmer, but also a general utility man, able to do almost everything he turned his hand to. He was not an expert; experts were not known in those days; they are a product of modern times—the outgrowth of our present-day civilization. Inventions along all lines of work have made men everywhere more efficient; they, more than anything else, have created experts or specialists. These specialists—builders, bricklayers, stonecutters, plasterers, paperhangers, carpenters, painters, conductors on railway trains, brakemen, blacksmiths, wagon makers, weavers, cheesemakers, bakers, butchers, millers; dealers in hardware, groceries, clothing, stationery, and hundreds of others that might be mentioned have each organized themselves into cliques of their own for the purpose of self-protection. The small organizations, in turn, have combined into larger groups where their main interests were mutual, until finally some of these organizations, as capital, labor, wholesale and retail dealers' associations, bankers' associations, mining companies, railroads, express companies, steamship associations, etc., have become so strong and so powerful through the capital they control and through their superior numbers as compared with the farmer that the latter is up against the greatest problem that he has ever coped with.

Feeding for Winter Eggs.

The study of economical feeding and its practical application is one of the most important factors in poultry culture. Most successes or failures are directly traceable to the methods of feeding employed. This is especially true in regard to the question of egg production.

Chemical experts can tell us pretty nearly what a properly balanced ration is. There is, however, no iron clad rule which will apply to every flock. Variations must be made with reference to

changes in climatic conditions and differences in breed characteristics. A great deal of common sense must be used in applying the principles that have been worked out by the experts. One must also feed somewhat in accordance with the future expectations from the flock. A flock kept with no other object than winter egg production may be fed and pushed much more forcibly than one which is expected to produce many fertile eggs with strong germs for spring hatching. Various food rations will give satisfactory results if wisely adjusted to the case in hand. For this reason one must know what constituents are necessary to promote health in the flock and at the same time furnish the materials necessary for egg production. The chief requirements are that the food be wholesome, that enough be fed to keep up the natural functions, and that it be fed in such a way as to furnish incentive for vigorous exercise.

An egg contains 57.4 per cent. white, 32.5 per cent. yolk, and 10.1 per cent. shell. The shell consists almost entirely of lime. The yolk contains 50 per cent. water, 15.5 per cent. protein, 33.5 per cent. fat, and one per cent. mineral matter. The white contains 85 per cent water, 12.36 per cent. protein, 2.3 per cent. fat, and .34 per cent. mineral matter. This shows that an egg is a little more than half water, and that it contains a good deal of protein and fat. This naturally suggests the importance of a plentiful supply of fresh, clean water for laying hens, and also a ration comparatively rich in protein. Corn contains an excess of carbonaceous matter; consequently, when this is being fed we need other materials to balance it. Lean meat, milk, and some of the leguminous foods such as cowpeas, alfalfa, clover, etc., are suitable for this purpose. The legumes are used for vegetable protein; the meat, milk, and green bone for animal protein. Some claim that animal matter is not necessary if enough vegetable protein is furnished, but we believe that a little of both is better than either kind alone.

We usually speak of carbohydrates and fat in the same terms in making up rations, although strictly speaking, they are not the same; the latter is more concentrated than the former. The nutriment in one pound of fat is as valuable as that in 2.55 pounds of carbohydrates Both, however, are used as fuel for the body to keep up fat in the body and in the yolk of the egg. The term "carbohydrates" is a collective name for such constituents as sugars, starches, and other similar bodies. Protein is used in the body of the hen for producing muscle, feather, the white of the egg, etc.

The New York Experiment Station has figured out that 100 laying hens weighing about five pounds each will require the following amounts of digestible nutrients daily: Protein, five pounds; carbohydrates, 18.8 pounds; and fat, 1.8 pounds. In other words, for every pound of protein they require 4.5 pounds of carbohydrates. As to total dry matter, they need 27.5 pounds, and this should contain about 1.5 pounds of mineral constituents.

Having seen that a laying hen requires 4.5 times as much carbohydrates as protein, making a ratio of 1 to 4.5 of protein to carbohydrates, let us examine some of the common grains to see if they contain these nutrients in that proportion. Wheat contains one part of protein to seven of carbohydrates; oats, one to six; barley, one to eight; buckwheat, one to 6.6; bran, one to 4.1; shorts, one to 4.3; alfalfa, one to 3.7; oil meal, one to 1.6; corn, one to 10; beef scrap, one to five.

These facts show that corn has a great deal too much carbohydrate material (fat-forming elements), while beef scrap has far too little. None of the grains contain enough protein without the addition of a little beef scrap. This is one reason why beef scrap is such a valuable poultry food. Green food aids digestion, and it also aids the body in getting rid of the waste products which exist in every ration.

It seems best to grind all the grain food rather coarsely, and then screen out the fine mealy portions. The coarser grain is placed in the hoppers after being previously mixed in the proper proportion. The fine meal is then used in an occasional wet mash for variety. Some whole grain should be fed in the litter to induce exercise. The real object in grinding the grain is to enable the hen to save the energy she would use for this purpose. A ration based upon the above facts is as follows: 400 pounds wheat, 200 pounds corn, 50 pounds oats, 75 pounds bran, 75 pounds shorts, 50 pounds oil meal. Save the whole wheat for feeding in the litter; also screen out 100 pounds of the coarsest of the cracked corn for the same purpose.

Grind the oats and mix with these the other constituents evenly. Use this mixture in the food hoppers and let the hens eat all they want of it. In addition to this, feed six pounds a day of the cracked corn and wheat mixture per 100 hens in the litter. The hens will help themselves to the food in the hoppers and if made to scratch in deep litter for the whole grain there is no danger of their getting too much feed.

In addition to this grain, give six pounds of cut alfalfa hay per day per 100 hens, or leave the hay in mangers where they can help themselves. They will also need six pounds of roots or green food a day and all the grit, oyster shell, meat scrap, and green bone that they care to help themselves to from the hoppers. Some slaked lime broken in chunks and lying where the fowls can get at it will make up for a lack of lime in the suggested ration. If the fowls are kept busy, happy, and warm they will do their own balancing of rations, if the right kind of food is before them.

An Indian camp.

ANTON MICKELSON
President

Don't Let Gophers Rob You This Year

The gophers and squirrels are now sleeping and dreaming of what great feasts they will have as soon as you start your spring seeding. As soon as the snow disappears, they will wake up from their long sleep and join together for the big feast of grain that the farmer will be spreading and which he believes will produce bounteous crops for him. The gophers *did it last year and the year before and they can't figure out any reason why they won't be able to do it again.* Yet the whole matter is in *your hands*, Mr. Farmer. Are you going to stand a loss of $200 every 80 acres, or are you going to prevent this loss?

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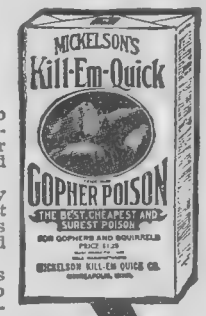

from your druggist right away? Have it on hand ready. It is easy to use. The first day you see any signs of a gopher mix a little Kill-Em-Quick, carry it out in the field and put it wherever you know a gopher has been. Go back in a few minutes and if the gopher remained around there you will find him *dead.*

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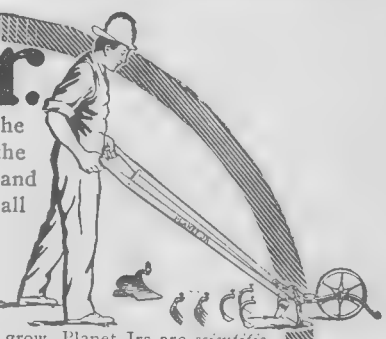

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Wintering Farm Machinery.

Wintering farm machinery means more than protection from rust and rot. It means, in addition, a preparation for next season's severe service, at which time there is frequently little time for oiling, to say nothing about repair relays. It means putting the machines into such a perfect state of repair that they will go through the season's work without further repairing. When this is not possible, it means the stocking up with parts likely to need replacing, so that only a few minutes' delay is caused and the machine is back into service.

This state of repair and the resulting efficient service from farm machinery may be secured in a number of ways.

The author has found it convenient to go over each machine when in storage. He takes his kit of tools and a supply of bolts and nuts, spring cotters and shipping tags with him. All the repairing that can be done, without ordering repairs, is done. Loose nuts are straightened, missing nuts or broken and lost bolts are replaced and bent braces straightened. Wood parts are also replaced or repaired as necessary.

This done, the repairs that need to be ordered, or repairing that cannot be completed at this time, are noted on a shipping tag and the tag attached to the machine. Thus the tag attached to the gang plow might read as follows:—"Bearing for rolling coulter, Nos. M. 392 and M. 393. 1 M. bolt 1 2x5 inches tongue. Sharpen sheares." The machine bolt was not in box, so would have to be ordered. Each machine is gone over in this way. When through, the tags attached are inspected and repairs noted. These are ordered or made, as is necessary. As soon as the repairs arrive, or are made, they are put on the machines and the tags checked.

For some machines a stock of duplicate parts should be ordered. Take, for example, mowing machines on an alfalfa ranch. There should be on hand at all times extra knives, sections, rivets, wearing plates, ledger plates, guards, guard bolts, pitman, and crank boxes. If the machines are old, perhaps a crank shaft gear and pinion should be had also. A similar list could be prepared for a combined thresher, self binder, steam or gas tractor, as the case might be.

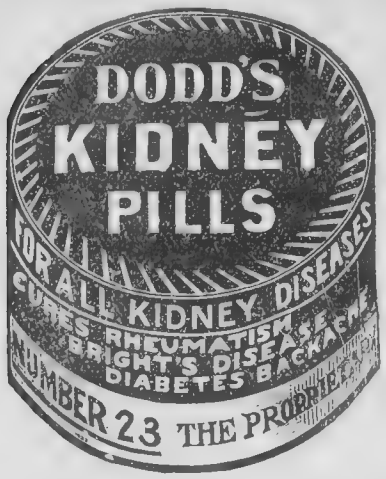
Sometimes the weeding process is necessary and some machines should be scraped. Machines doing ineffectual work, inconvenient to handle, or of excessive draft, may be profitably discarded and the more up-to-date machine purchased. But while this is true, the need of repairs is little excuse for the purchase of a new machine.

Some plan of securing the same dependable service from the used farm machine, as from new machines, is necessary, if the crop producer is to win. Begin now to put your machinery into trim for a winning season's work.

A typical prairie farm house.

Dairy By-Products.

There are two reasons why dairying is the most profitable line of farming. In the first place it provides a steady income, and in the second place it furnishes by-products that are almost as important as the direct results of the work. In the successful management of any manufacture, the use of the by-products often spells success. Frequently the income that is derived from them is sufficient to carry on the overhead expenses of the plant. The fact that one man realizes on these by-products and another fails to, distinguishes between the successful and the unsuccessful manufacturer. Likewise on the farm the fact that one man appreciates the importance of the industries that dairying makes possible while his neighbor is blind to all of this great profit marks the difference between the successful and the unsuccessful dairy man. Everywhere we hear about the necessity of conserving natural resources. No line of farming makes it possible to foster these resources more successfully than dairying. Where a dairy herd is kept and only the butterfat is sold from the farm, the land may be built up in productive capacity with every season. Experiments have shown that abandoned farms can be put into the profitable class merely by using the fertility provided by a dairy herd. The fertilizers then is one of the first by-products of importance. If men are going to hand down to posterity land that will yield a living for forthcoming generations they must study how best to replace the elements of plant life that were taken out of the soil by each drop that is harvested. The dairy cow is the solution. This one by-product then makes it possible to take land that is depleted and restore its fertility or to retain the fertility with each crop that is harvested, always leaving a little more plant food in the soil than is taken out. In other states where it is necessary to buy commercial fertilizers the bills for these have eaten a big hole into the profits, sometimes leaving nothing for the man's work. This first by-product of dairying then is of sufficient importance to establish the industry regardless of anything else. The second income that may be realized by the dairy farmer comes from the sale of young stock for breeding purposes. A man who has a registered herd of any of the dairy breeds can, if he will handle the business right, find a ready sale at long prices for anything that he wishes to dispose of. Even grade heifers and cows are bringing very flattering figures in every section where dairying is followed. With a herd of 10 or 20 good cows it will not be impossible to realize an income from the young stock that would be several times as large as the entire earning capacity of the average clerk or office employee. The third by-product of importance is skim milk. A well managed dairy farm will keep practically all of this for home use. It makes it possible to raise and develop calves, pigs, and chickens. The profit from the pigs needs little explanation at this time. Everyone who has had any experience in raising and marketing hogs knows the value of skim milk, and he also knows how useful the checks from the market hogs are. From this on down one may estimate the various possibilities of the farm. Poultry can be



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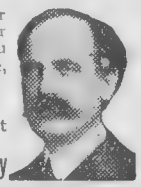

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kept to better advantage and eggs are by no means an inconsiderate item on the average farm. By-products of the dairy then make it possible to raise better crops; to enlarge the earning capacity of the farm; to realize on side lines that would otherwise be out of the question. Dairy by-products are certainly worth consideration.

The Social Centre.

For years I have been trying to cast my influence on the side of sociability and community of interest in rural life. I am not in favor of anyone laying down arbitrary rules, and saying "You should do thus and so, and so," and for that reason I have not staked out the lines and boundaries of ways and means for social life, believing that the suggestion was sufficient. We complain loudly because the young flock to town, and wonder why. Let us get down to bed rock and find out the reason why. Man is a "gregarious animal;" poor fellow, he has to be in order to preserve himself when he had only his fists to protect himself and the race with. Let's study nature a little. The buffalo goes in herds. Why? Because he can protect himself and his young in no other way, so he has the instinct of herding. The same is true of sheep. The bear can protect himself, therefore, he prowls alone. This runs all through nature. When man began he was not provided with six shooters, and gattling guns; he had to preserve himself as best he could, and he went in herds. And even in the most civilized life, men cannot do their best and live alone, or in pairs. It needs more than men, singly, to build homes, to lay railroads and dig Panama canals. So we see that the instinct of "herding" is a necessity for mankind. That is why they crowd into towns. There is nothing wrong about the instinct, nothing to be blamed. But the day will certainly come when there will be millions of small towns, manufacturing centres, mill centres, and trade centres, and the great overcrowded cities will be smaller. Again there is human instinct of mating. We do not look this one of the first and greatest laws of life squarely in the face. We blush and stammer and deny, if the subject of marriage comes up, and therein we are wrong. It is right that every healthy, sane person should marry and raise a family, and since the happiness of life depends upon a wise choice, the natural instinct, although unrecognized by the young themselves, is to select the mate best suited to each. It is not true that a large town or big city is the best place to find one's mate, but instinct in this case is blind, instinct draws toward the crowd. Conventionality in the cities makes it extremely hard to find desirable acquaintances. The remedy for all this social centres all through the country everywhere. In speaking of this subject, a writer says:—

"The more we study the social problems of the rural districts the more we are convinced that social centre gatherings will begin the solution of many of these problems. The great difficulty is a lack of trust, which is based upon a misunderstanding of the intentions of others. Isolation has caused us to become conceited and hence to set up ideals of our own without deference to others. We expect our neighbors to meet us upon our own level and upon our own terms, and give us all of the social and economic advantages.

"When men read and think, they are qualified to discuss social, moral and political questions intelligently. Education is the solution. The schoolhouses all over the country should be utilized not only for teaching the youth, the future citizens of the country, but to enlighten, uplift and bind together the older people of the neighborhood. The schoolhouse is for the old as well as the young."

Every district schoolhouse should be the headquarters of a social circle, and there should be much visiting from one centre to another. Just what each social centre should do would develop from its own needs. The first thing is to establish the centre.—E. J. P.

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Health Specialist Sproule

The Great Catarrh Specialist Explains

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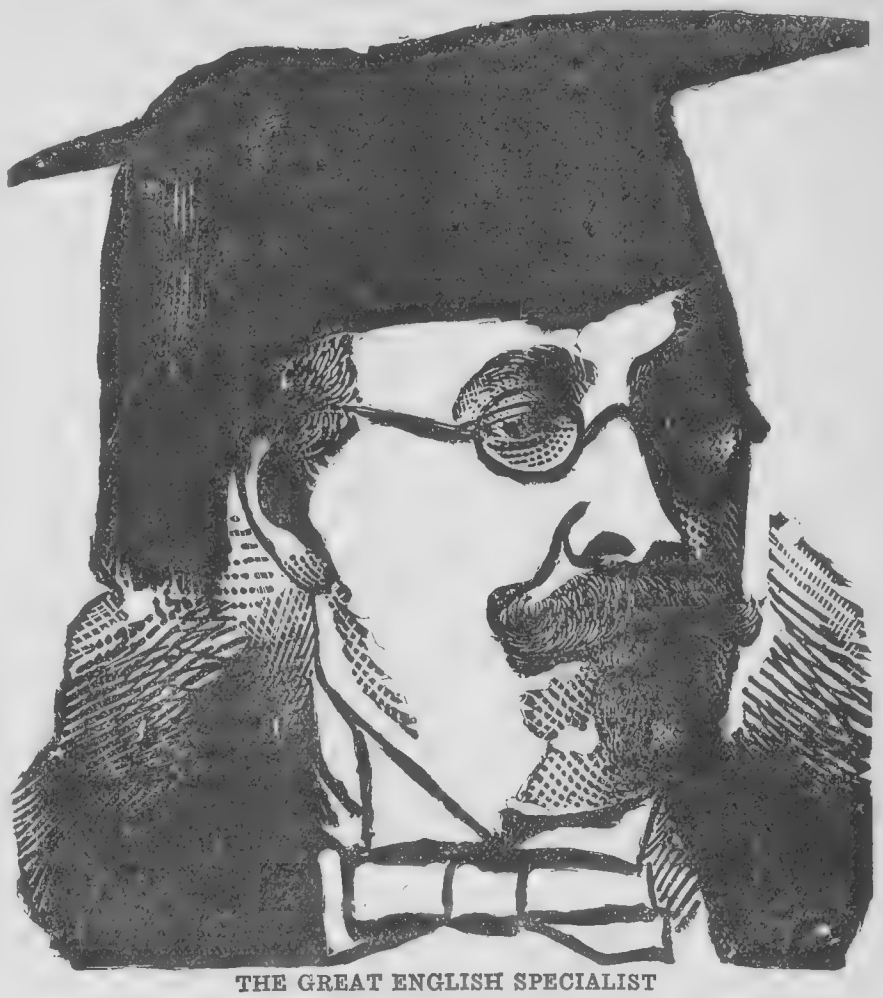

THE GREAT ENGLISH SPECIALIST

Graduate in Medicine and Surgery of Dublin University, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service.

Has Cured all Forms of Catarrh

Twenty-five years ago a young but highly honored surgeon in the British Royal Mail Naval Service astonished his friends by suddenly leaving, and entering on private practice. That surgeon was the now famous Catarrh Specialist Sproule. His keen brain had early seen in the then new disease, Catarrh a, menace to the life and happiness of the civilized world. While other physicians were neglecting it as unimportant, Specialist Sproule studied its nature and the means of cure. He labored in office, hospital, and laboratory. He mastered the subject.

As Specialist Sproule had foreseen, Catarrh spread with frightful rapidity. Thirty years ago, Catarrh was almost unknown. Now no age or sex is exempt from it. No locality or climate is a cure for it. It is in many cases the forerunner of Consumption. Vital statistics show that deaths from Consumption in this country have increased in the last five years in startling fashion. Altogether too many of these cases have been traced back to Catarrh as their starting point.

Catarrh Specialist Sproule, the first to make Catarrh a specialty, has perfected a scientific, constitutional treatment which has cured hundreds and hundreds of cases of Catarrh. Many hundreds of Canadian people, throughout the provinces, bless the day they saw his advertisement ten or fifteen years ago.

The widely advertised so-called "Catarrh cures" often do more harm than good, by driving the Catarrh germs deeper into the system. Painful stomach disorders and even more serious troubles have thus originated.

Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane and is curable only through the blood, and by medicines prepared for each case. Medicine that will cure one will often harm another. Specialist Sproule's method drives every germ out of the body. It clears the head, stops the hawking and spitting, sweetens the breath, strengthens the eyes, restores the hearing. It purifies and enriches the blood. It invigorates and tones up the entire system. It gives new life, energy, and ambition. The hardships of life seem easier to bear. Work becomes a pleasure. The man feels as if made over.

Catarrh Specialist Sproule's name is revered as that of a benefactor in thousands of homes. If you have any symtoms of Catarrh, the specialist earnestly invites you to write to him and tell him all about it. It will cost you nothing. He will give you the most valuable

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE

He will diagnose your case without charge and tell you just what to do. Do not delay. In such cases every moment is precious. Do not neglect yourself. Above all do not give yourself wrong treatment. The results may be serious.

CATARRH of the HEAD and THROAT

The most prevalent form of Catarrh results from neglected colds.

1 *Dou you spit up slime?*
2 *Are your eyes watery?*
3 *Does your nose feel full?*
4 *Does your nose discharge?*
5 *Do you sneeze a good deal?*
6 *Do crusts form in the nose?*
7 *Do you have pain across the eyes?*
8 *Does your breath smell offensive?*
9 *Is your hearing beginning to fail?*
10 *Are you losing your sense of smell?*
11 *Do you hawk up phelm in the morning?*
12 *Are there buzzing noises in your ears?*
13 *Do you have pains across the front of your forehead?*
14 *Do you feel dropping in back part of throat?*

If you have some of the above symptoms your disease is Catarrh of the head and throat.

Answer the above questions, yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out and send to

Catarrh Specialist Sproule
117 Trade Building, Boston.

Be sure and write to-day.

DISEASES of BRONCHIAL TUBES

When Catarrh of the head and throat is left unchecked it extends down the wind-pipe into the bronchial tubes, and may in time attack the lungs and develop into Catarrhal Consumption.

1 *Do you take cold easily?*
2 *Is your breathing too quick?*
3 *Do you raise frothy material?*
4 *Is your voice hoarse and husky?*
5 *Have you a dry hacking cough?*
6 *Do you feel worn out on rising?*
7 *Do you feel all stuffed up inside?*
8 *Are you gradually losing strength?*
9 *Have you a disgust for fatty foods?*
10 *Have you a sense of weight on chest?*
11 *Have you a scratchy feeling in throat?*
12 *Do you cough worse night and morning?*
13 *Do you get short of breath when walking?*

If you have some of these symptoms you have Catarrh of the bronchial tubes.

Name .....

Address .....

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Moles, Warts and Small Birthmarks are successfully and permanently removed by Electrolysis. This is the only safe and sure cure for these blemishes. Thick, heavy eyebrows may also be beautifully shaped and arched by this method. There are several poor methods of performing this work, but in the hands of an expert it may be done with very little pain, leaving no scar. I have made this work one of my specialties, and with fifteen years' experience the very best method in use, and a determination to make my work a success, I can guarantee satisfaction. Write for booklet and further particulars.

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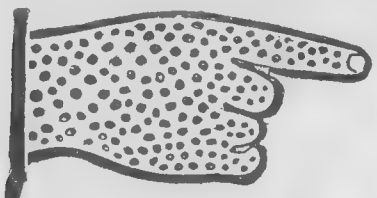

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Woman and the Home.

Give and give Again.

Have you any cheery greeting?
Tell it out to-day;
While you wait the friend and message
May have gone away.

Let the one who sighs for comfort
Feel a hand-grasp true;
It will cheer the way, and surely
Can't impoverish you.

We are all the time regretting
When it is too late,
And some heavy heart has broken
While we hesitate.

Lives are human, though so often
We disguise our pain;
Some are hungering for your comfort,
Give and give again.

Some Good Things to Learn.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself? The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.

Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in this world keep the bad to yourself.

Learn to attend strictly to your own business. Very important point.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism.

Learn to greet your friends with a smile. They carry too many frowns in their own hearts to be bothered with any of yours.

The Home Speech.

No parents who have the means to buy decent clothes would allow a son or daughter to go out in search of a position without seeing to it that he or she is neatly dressed. Appearances count for much, and clothes and a clean face are so obvious that they are usually well attended to.

Manners come next. They should come first, it may be; but, not to quarrel about that, they generally get some attention in the final instructions, if it is nothing more than "Now mind your manners, Jimmy, and be polite to the gentleman."

There still remains one other thing—we are now considering appearances, not character—and that is the speech of the applicant, the language in which he states his case and answers questions. Here it is that many a boy or girl undoes all that neat clothes, clean hands, and an acceptable deference have accomplished.

"Are your parents living?"

"Nope—er—that is, both of 'em ain't. I got a mother, but I ain't got no father." Indeed, he does not get any farther, because the prospective employer does not want a boy from a home where such language is used.

In some families the trouble is, of course, lack of early advantages. Here the only remedy is the resolve that the children shall have those advantages. But more often the blame must be laid to carelessness and slipshod manners in speech. A little thought, a little attention here will count for much.

"Gush"

"Gush" is a rather objectionable, if expressive, word, and the act for which it stands—over-expression—is usually regarded with some contempt. But when you come to think over the people of your acquaintance, are they not as a whole more in danger of saying too little than too much in acknowledging a kindness? If one has bestowed a gift, entertained a friend, gone out of his way to do a favor, he does not mind effusiveness, but he finds it hard to excuse indifference and lack of appreciation. The notes acknowledging wedding presents are often so perfunctory and indefinite that their effect is like a dash of cold water in the giver's face. The gentle art of saying thank you needs to be carefully studied. It has a close connection with the number and quality of our friendships and an even deeper influence on our own characters.

The Stocking Basket.

Mending stockings might well be thought a prosaic occupation, if not a dull one. The woman who sits down every week before twenty pairs, worn by active feet, big and little, often finds the pile discouraging, although she would not have it smaller by a single pair.

But there is a curious, half-mysterious charm in the work. It is as if it typified all wifely and motherly duty. Even the maiden aunt, with a darning needle in her hand, has the air of the matron. The cosiest corner in the house is most fit for the stocking basket and its presiding genius. An incontestable verdict against a gorgeous palace recently built by a rich man was pronounced by a woman, herself both refined and rich: "There isn't a spot in the whole house where I could darn a stocking."

It is amusing or pathetic, but true, that the modern stocking should have taken the place held by the medieval shield. To bide at home and polish the shield was then the sign of wifely devotion. The worn stocking may not lend itself so easily to the demands of poetry but it is none the less a beautiful and appropriate symbol.

There was a time within twenty years when it seemed as if stocking-mending were doomed. The needle was temporarily discarded. A clever writer, speaking of the fact, said it was the natural re-action from an age which worked wool parrots with beaded eyes to an age which hires outsiders to darn its stockings. But to-day the pendulum has swung back, and my lady presides again over the stocking basket — whether it is filled with dainty Parisian hose of silk, or with stout woollen socks, fit for tussle with thorn and wind and weather.

The Mothers' Parliament.

Trouble With Early Bad Habits.

I will relate at some length a few of the habits of a three-year-old boy in my own family, and the success with which we have combated them. The first one which I noticed was a most alarming habit of heavy breathing, which appeared when the child was no more than six months old. The breathing at times was perfectly normal, but at frequently recurring intervals it was thick and labored to a painful degree. Strangers invariably thought it premonitory of croup, and those who knew him better feared the lungs were already diseased. Constant watchfulness on the part of those nearest him confirmed the impression that the heavy breathing was only a habit, and we set ourselves to correct it. Always during sleep the breath came as quietly and softly as with any child, and it was only when under excitement that it became alarming. The first thing, then, was to have as little excitement as possible, and upon the first symptom of labored breathing to remove the child to perfect quiet. As he grew older, and more capable of comprehending our wishes, we gradually taught him to know that it displeased us and to stop at our command. By degrees the intervals during which the breathing was normal became longer and longer, until this was the general state, interrupted only by occasional departure. Now, at three and one-half years, there is not a trace of it. As the same child began

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talking he tried to speak faster than he could form the words, and a habit of stammering was rapidly forming. We did not wait until we had a fully-formed habit to battle with, but attacked it immediately, not allowing a single sentence to be uttered until the one preceding it was slowly spoken and distinctly enunciated.. It took time and patience, but the process involved less of suffering to the child than it would have done at any later time, and he speaks now much more clearly and distinctly than his mates. A habit of squinting, and another of sitting stooped in his carriage, were cured by constant care. There was another, the cause of which we never could determine, which proved most obstinate. This was, at first, thought comparatively harmless, and was simply the turning forward and downward of the upper part of the ear. It soon became evident that, if persisted in, it would ruin the shape of the ears and thus the whole appearance of the head, and we set to work to correct it. The task seemed almost hopeless at first, for watchfulness, commands, and even punishment produced but little effect. We persisted, however, and in time were rewarded by a complete victory.

Apt Followers.

Do parents half realize how apt their children are in imitating their sayings and doings, or how great, how very great, may be the influences of their own daily acts upon their children for their future good or evil? I say evil, for, innocent and artless as little ones appear, that wonderful store-house, the mind may, almost unconsciously to all about them, be storing up something mamma or papa has said or done, and which therefore must be right. And they will at the time, or long afterward, make use of their knowledge in a more striking way than the aforesaid parents dream of.

Some, by way of caution, and with a wink toward some uncommonly bright child, will use the trite saying: "Little pitchers have big ears." Or, perhaps, a parent quotes it with a hearty laugh after hearing a smart child repeat what he had much better not have heard. Again, ways and actions of a mother are often repeated with almost dramatic effect by a child with its playmates or dollies.

To give a forcible example of this—which might readily call up a smile were it not disheartening to think of its lasting effect upon the child. and how similar things are constantly occurring all over this wide world of ours—some children were at play in front of a well-appearing mansion when a bright-eyed little girl, somewhat under six years of age, screamed out to a youngster who was seated on a curb-stone making hasty-pudding of the soft mud in the gutter:

"Bob, you good-for-nothing little scamp, come right in the house this minute, or I'll beat you till the skin comes of!"

"Why, Angelina, Angelina, my child! What do you mean? Where do you learn such talk?" exclaimed her mother in wondering surprise. as she stood on the step graciously bowing off an elegantly dressed caller. Then she added apologetically, "Children pick up such strange language."

Angelina looked up innocently and answered, "Why mother, you see we are playing, and he is my little boy, and I am scolding him just as you did me this morning; that's all."

Alas! is it all? Will that child. if she lives to become a wife and mother, treat her children differently? Will she not, too, in self-forgetfulness repeat the most common phrase in some mother's vocabularly? — "I don't see where my children learn such things."

Can we, indeed, wonder that the children of such parents do not turn out more gentle and pure-minded, that they are more apt to reproduce the evil than the good they learned in the home of their childhood? And in the same way the apparently innocent yet too frequent card-playing, the social glass, etc., may they not lead them still further? Ay, to gambling, excess in wine-drinking, and a less high-toned sense of morality. Then let us earnestly plead for more gentle care and watchfulness over the little ones. who from their earliest childhood are pliable and will receive such impressions as will tell upon their future and bring forth fruits for good or evil.

Dressing In One's Best.

"Well," said a boy of fifteen, surveying himself with unusual complacency when he was arrayed in a handsome new suit. "I do like to be dressed in my best." Vanity is by no means monopolised by the feminine contingent. Men and boys have their full share of it. Women. in token of their supposed indoor condition and duties, in these days wear the rich satins and elegant silks and laces. Men are satisfied with cloth of black, brown or grey, and set it off with white linen. Yet a man enjoys good clothes and likes to be clad as sumptuously as his purse will allow.

Every prudent woman knows that to put on her best clothes for common wear is to have nothing left wherewithal to appear on occasions. Therefore, she cherishes the good gown in the closet, the nice hat in the bandbox, and the best shoes and gloves put carefully aside. A careful and thrifty matron tries to have some garments in reserve. The second-best gown is a great comfort. One may enjoy it, and not worry lest anything happen to it.

Wherever practicable, a woman should make an afternoon toilette. so that her dress, either with a knot of ribbon at her throat or in her hair, or her fresh gown and apron if she be busy about her house, may have an air of leisure, different from the work-a-day look of her morning dress.

The children enjoy seeing their mother well dressed, and insensibly the household is toned up.

Taking a rest.

Guests And Guest-room.

A neat and tidy hostess is often much annoyed by the carelessness of a guest who keeps her room in dire confusion.

IF THE LIVER IS LAZY

STIR IT UP BY THE USE OF

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Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25 cents per vial, or 5 vials for $1.00, for sale at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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Young women are apt to throw their things about till the pretty guest-chamber, so attractive on their arrival, looks as if a cyclone had struck it. Shoes here, hats there, nothing where it ought to be. Everything misplaced. One of the marks of a really agreeable guest is that she keeps her room in order. If there is no servant in the house, or if there is only a single maid, the guest should make her bed, and thus minimise the labors of the hostess. At times, too, a guest should remain in her room. Most families enjoy being sometimes alone, and a guest who requires to be amused and entertained from morning until night is rather too much of a tax.

Hints on Butter-Making

Never dip the fingers into the pail while milking. Milk with dry hands. Carry the milk to the dairy while warm from the cow. It must not be allowed to cool before straining in the creamery, or putting through separator.

Place the cream in a a deep earthen vessel, and stir well when adding fresh cream.

Never churn until the last added cream has been mixed twelve hours and it has an acid tastee and a satiny appearance.

Keep churning room as near sixty degrees as possible. Never fill the churn more than half full of cream. Churn at medium speed. Always use a thermometer, and in summer churn at sixty degrees.

Open the vent and allow the escape of the gas a few minutes after commencing the churning.

Stop as soon as the butter breaks, open the churn and add a little cold water.

Churn a few seconds gently, until the butter is like grains of wheat, then draw off the butter-milk, and add cold water for washing. Repeat this until water runs clear.

Remove butter to the worker, and sprinkle the finest, driest salt over the granular butter, one-half ounce to the pound for mild, and one ounce to the pound for salt butter, and one tablespoonful of granulated sugar to ten pounds of butter.

Mix the salt and sugar through the butter carefully and set away in a dry cool place for six to twelve hours before making up.

The Swiss Breakfast

Breakfast or no breakfast: the substantial Anglo-Saxon morning meal, with its porridge, toast and ham and eggs, or the slim and appetizing coffee and rolls of the continent of Europe? These are never ending considerations, and each of them has its advocates. The most important point is: Which is the healthiest and most conducive to bodily strength? For the late riser who does not engage in any muscular labor or sport, the no breakfast system may prove not only quite possible, but a decidedly health-giving plan. Many people find the method of postponing eating until an hour after rising the only possible one for them. The Canadian travelling for the first time in Europe is apt to consider the morning rolls and coffee a decidedly meagre and quickly vanishing sustenance. But when looked into in detail, this combination presents some points decidedly in its favor so far as nourishment goes. A diet expert of Toronto who has just returned from a ten weeks' stay across the Atlantic and spent a considerable part of her time in Switzerland, was asked the other day what she thought of the Swiss breakfast in regard to nourishing qualities.

"Not so bad," was her verdict. "We reckoned it all up, and came to the conclusion that altogether we were getting about as many 'calories' as we would from an ordinary Canadian breakfast. We took in account all the butter on the rolls, and the milk in the coffee, and the honey—there was always honey served for breakfast."

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"One of the boys, who works with me, gave me half a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I took them and I got such satisfaction that I got another box, and before I finished it I could enjoy sleep from 10 p.m. until 6 a.m., and now feel good."

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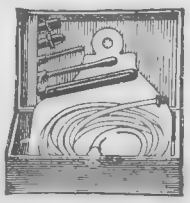

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Montreal, Can.

YOUR HEART

Does it **Flutter, Palpitate** or **Skip Beats?** Have you **Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain** in left side, **Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart?** If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use **Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets,** the remedy which has made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the **Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves.** Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when **Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets** will cure you. Here is a sample of what they are daily doing:

"Upon my word as a minister of the gospel I could not have lived had it not been for your Tablets. I had heart trouble severely for fifteen years and many doctors had failed. I could scarcely walk fifty steps, could not lie on my left side, had fluttering and pains most excruciating. I am now well."—W. H. Thompson, Adams, Ky.

One thousand other recent genuine endorsements will be mailed you with the free treatment.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. address, to **Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 957, Augusta, Maine,** will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Don't risk death by delay.

$3.50 Recipe FREE For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have it Free and Be Strong and vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—with out any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest acting restorative, up-building, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

To-Morrow.

How many hearts with longing hopes
  Are waiting for to-morrow;
To some 'twill bring its wealth of joy,
  To some its cup of sorrow.
We bear the burdens of to-day
  And often find them lighter
In thinking that to-morrow's sky
  Will be a little brighter.
Our hearts would oftentimes grow faint,
  And we be still more weary,
The world would have less charms for us,
  And life seem dark and dreary,
If it were not for hopes that cling
  To something yet before us;
To-morrow's hand of promise holds
  Its silken curtain o'er us.

Interesting Items.

Suggestions for Housewives.

Salt added to starch is responsible for the gloss on linen when it is ironed.

Elderberries and green grapes, equal portions, or tart apples, make a fine jelly.

Use chocolate creams for a cake filling, or place them on top and frost all over.

Moths will not come where clothes have been sprinkled with turpentine; they hate the odor.

Crisp cabbage may be substituted for celery in chicken salad when the celery is out of season.

Unbleached calico shrinks in the wash. Allow an extra inch to each yard in making it up, to allow for this.

To keep the whites of eggs from falling after being whipped try adding while whipping a pinch of cream of tartar.

Instead of laboriously grating chocolate for cooking purposes, break it into good sized bits and stand over boiling water until melted.

Put an orange or a lemon in the jar or box with your newly made sweet cakes or cookies and you will find it will give them a delicate and delicious flavor.

Don't move a cake in the oven when you want to see if it is baking well. Open the door quickly, strike a match, and you can see at a glance the whole surface.

A most useful article in the kitchen is a small child's slate, on which to write articles to be ordered from the butcher or the grocer as fast as they run short.

After cooking, rub your gas stove off with a cloth dipped in turpentine. Polish off with another.

For a fine white dress that has become yellow, put it in a stone jar, cover with buttermilk. Let stand a day and a night. Then wash and starch with blue starch.

Do not put your white clothes away with starch in them, leave them rough dry. The starch rots them.

For those who require something a little warmer than a cotton nightdress and find flannelette too heavy, nun's veiling is very comfortable, as well as dainty, when combined with insertion.

A teaspoon of powdered alum to one cup of luke warm water, snuffed into the nostrils will stop bleeding from the nose.

To remove gum from any fabric, soak in kerosene. That will soften it and it can easily be removed.

Dr. Philip Jones, of the Baptist Publication Board, was recently asked if the book store had done a good holiday trade.

"Yes," said he; "they did—especially in Polar literature. Cook books and Peary articles were much in demand."

"A Grand Medicine" is the encomium often passed on Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and when the results from its use are considered, as borne out by many persons who have employed it in stopping coughs and eradicating colds, it is more than grand. Kept in the house it is always at hand and it has no equal as a ready remedy If you have not tried it, do so at once.

Aids Nature

The great success of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in curing weak stomachs, wasted bodies, weak lungs, and obstinate and lingering coughs, is based on the recognition of the fundamental truth that "Golden Medical Discovery" supplies Nature with body-building, tissue-repairing, muscle-making materials, in condensed and concentrated form. With this help Nature supplies the necessary strength to the stomach to digest food, build up the body and thereby throw off lingering obstinate coughs. The "Discovery" re-establishes the digestive and nutritive organs in sound health, purifies and enriches the blood, and nourishes the nerves—in short establishes sound vigorous health.

If your dealer offers something "just as good," it is probably better FOR HIM---it pays better. But you are thinking of the cure not the profit, so there's nothing "just as good" for you. Say so.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, In Plain English; or, Medicine Simplified, 1008 pages, over 700 illustrations, newly revised up-to-date Edition, cloth-bound, sent for 50 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of wrapping and mailing *only*. Address: Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, **my home treatment** with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell **all** women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men **cannot** understand women's sufferings. What we women know **from experience,** we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for **Leucorrhœa** or **Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement** or **Falling** of the **Womb, Profuse, Scanty** or **Painful Periods, Uterine** or **Ovarian Tumors** or **Growths,** also **pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar** to our sex.

I want to send you a **complete 10 days' treatment entirely free** to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that **it will cost you nothing** to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. **Just send me your name and address,** tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you **free of cost** my book—"**WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER**" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to **think for herself.** Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures **all, old or young.** To **Mothers of Daughters,** I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures **Leucorrhœa, Green Sickness** and **Painful** or **Irregular Menstruation** in **Young Ladies. Plumpness** and **health** always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this **Home Treatment really cures** all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. **Just send me your address,** and the free ten days treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address:

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H. 86 • • • WINDSOR, Ont.

Special February Offer

WEEKLY FREE PRESS and PRAIRIE FARMER, Winnipeg, - - -	$1.00
WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg,	1.00
Regular Price, - - -	$2.00

SNAP OFFER

BOTH FOR ONE YEAR

$1.00

THIS OFFER DOES NOT APPLY TO THOSE LIVING WITHIN THE CITY OF WINNIPEG LIMITS OR IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. IT HOLDS GOOD, HOWEVER, TO GREAT BRITAIN.

____ _____ 1912

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg.

Find enclosed $1.00 for which send the Weekly Free Press and Prairie Farmer, Winnipeg, and the Western Home Monthly, to the following address for one year.

_____

Don't Wear A Truss!

Brooks' Rupture Appliance Will Cure You. No Obnoxious Springs or Pads. Sent on Trial.

James A. Britton, 80 Spring St., Bethlehem Pa. U.S.A., says : I was ruptured for six years and always had trouble until I got your appliance. My rupture is now all healed up and nothing ever did it but your appliance.

Brooks' Appliance, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that cures rupture will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. **Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb.** No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Pat. Sept. Sept. 10, '01. **Sent on trial to prove it.** Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Write me to-day.

C. E. Brooks, 94a State Street, Marshall, Mich. U.S.A.

$3.50 Recipe Free For Weak Kidneys.

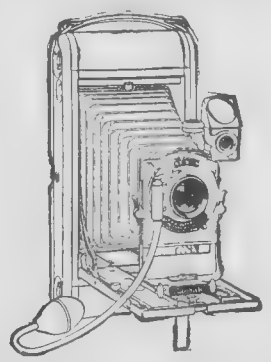
Relieves Urinary and Kidney Troubles, Backache, Straining, Swelling, Etc.

Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you $3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K2045, Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe, contains only pure harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.



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472 Main St., Winnipeg

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BROTHER accidently discovered root will stop tobacco habit. Gladly send particulars. E. N. Stokes, Mohawk, Florida.

Correspondence.

We invite our readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all the interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print, and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. A friend of the magazine, offering a kindly criticism, writes that the correspondence column has at times an air of monotony, as one writer after another follows the same phraseology. We wish to warn our correspondents against this common error. A little independent thought will help mental development, and readers of The Monthly will find valuable aid in the study of the many instructive articles by eminent men that appear from month to month.

Not as Good as Yours Truly.

Emmaville, Sask., Nov. 26, 1911.

Dear Editor,—I have been an interested reader of your valuable paper for many years, and think it one of the best to be had for the price. It is most suitable for the young men and women. I think the "Young Man and his Problem" most instructive, also the page "About the Farm," for in that there are always many things of value that a farmer needs. The hint to beginners in poultry breeding is sound advice, and I think that all will do well if they follow it carefully. Well, I have written before, but as I have not seen my letter in print, I am trying again, hoping to be one of the lucky ones this time. I am 30 years old. I have eyes of blue, fair complexion, 5 feet 6 inches high, and I weigh 140 lbs., so I am not very big. I notice that most of the girls like a big fellow, but I hope that some of them will change their minds and write to me, for I am sure that there is not another bachelor within a hundred miles of here that is as good as yours truly, even if I am saying so. I never drink or chew, but I have a quiet smoke. I think that a man who never smokes is a crank, for all I have met yet are. So now, girls, hurry up with those letters and don't forget they will all be answered promptly. I hope that this is not taking up too much space in your valuable paper, and thanking you in advance. I will sign myself, Smoker.

Interesting and Varied Articles.

Calgary, Alta.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to your very interesting paper. I must say since I first saw The Western Home Monthly I was held by the very interesting and varied articles which it contains. I especially enjoy the correspondence columns as conducted in your paper, and will be glad if you will accept me into your circle. I see it is the custom to give a description of one's self, so here is mine. I am 18, and am five feet ten inches tall. I weigh 145 lbs. I came from Toronto six months ago and like this "City of the Plains" very much. I am fond of reading and writing and sports. I would be pleased to hear from correspondents, especially those of the fair sex, namely, Western Cowgirl, A Lonely Child and Brunette and Blonde. Hoping that this will escape the "crumpling hand," I am a sincere friend of "The Monthly." Address with the editor. A Lonesome Scribe.

Six Months of Single Bliss.

Stoppington, Alta., Nov. 23rd, 1911.

Dear Editor,—I have been a subscriber to your interesting monthly during the last year and I would like a corner in your correspondence columns, as I have six months of "single bliss" to live out on the homestead during the coming winter, and if I don't get some girls to correspond, I shall be crazy in the spring at Ponka in a padded cell. You know, I am one of those young fellows that believe in "having a good time," as we are only going through this world once, and so don't want to miss anything that's good. I don't believe in drinking, but I have to be excused on an election day, Christmas day—and my wedding day. I don't care for smoking, but it's great to show off with an Havana cigar occasionally. Dancing why, I am never so happy as when I feel myself waltzing through the air to the strains of the "Blue Danube," etc. I was very straight laced and religious once, but time slips around, for "we are only poor weak mortals after all." I enjoyed very much reading "The Young Man and His Problem" by Rev. J. L. Gordon, who I once had the privilege of hearing, but I can say that some papers and books and periodicals, are full of good advice and right living; but, after all these exhortations, there isn't much "bucking up" to the standard, and the world goes on just the same. The Western Home Monthly is the best family paper yet published, especially for the young folks. I suppose some readers will imagine I'm one of those "fast ones." Well, I must say, I hope I'm not that bad yet, although I believe in having a good time, and being jolly, and trying to make life worth living. I know there is a limit to everything and when things get "breezy" I "vamouse." I think the average man or woman knows when they are going too far, and it's up to them to exert their will power and see what they are made of. I have been in Western Canada now six years, most of the time in Calgary, and can say I never was stuck for a job yet. I can work at half a dozen different trades, Photographer, Carpenter, Telegrapher, Cook, and last, but not least, homesteading. Yes, I can "cook" all right, and the neighbors round here think it must be easy for me to "catch it." I am in good standing here with the married folks, going round showing them how to make "the bread rise." But, after all, I wish I had a sister or brother, or some other specimen of the "Human Form Divine." I am the only one in the family and my people are in France, and when I see two young people loving and cuddling one another, I think it is time I got busy also, and did something myself. Well, I suppose, I must polish off on the same route as the others. I suppose I am an Englishman (don't know), am 21 years and 9 months old; fair golden hair; blue eyes and dark eyebrows; height, 5 feet 5 inches; weight 135¼ lbs. I was brought up on the sea; have been in France, Spain, Maderia, Canaries, South America, and came to Canada six years ago. I must say I am greatly enamoured with the French Girls, so if any "Francaise, Jolie Jeune Fille" in Ontario or Quebec see this letter, please write, and all you Western girls, ditto. My address is with the editor. Anglais-Francais.

A Happy New Year.

New Brunswick, Nov. 9, 1911.

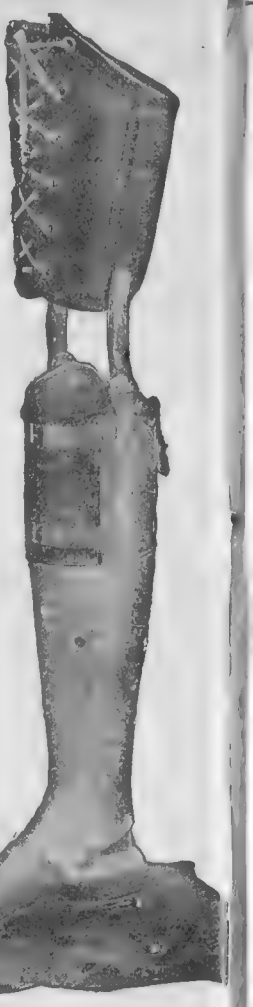
Dear Sir,—As I am a subscriber to your grand paper and a reader of the correspondence column, I thought I would try once again to join your circle. I am a farmer's daughter, 18 years old. As for my looks I guess I can pass in a large crowd. I love to write letters and also receive them. I would like to hear from the West, as I hope to be there sometime soon. Now, if anyone would like to write to me I will answer all letters. Now, boys, get busy and write to lonely little girl in the East. Wishing your paper every success and all the readers a Happy New Year, I will sign myself, Bertie.

A Great Country.

Findlater, Sask., Nov. 6, 1911.

Sir,—Having been a reader of your paper for the last six years, I think it is pretty near time I joined your circle of correspondents, and be up-to-date with the rest of them. Well, for myself, I think Canada is a great country for a person to get along in,

Artificial Limbs



To show our artificial limbs to the experienced wearer is to make a sale.

They are neat, strong, light, and practical.

We can fit you out at short notice with the best that money can buy.

Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.

J. H. Carson

357 Notre Dame Avenue, Winnipeg

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

GRASSHOPPER

OINTMENT and PILLS

a Poisoned Hand, Abscess, Tumor, Piles Glandular Swelling, Eczema, Blocked and Inflamed Veins, Synovitus, Bunions, Ringworm or Diseased Bone, I can cure you. I do not say perhaps, but I will. Because others have failed it is no reason I should. You may have attended Hospitals and been advised to submit to amputation, but do not for I can cure you. Send at once to the Drug Stores for a box of Grasshopper Ointment and Pills, which are a certain cure for Bad Legs, etc. See the Trade Mark of a "Grasshopper" on green label.—Prepared by ALBERT & Co., Albert House, 73 Farringdon Street, London, England (copyright).

Wholesale Agents. The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 86, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged persons troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

WANTED

Reliable parties to do **Machine Knitting** for us at home. $7 to $10 per week easily earned. Wool, etc., furnished free. Distance no hindrance. For full particulars address :

The Canadian Wholesale Distributing Co.

Orillia, Ont.

SEVERE COLD
DEVELOPED INTO
PNEUMONIA

DOCTOR SAID HE WOULD NOT LIVE.

Next to consumption there are more deaths from pneumonia than from any other lung trouble.

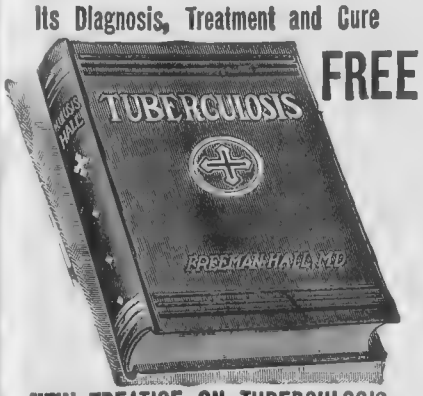
There is only one way to prevent pneumonia, and that is to cure the cold ust as soon as it appears. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will do this quickly and effectively.

Mr. Hugh McLeod, Esterhazy, Sask., writes:—"My little boy took a very severe cold, and it developed into pneumonia. The doctor said he would not live. I got some of your Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and he began to improve right away. He is now a strong, healthy child, and shows no signs of it coming back."

Do not be talked into buying any oth Norway Pine Syrup, but insist on getting the original "Dr. Wood's." It is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price, 25 cents.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Consumption
Its Diagnosis, Treatment and Cure
FREE



NEW TREATISE ON TUBERCULOSIS
By FREEMAN HALL, M.D.

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, it will instruct you how others, with its aid, cured themselves after all remedies tried had failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to The Yonkerman Co., 1692 Rose St., Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail Free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment absolutely Free, for they want you to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write to-day. It may mean the saving of your life.

MAPLE LEAF BROOCH

HAND CARVED PEARL LEAF—double size of picture, and mounted with your own initial in rolled gold. Warranted to wear 5 years. Set with beautiful Panama brilliant. Send 20c. Money positively refunded if not satisfied.

VOKES JEWELRY CO.
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WATCH AND RING FREE

We give an American made, stem wind and set Watch, GUARANTEED 5 YEARS, also fine Congo Gem Ring for selling only 20 of our **NEW MOTTO PICTURES** at 10c each. Regular price 25c. Send for pictures and large premium list to-day. We send them postpaid. When sold, send us the $2 00 and Watch and Ring and a nice Chain will be sent promptly.

Satisfaction Guaranteed. Alton Watch Co. Dept 105 Chicago

of course there are bad times, but taking it all round it is all right. I am a homesteader myself, three miles from railway station, and am just starting on my last six months, and then I get Patent in spring, so I don't think any country gives chances like that, as I started with nothing and have kept it going with just my wages. Well, for a description of myself. I am 5 feet 4 inches, weight about 135 lbs., 30 years of age and English. As I shall have lots of spare time this winter, I would like to have a few lady correspondents, anywhere between 20 and 30 years of age. Would like to hear from Old Country girls especially. I hope I won't be disappointed, as all letters will be answered. Hoping to see my letter in print. Will sign myself,

Little Fellow.

Would Like it Oftener.

Alta., Dec. 20, 1911.

Dear Editor.—Hello! old timers, another one in your circle from the West. Am subscriber to the W.H.M., and like it; too bad it don't come more times than it does, a person finds a lot of sound reading in it from cover to cover, and I always read it through. I like the correspondence column, that's generally where I start to read first, then to the other parts of the paper. Am a young farmer in the south-eastern part of Alberta, and like it very much; have been here for the last eight years. Own a half section of land, as most all the farmers here do, and fine place at that, as you will see. Have lots of hay, more than I need for my stock. We have lots of coal and wood. as I live five miles from the bush. I read some of the letters this evening, and had to laugh at some of them. I see some of the girls detest tobacco, but different here. I like a good smoke in the evening and after every meal, and like all kinds of sport, indoors or outdoors all the same to me. as it's pastime. Well, I think this is enough, or the Editor will kick me out because I'm taking too much of his time. So I will close. Like to hear from some of the fairer sex, if they will write; my address is with the Editor. Wishing the W.H.M. every success, will sign,

Alberta Rooster.

Fond of Candy.

Estevan P.O., Sask.,
Dec. 25th, 1911.

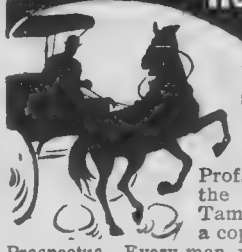
Dear Editor.—I have been a reader of your paper for the last two years, for which I thank you. The W.H.M. is a good paper, not because I want to get in the happy circle do I say it, but for the pleasure and instruction I have derived from it. Whilst reading the correspondence column it has struck me that some good friends can be found, so have forwarded you a letter which I trust you will pass along. Next winter I intend to go homesteading, so if anybody would like to come along let them write to me. Now I must give a description of myself, as it will not look right if I do not. I am of a happy disposition, with lots of fun, do not chew, smoke or drink intoxicating liquors, but I eat a lot of candy, in fact a regular "candy kid." I am very fond of dancing, singing and all outdoor exercises; I weigh 140 pounds, fair hair, grey eyes, five feet eight and a half inches high, and have never been turned down for my good looks. Now, girls, I would like to hear from you, and any letters I receive will be answered promptly. Thanking the editor for the space in his valuable paper, I will now close, signing myself, K.I.D.

Coming West.

Ont., Dec. 23, 1911.

Dear Sir.—I have been a reader of your W.H.M. for some years now, and find it is nearly impossible to do without it, in fact, I think so much of it that when I am away from home I always have it forwarded to my address wherever that may be. I sent two other letters to you, but I guess they must have found the W.P.B.; but I hope this will fare a little better, as I would like to see it published. I always find great enjoyment reading the correspon-

Owners of Kicking, Tricky, Scary, Balky Colts and Horses!
Write for Prof. Jesse Beery's Grand Free "Horse-Trainer's Prospectus"



Every owner of a vicious, scary, balky, tricky, kicking, biting, unruly horse or colt will be interested in the announcement that Prof. Jesse Beery, world-famous as the King of Horse Trainers and Tamers, without charge, will give you a copy of his wonderful Horse-Trainer's Prospectus. Every man, young or old, who is ambitious to make a big success will find this book a stepping stone to a money-making profession. All who love horses will want to know what the greatest horse trainer in the world knows about controlling these noblest animals of the brute creation.

King of Horse Trainers and Tamers

Prof. Beery was tremendously successful in giving exhibitions of his marvelous skill in training horses and mastering man-killing stallions. He traveled all over the United States, thrilling vast audiences everywhere. Honors were showered upon him by admiring thousands. He has now retired from his marvelous career in the arena and is giving the world the benefit of his priceless knowledge, having established a correspondence system of horsemanship, the only instruction of its kind in the world.

Make Worthless Horses Valuable!

Prof. Beery's System of Horse Training enables you to turn horses whose viciousness or bad habits make them utterly worthless and unsalable into valuable, useful animals.

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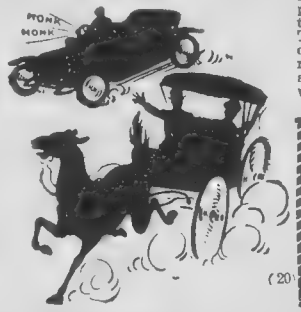

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As a proof of my every claim as to what Vitality means for you and other human beings, I publish a free, illustrated book (fully described below) which you owe to yourself to send for and read. Every sentence contained in this publication is a gem of necessary advice, and you will not be alone in your request, for I have sent over a million of these books (now translated into seven different languages) to people all over the civilized world. I also make and distribute an inexpensive vitalizing appliance for the use of my patrons. I call this appliance a **HEALTH BELT,** because it means health and health alone and because it is made up in the form of a belt, this being the most convenient way to send vitality into the body. While my **HEALTH BELT** costs but little, I do not want you to consider the purchase of one now, for you must first get my free book and see what I therein say about cases such as your own, and I would want you to also read and consider the various illustrated articles on self restoration of lost vitality or vital vigor, and on man's natural vitality, its uses and abuses. Later, if you find you want my **HEALTH BELT** with suspensory or other attachments, I will make some special arrangement so you may have one to use until you are well, strong and vigorous again. I promise you we will not quarrel as to terms when the time comes, but first get the book and you can consider the **HEALTH BELT** later.

It may interest you to know that the **VITALITY** produced in such great quantities by my **HEALTH BELT** is the result of an electro-chemical action, so that when the wearer switches on the force, it starts flowing into the body and continues so to flow all the time the **HEALTH BELT** is worn. Sixty to ninety days is sufficient in practically every case, but I guarantee the flow of vitality to last for one full year. You place the **HEALTH BELT** comfortably around your waist nights upon going to bed, taking it off mornings. Thus you feel pleasant, soothing, restful, nerve-quieting sensation as the force of **VITALITY** passes into your nerves, blood and organs. It is absolutely harmless even to the most delicate person, and can impart nothing to the system but strength and vigor. If there is any pain or weakness in the back, it usually disappears from the first time **BELT** is worn. Immediately you feel better, stronger, more ambitious, more capable and almost before you are aware that time is passing, you find yourself answering "Never felt better in my life" to your friends' greeting, and they in their turn will secretly marvel at the wonderful change for the better in your appearance. The man who is thoroughly vital is a giant of power in his community. Women as well as men are charmed by his vigorous "magnetism" and are glad to be near him. All this talk about the hypnotic power is nothing more than the natural and irresistible influence which a thoroughly vital man can exert. If, reader, I thus give you an abundant vital supply, I put you in the class with other full blooded, vigorous, strong, manly fellows of your acquaintance.

The reward of VITALITY is a clean, strong, manly, courageous, vital personality.

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Call or write to me and I will at once arrange to let you have the Belt on trial, not to be paid for until cured. No deposit or advance payment. Send it back if it doesn't do the work. Liberal discount for cash if you prefer to deal that way.

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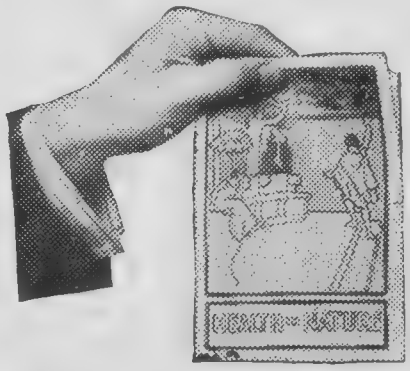

There is no obligation of any sort involved in your writing for this book; you can get it now and read it at your leisure. It is a book which will be a revelation to you, as it contains certain heretofore unpublished words of advice and chapters of information of value to the young man, the man about to marry, and the middle-aged or elderly man alike. It is a book of tremendous cheer and encouragement to the man who will help himself by taking good care of his general health, while the VITALITY is being added to his system, but it is a book of despair to the man who wants vitality, yet continues to burn up his vital energy by indulging in wasting practices and dissipation If, reader, you need new, manly strength and will help me and help my HEALTH BELT, by leading a decent, manly man's life, free from excess and degrading practices, then I can offer you every encouragement in the world. The book gives you all these facts and much more. It also fully describes my HEALTH BELT with its various attachments. The book is printed on fine, coated paper and is filled with photo reproductions. Send for it now. Remember, the HEALTH BELT cures rheumatism and many other complaints, too.

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dence. In your issue of December, 1911. I read a letter by Young Farmer, and I certainly agree with him. I think he is right in his ideas, and certainly commend him for airing his views on the subject. I have spent time, money and labor, both in the city and country, and have always found the advantage in favor of the country. I think you will always find failure in both places, because you will see men and women in the city, and vice versa, that ought to be turned around, and then again you will see people that will make good, and are a credit as well as a success in either place. I think you will find that brains count everywhere; but the advantages taken all in all are in favor of the country. I am glad that the Doctor had the courage to air his views on the subject, but I hardly think anybody else would attempt to give utterance to such thoughts now, since the Doctor has been criticized so unmercifully. I would like to say something in his favor, but I cannot agree with him, but will give him credit for his honesty in his views anyway. I will now cut my letter short. I would be pleased to correspond with some of the nice young ladies in the West, as I am thinking of coming West in the spring. I remain,

Excuse Me.

Two Jolly Boys.

Edmonton, Alta., Dec. 12. 1911.

Dear Editor,—We are two jolly bachelor boys, and we ask admission into the family circle. We buy the W.H.M. regularly, but have never written before. We do not wish to take up too much space, therefore we will just ask for a few correspondents between 18 and 22 years of age. Hoping to hear from farmers' daughters, I will say good night.

Flint and Sleepy Dick.

Scotty to the Fore.

Virden, Man., Dec., 1911.

Dear Editor,—As I am a subscriber to your interesting paper, the Western Home Monthly, I would like to join your happy circle. I think it is a suitable paper for both old and young. I look forward to the Correspondence Column every month. I am a Scotty, and came across the pond two years ago. I am working on a farm west of Virden. I would be very pleased to correspond with the fair sex if they will write first. I am 18 years of age. 5 feet six inches high, blue eyes, fair hair, and not bad looking. I will close now. Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success. I will sign myself, A Lonesome Flower.

In the Old Country.

S. Croydon, England, Nov., 1911.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I hope I am not taking too great a liberty in writing to tell you how very much I like your book. I have read several of them and like them better each time. My sister has them from Canada, and I go and see her about once a year, and I always go for your book. Now I have asked her if she will let me have it each month. Three of us already read it, and now another person wants it. I like the correspondence very much — everybody seems to be so jolly and nice. I feel rather sorry for those lonely bachelors out West sometimes, and I should very much like to write to some of the girls if they would write to me. I am 21 years of age, and I will sign myself,

A Sympathiser.

A Bright Idea.

Pelee Island, Ont., December, 1911

Dear Sir,—Just let me step in with the rest of the happy crowd. It is with much pleasure and interest that I read your valuable paper, and think it one of the brightest ideas that ever was invented, not only for the lonely bachelors, but for the lonely girls, too. Well, I suppose I may just as well as the others fall in and follow them. I am 5 feet 6 or 7 inches in height, and have brown hair, and same kind of eyes. I weigh 145 lbs., and look all right at a distance. One thing more, I would like very much to correspond with A Voice from the Wild in October number. With best wishes for The Western Home Monthly and hoping this will find a little room in your paper. To all who would like to write, my address is with the Editor. From a lonely sprig of Scotch Heather.

The Hired Man.

Colonsay, Sask., Dec. 16th, 1911.

Dear Sir,—In perusing the letters of the correspondence column month after month, I notice particularly the duels between "The Doctor" and "The Farmer." If you will permit, I would like to step in by referring to "Young Farmer," who is one of the duellists. To start with, he has signed the truth all right when he signs "Young Farmer." That alone makes his letter ridiculous in criticising "The Doctor." He talks small when he says "he knew men in business in town, who would have been bankrupt years ago had it not been for the farm, the old stand-by, the profits of which they spend on their town business to keep up appearances." It's the other way on, now, "Young Farmer." By the joyful way "Young Farmer" writes, he never homesteaded fifty miles from a railroad. He talks of the pleasure of hitching up a prancing team to a buggy any time he feels like it, and the pleasure of having willing fat horses around, knowing that it's his treatment and care. The hired man, I suppose, would be at the straw pile all day long, feeding the fat cattle all night long, bucking wood and carrying water in between times. If "Young Farmer" does not keep him at it he will find himself "sunken in debt and paying of the mortgage with the proceeds." It's the hired man that does the business part of farming that we hear so much about. "Young Farmer" does the pleasure part of it, driving the prancing team around. His topic for discussion, "Town Life versus Country Life," from a pleasure standpoint is easily answered; in fact, there is nothing to discuss, because there are not the pleasures in the country that there are in the city or town. What pleasure is there in living in the country, unless it's walking behind four sections of harrows all day, or going to the bush and cutting a load of poplars in the winter? No, "Young Farmer," I am a farmer, too. If I had space I would tell you why the city offers a better chance to the individual. "Madge of Arcadie" hits it right on the head. The price of wheat goes down, down, down, and the price of flour goes up, up, up. Why, the butcher buys beef from me for ten cents a pound and sells it for from fifteen to twenty a pound to my next neighbor. "Take it or leave it." "A pioneer Homesteader," who is six feet two inches tall, gives "The Doctor" a dig, too. "The farmers furnish the towns with most of their provisions," he says. "Where would 'The Doctor' get his porridge and eggs in the first place?" There's one thing, "The Doctor" pays for his porridge and eggs. He pays forty cents a dozen for eggs to the grocer, who pays the farmer fifteen cents a dozen, and not in cash either. That's what "The Doctor" smiles at the farmer for. "A Pioneer Homesteader" admits that the farmer works harder and earns his money more than the doctor does. "The Doctor" thinks so, too, and that's the reason he's in the city. Mr. Editor, I would like "Young Farmer" and "Pioneer Homesteader" to see this, so that they may hit me back. I am three feet three—and nervous. Girls, my address is with the Editor.

Single and not Contented.

Worth a Dollar.

Clova, Sask., 12, 12, '11.

Dear Editor,—I have had The Western Home Monthly for one year and I think it is a good all-round paper, and is certainly worth the dollar. As a bachelor, I certainly enjoy the correspondence columns. I can read by them that some of the boys like to "batch." it. I had 160 acres in crop this year, and I found out that this was enough for me let alone the housework. I got 4,400 bushels, so that is all right for one man. Now if anyone will care to correspond with me, my address will be with the Editor. I will sign,

Dandy Jim.

One of Natures Beauty Spots.

A Wanderer Returned.

Dear Editor,—I have just been reading the many interesting letters in the correspondence column, and am so interested as to desire to write a little too. I am only a new subscriber, but much interested. Now as regards Young Farmer's letter in December issue and the discussion on city or country life one might write volumes on that. I have lived in both places, and was brought up on an Ontario farm. For my part, I see much more amusement and comfort in a city, for the reason that the thousands of people there contribute to each other's comforts. A farmer could not individually have his own paved streets, sidewalks, his electric lights, sewerage, street cars, etc., while the city people all contributing such things can well afford such comforts. Then too, as a community they can keep up fine parks, athletic grounds, theaters, churches, etc., that are not possible for a farmer to have; at least, not conveniently. On the other hand, the country people enjoy a much more free independent life, less confined to the customs of society, more of the deeper, purer charms to be seen in nature and the wonderful spots in this great and beautiful world. Very much could be said on both sides. I should enjoy reading the discussions. I am a widower, and have seen some of both the good and the evil of this world, though yet I think young enough to be classed as a young man. I should like to make the acquaintance through your columns of some nice young people who would appreciate letters and be willing to correspond. I am dark complexioned, height 5 feet ten inches, weight 150 lbs., Protestant, do not use liquors or tobacco, and do not play cards. Since renting my farm in Ontario I have worked at carpentering. I went from there to Cuba, where I have a small fruit plantation of oranges, grapefruit, bananas, pine-apples, etc., but wearied of that charming and sublimely indolent life, so returned to my native Canada. I spent one summer on the Pacific coasts, but am now in Alberta. I have experienced reverses and accidents, and am now minus part of one foot; have had some of the Tropical diseases and mental worries so that I know how to appreciate a good thing and can make life worth living. I will try to write interesting answers to all letters received. Trusting to the goodness of our esteemed Editor to publish this, I am, yours sincerely, A Returned Cuban.

The Mermaid and The Western Home Monthly.

Newfoundland.

Dear Sir,—Once again I emerge from the serene and azure depths of the broad Atlantic to seek the congenial society of the men and maids in the columns of The Western Home Monthly if the Editor will kindly grant me (his marine admirer) a little space. Among the many papers that find their way to my submarine grotto, I must say The Western Home Monthly is a first favorite, reading being my pet hobby. I hope none of you have the mistaken idea, actuated by pictures, that the chief occupation of a mermaid is that of gazing at herself in a mirror. I must tell you, we sea folk are very studious. No doubt you have all

Pains After Eating

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CURED BY THE HERBAL TONIC

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP!

The success of Mother Seigel's Syrup as a cure for indigestion, and stomach and liver disorder, is backed by the world-wide testimony of those who have proved its worth. You can always satisfy yourself of the genuineness of the testimonials printed, as the name and address of every testifier is always given.

In this instance, it is Mr. Thomas Peets. the well-known mill-owner of Duart, Ont., who wishes you to know how Mother Seigel's Syrup has cured him of a severe attack of indigestion. He writes:—"I suffered acutely for over a year, never escaping the violent pains that attacked me after food. Even half a potato was sufficient to put me in misery, but since taking Mother Seigel's Syrup I can eat anything, hot bread, pies and pastry, and rise from the table feeling fit to go right on with my work.

"The pain in the stomach and bowels has entirely left me, as has the constipation that troubled me for some time. During the attack I lost 40 lbs. in weight. I also suffered a great deal with wind on the stomach, and my heart would thump violently on the slightest exertion.

"I shall always feel grateful to Mother Seigel's Syrup, as it has entirely removed all the pains that made life and business so irksome."

When the digestive organs have from any cause become weak, out of order, no medicine will so quickly and thoroughly restore them to good condition as Mother Seigel's Syrup. As in Mr. Peets' case, you can then eat any ordinary food without distress and you will be nourished by it. No other preparation, whatever, contains the same combination of herbal extracts as Mother Seigel's Syrup. They are selected and combined in such a way as to act directly on the stomach, liver and bowels, toning them up and enabling them to do what Nature intended them to do. Buy and try a bottle to-day!

WEARY DAYS

AND WAKEFUL NIGHTS OF

INDIGESTION

When you rise in the morning fagged out, and dreading your work; when your head is dull and heavy, your tongue furred, and your bowels costive; when you have pains in the chest, stomach, back, all over—your stomach and liver are out of order. Indigestion is poisoning your blood and sapping your vitality! But Mother Seigel's Syrup will stimulate the action of your liver and bowels, clean your tongue, renew your appetite and your digestion, and give you new strength and energy!

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THE DIGESTIVE TONIC

Mother Seigel's Syrup, the favourite family remedy for indigestion is made of *more than ten* different roots, barks, and leaves, which in combination possess, in a remarkable degree, the power of toning and strengthening the stomach and regulating the action of the liver and bowels. This is the secret of its great success in curing dyspepsia, pains after eating, headaches, bilious attacks, constipation, and all kindred ailments. It cures in a natural way, and better still, it cures permanently. Take it daily, after meals.

Mr. James McPhee, Boulardie, Cape Breton, says :—"I suffered for years with severe stomach troubles and sick headaches. I could not eat without having most agonising pains, and would often vomit after taking food. My appetite failed, and I could not rest day or night. I tried all sorts of medicines, but nothing seemed to do me any good until I took Mother Seigel's Syrup. I continued taking the medicine for about two months, and to-day I am *entirely cured*."
—Feb. 17, 1911.

MOTHER
SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The Dollar bottle contains 2½ times as much as the 50 cent size.
A. J. WHITE, & Co., Ltd., Montreal.

heard of the countless schools of fish situated in the sea. Well, they are generally presided over by a very efishent (efficient) mermaid. Allow me to give you a peep at the interior of one of these well regulated institutions. It is brilliantly illuminated with myriad sun and star fish, which shed their rays of iridescent light on everything, everyone is busy; some practising their scales, others pouring over a treatise on "Hooks, and How to Avoid Them," by Adolph In, B.Sc. (a dolphin), while farther on are a company of young swordfish indulging in fencing. Woe betide the scholar who incurs his teacher's wrath, for she immediately summons a couple of thrashers, and by the whales (wails) that presently issue forth, the guilty must surely be suffering. Some of the juveniles are very trying, and it would be better for all concerned if they were at home being "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." I read a letter in the July number from Josephus, and I must say I think it a very sensible letter indeed. He expressed my sentiments so thoroughly, that but for putting the Editor to further inconvenience I should have written him a "shake hands," if he would not mind shaking the hand of so "scaly" a member. Amicus Veritatis in the November issue writes concerning the same letter, but I think he (or she) is far too lenient toward dancing and card playing. Of course, we all know there is nothing sinful in the movements of the body and limbs when dancing, any more than in swimming or skipping, but in the company and associates it generally leads to, and the other vices that often accompany it. As for card playing, dear Amicus Veritatis, I would refer you to an item on the page containing your letter, page 95, entitled, "The Gambler's Kindergarten," which voices my opinion exactly. I suppose there is no need for me to give a description of myself, as no doubt all have seen pictures of a beautiful scaly creature with a wealth of wavy tresses, reclining on a rock in mid-ocean. Now, as the deep is calling, I must wish you (Editor, bachelors and maidens), a bright and prosperous New Year. And away, Mermaid.

Longing Eyes.

One More Recruit.

Sask., Dec. 10, 1911.

Dear Editor,—I have been a reader of The Western Home Monthly for over two years, and think it is getting better and more instructive every month. I have never had courage enough to write before, but would like to join your merry circle in view of getting some correspondents to pass away the long winter evenings. I have a homestead near the Saskatchewan River. I would like to get in touch with Somerset Lass, Lonely Child, Western Cowgirl, or anybody who cares to correspond. I will answer all letters promptly. Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success, I will sign myself, Sask. Kid.

Prefers Country Life.

Ceylon, Sask., Dec. 1, 1911.

Dear Editor,—I have been a reader of The Western Home Monthly for over a year, and enjoy it very much, especially the correspondence column. I wrote once before, but did not see my letter in print, but as I look over my December issue the Editor says he would be pleased to publish any discussions on the subject—"Town Life versus Country Life." As I was born on a farm, I naturally like farm life best, but I have also lived a few months in both large and small cities. I find that on the farm the people are more sociable than in the city, and if there is a picnic the people know how to enjoy themselves, as they have their own horses and buggies, and are used to outdoor life. I also like to be near nature to see and study the work of both God and man. I like to go out in the spring and see the snow melting, and see the birds returning to their summer homes and the cattle in the fields. When the snow is all off, there is nothing more pleasing than to sit on the plow behind six good horses or oxen and see the earth turn over and be prepared for the grain. After the grain begins to come up watch it grow day by day, and then is the time we have our fun going to picnics. Then when fall comes with its harvest it makes a man think that there is no place like the farm. As winter comes in, we

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Added to the Long List due to This Famous Remedy.

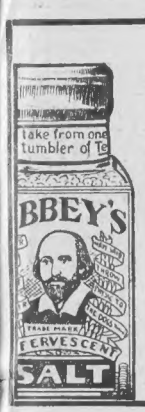
Glanford Station, Ont.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for years and never found any medicine to compare with it. I had ulcers and falling of the uterus, and doctors did me no good. I suffered dreadfully until I began taking your medicine. It has also helped other women to whom I have recommended it."—Mrs. HENRY CLARK, Glanford Station, Ontario.

Another Cure

Harvey Bank, N. B.—I can highly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any suffering woman. I have taken it for female weakness and painful menstruation and it cured me. — MRS. DEVERE BARBOUR.

Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has cured many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, indigestion, dizziness, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result is worth millions to many suffering women.

If you want special advice write for it to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. It is free and always helpful.



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think of our dances and skating and sleighing parties—it is "hurrah! everybody!" and have a good time. But what are our city cousins doing all this time? The average young man or woman that goes from the farm to the city has to work all summer in some hot and sultry store or office, never seeing much sunshine or breathing fresh air. Should the young people of the city get a chance to go out for a picnic, they do not enjoy themselves, as they have to go in a crowded street car. Therefore, give me the country life every time. As I have taken lots of space, I must bring my letter to a close. I will not describe myself, but as I am not over twenty I have yet to get a housekeeper, and would like to hear from some of the fair sex, who will find my address with the Editor. I wil sign myself

A Saskatchewan Batch.

Working Together.

Ontario, Dec., 1911.

Dear Editor,—A few lines from old Ontario might be accepted. The Western Home Monthly is eagerly read in our home, and it is improving with every number. The young men's page and The Philosopher are of unusual merit and deserve greater recognition of the reading public. We in old Ontario are accepted as being staid and very conservative, but nevertheless we are progressing. Our towns and cities are growing. Manufacturers are busy, and farmers are prosperous, owing, I believe, a great deal to the prosperity of the West. We can supply you with the manufacturered article, and we have got to have your wheat. So the East and the West are enjoying each other's fruits. I am a bachelor. I have not heard anyone say yet that I was good looking, but good natured, fair complexion, and weigh 165 lbs., and usually go as a pretty good sort of a chap. Am strictly temperate, a lover of home and church. Would be pleased to correspond with readers of the opposite sex between the ages of 20 and 35. I expect them to be sensible and with a respectable degree of good looks. Wishing The Western Home Monthly continued success, I will sign myself, Miriello.

Two Complacent Girls.

Ayton, Ontario, Dec., 1911.

Sir,—If you have a blank space in your correspondence column, will you please insert these few words for us. We have been readers of your excellent and most valuable paper, The Western Home Monthly, and have taken particular interest in the pages, especially the correspondence column, The Young Woman and her Problem, and also Temperance Talk. We were very much amused by some of the letters, especially those of Inconnu, and Josephus. It is scarcely necessary to say any more about drinking, gambling, swearing, dancing and card playing, for all those that read their letters were surely able to take a good lesson out of them, and we fairly agree with them. We would like to get letters from anybody who wishes to write for fun and pastime. We would answer same promptly, and our address is to be found with the Editor. Wishing The Western Home Monthly and the Editor every success. Will sign ourselves,

Rose of Sharon and
Lillie Forget-Me-Not.

Four English Lassies.

Lincoln, England, Dec. 6, 1911.

Dear Editor,—We take a deep interest in your Western Home Monthly. It is sent to us every month. We often talk about coming out West, but that is as far as we have got. We are four well domesticated British girls, fond of country life, not forgetting a few pleasures, viz., whist drives, dances, and a good all round evening at home. Our ages are 27, 24, 23, 22. Should be pleased to hear from any of your bachelors. Yours faithfully,

Lily, Anne, Edythe, and Maude.

No child should be allowed to suffer an hour from worms when prompt relief can be got in a simple but strong remedy—Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

FAT IS FATAL

Fat is fatal to Health, Comfort, Happiness and often fatal to Life.

Let me send you a trial treatment FREE OF CHARGE. You can get rid of your fat safely, surely and quickly

What my treatment has accomplished in hundreds of cases. It will help you! Try it!

B. A. Richards, Ex-Mayor of Holly Hill, Fla., says: "Your treatment cured me permanently, it has been two years since I stopped taking it and have not regained a pound. It also cured my Dyspepsia and I now enjoy the best of health."

Rev. Mary Kimball, 112 S. Jackson St., Janesville, Wis., says: "Before I took your treatment I was subject to violent choking fits and my friends were often afraid I would choke to death. Your treatment has cured all this and reduced my waist six inches and my hips eight inches. My garments now are all so large they seem as if made for another woman."

Mrs. John Bye, Minneapolis, Kan., says: "Your treatment has reduced my weight from 203 pounds to 145 pounds and has also wonderfully improved my general health. I can do my housework now without pain or the smothering spells I used to have. My husband says it is worth $1000 to him and the children since I used your Kresslin Treatment."

SPECIAL FREE OFFER I have had such wonderful success with my method of reducing superfluous fat that I have decided to offer for a limited time—**free trial treatments.** Hundreds of testimonials on file show that my treatment **takes off fat at the rate of 5 to 7 pounds a week** and what is more, that the fat **does not return** when the treatment is finished. No person is so fat but what it will have the desired effect, no matter where the excess fat is located—stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck—it will quickly vanish without starving, exercising or in any way interfering with your customary habits. My treatment is endorsed by physicians, because of its easy, natural elimination of abnormal flesh and its beneficial effect on the whole system. Perfectly harmless; easy and quick results. Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart Troubles leave as fat is reduced. **Don't take my word for this; I will prove it at my own expense.** Write to-day for free trial treatment and illustrated booklet on the subject; it costs you nothing. Address Dr. J. Spillenger, Dept. 2078 E 72 Madison Ave., New York City.

Editor's Note: Dr. Spillenger is well known as a successful Obesity Specialist and any statements he makes can be absolutely relied upon. He is licensed and registered by the State of New York.

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For nervous breakdown, over-work, over-exertion as well as for the correction of disorders of the blood, the nerves, the heart and premature decline of vital powers

WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT

[à la Quina du Pérou]

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It will maintain the physical strength and energy of the body, animating all the organs of the human system to healthy vigor.

Big Bottle. Ask YOUR Doctor.

Protect Your Complexion During the Winter by Using

BEETHAMS

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It entirely removes and prevents all ROUGHNESS REDNESS, CHAPS, IRRITATION, &c. Prevents all feeling of discomfort from FROST, KEEN WINDS, HARDWATER and keeps the SKIN DELICATELY SOFT AND VELVETY during the coldest weather. Men will find it delightfully soothing if applied after shaving.

M. Beetham & Son, Cheltenham, England.

Bess's Column.

The Proper Care of Gloves.

Gloves are a most expensive part of feminine attire, so t behoves us to take good care of them, so that they will last us a reasonable time. Every girl worth the name likes to be well gloved, rightly considering such to be one of the most infallible signs of good dressing and also of lady-like appearance. It has been said by an authority on good breeding, that

. . . . a lady bred
Dresses feet and hands before her head."

So we may take it, that these parts, which lots of girls think of not so much importance as the suit and hat which are so much more prominent, are generally taken into greater account by the "chiel amang us takin' notes" And rightly, too, for nothing gives one a more slipshod appearance that tattered or battered looking shoes and shabby gloves. Shabby gloves will spoil the appearance of the best suit ever made, while no matter how shabby the suit, if it is well brushed, carefully mended and well put on, it is "helped out" so to speak, if its wearer be well gloved and well booted. Therefore, seeing that gloves bear so important a place in one's wardrobe, we must understand, firstly, how to buy them to the best advantage, and secondly, how to care for them when we have them bought.

Buying Gloves.

Gloves should be carefully bought and as good a price given for them as we can afford, for a good glove will clean time and again, while a cheap pair is done for when soiled; also a cheap glove seems to soil much more readily than that of a better make. Have you noticed that? We ought also, in our glove economy, to buy suitable gloves; light ones being bought only for evening wear, while a sensible shade of tan is more suited for daily wear and tear. Never mind, although your best girl friend, does "sport" light summer gloves, perhaps her purse can stand the expense, while you know yours can't.

Putting on Gloves.

Putting on new gloves is a more important process than many believe, for on this first putting on, their appearance and the time they last depends very largely. New gloves ought never to be put on in a hurry, one ought to reserve this process till one has lots of time. Rather go out in an older pair than risk ruining a new pair by straining them on anyhow. If jerked on anyhow, in a hurry they are apt to split somewhere or else the side seams of the glove fingers will be down the middle of the fingers instead of at each side, or the fingers will not be down to the tip of the glove fingers. How often do we notice this in the gloves of our apparently well and carefully gloved friends. Just take a look at your friends' hands carefully one day and see how many have paid due attention to this important detail. The careful person who wants to make the most of her dress allowance, will fit on her gloves in the afternoon or evening, or any odd idle half hour she has, and will coax, rather than force them on. Holding the hands to the fire occasionally will help to stretch the kid. She will put the fingers in their places first not the thumb, and

Carefully Work Them on

with the first finger and the thumb of the other hand until the fingers reach the very glove tips, seeing that side seams are where "side seams should be". She will, however, not press up between the fingers where they join to the palm of the hand in the mean time. She will next put in the thumb with great care and work it on very gently, (also having due care to the position of the side seams.) Next she will turn back the glove and slide it over the hand and wrist, working the glove into its place with the lightest pressure, and never, no never, hauling forcibly at the top edge of the wristlet, as nothing so surely pulls a glove out of shape. Now, she will with the gentlest pressure, pull the glove into position and will gently put in the first button. So many people do not do this the first time putting in the second instead, thinking they will give the glove "time to stretch." So it does, but it stretches at the wrong place and pulls it out of proportion. Put in the first button at the first try on, it will go in just as easily then as later, and will thus keep the glove in its proper form.

Sew All Buttons on Gloves.

whenever you receive the gloves and before you even try them on, just the same as I hope you do with buttons on shoes or on a ready-made waist. If you don't you run the chances of losing two or three the first time of wearing and this means hunting around after you come home for "that kind of button" and finally, either having to go out and buy, or else put on some that don't match, giving a second-hand look immediately to your gloves, besides giving you double the work you would have had, had you firmly stitched on the originals before wearing.

There is also a

Right and a Wrong Method to Take off Gloves.

In taking them off, do so without wrenching or tugging. If the hands are hot gently coax the gloves off, then blow into them to restore to their original shape, and fold nicely, putting the thumb folded towards the palm. Do not roll them into a ball, but lay lengthwise in their glove box. If any buttons have come loose, stitch firmly into place before putting the gloves in the box, or if a nip or tear shows, mend immediately. A glove needle is necessary to the proper care of gloves, as an ordinary needle splits the kid. Cotton the color of the glove is better than silk, which pulls away the kid, and one should always have a few spools (tan, brown, beaver, etc.,) in the house for the mending of gloves, for a "stitch in time" in glove mending, saves a great many more than "nine." If there is a gap or hole, do not be content to pull this together, or it will break out again. Do several rows of button holing one on the top of each other, at each side of the gap before joining. If a real hole that cannot be "bridged" in this way, mend it with a corner of kid of the same color from an old pair of gloves ,overhanding the patch neatly on the right side. Never bite or jerk a thread to break it, or you will jerk it out of the kid, and the result will be a hole—always cut it. Save old gloves for mending—the fingers make capital coverings for a cloth on a sore finger.

Cleaning Gloves.

Any kind of glove can be cleaned with soap and water, if not made too dirty. Put on the hands and button in place, then wash as you would your hands, using as little water as possible and trying to keep the inside as dry as you can. Rinse and dry in the air and when dry, fit on very carefully. They will be hard and stringy, but if you take care to fit on very carefully they will look like new. Cleaning with benzine is more quickly done but care must be used as the benzine is so very inflammable. Cleaning with benzine is best done by daylight and with the gloves on the hands.

White Kid Gloves

may be cleaned with cream of tartar. Rub the soiled parts thoroughly with cream of tartar and let lie in it for an hour or so, then rub with equal parts of powdered alum and Fuller's earth, using a new (or thoroughly clean and dry) nail brush or tooth brush. They can be washed with skim milk and white soap using a clean flannel; change to a clean part of the flannel as it gets dirty. When clean wrap in a clean towel. They will dry quite soft.

Storing Gloves.

If you have light (or other) gloves that you are not going to wear at present owing to mourning or an overplus or any reason whatever, keep them in an air tight tin or they will soon spot. Your best gloves, or those not in daily use, should be wrapped in tissue paper before being laid in the bottom of the glove box.

In taking off new gloves some people advocate turning the wrist of the glove, after taking out the buttons, over the fingers, and taking hold of the glove tips through this and gently withdrawing them. This is much easier on the gloves than pulling at them with the fingers. Smooth out all wrinkles before laying them aside.

LITTLE ECONOMICS.

How a Girl Can Take Care of Her Clothes.

As a working girl myself, and as I realise that scores of my sisters who know the value of money, know also that it is wise to economise in little things, I pass on a few hints that in my own experience have been helpful, in the hope that they may prove so to W. H. M. readers:

Silk Undervests.

If you have silk hose or undervests, do not put them in the family wash, but wash them out yourself as you would laces, in warm soapsuds, never rubbing soap on them but gently dipping them up and down in the soapy water. Rinse in clean warm water, partly dry, then pull into shape and iron with a moderately warm iron, with a soft cloth between.

Silk and Woollen Waists.

When a white silk or white woollen waist is to be laid aside and not worn for some time, owing to mourning or other causes, it should be carefully wrapped first in clean tissue paper and then in an old clean, washed sheet, to exclude all air and prevent it turning yellow.

To Clean Corsets.

There is no more excuse for dirty corsets than there is for dirty underwear, as they can be just as easily cleaned as the latter. First, carefully remove the laces from the back and then withdraw all the bones. Now, lay the two halves flat on the table and scrub with a clean nail brush and warm, soapy water. Rub till clean, then souse liberally with clean, warm water; when nearly dry, iron with a moderately heavy iron, replace bones and laces and mend thoroughly, and you have a pair of corsets that look as good as new.

Tulle Rosettes and

Summer Stocks

may be made to appear fresh and crisp by ripping them apart and passing the tulle through the steam of a pan of boiling water. Chiffon and silk "mousseline" may be treated in the same way but must afterwards be pressed under a damp cloth. A tulle or chiffon hat which has become "limp" may be freshened and stiffened by steaming it well, made up as it is, then leaving it aside untouched till quite crisp and dry.

Do Not Have Your Skirt Fray

on the lower edge of the frill, or on the skirt proper. It is very, very common to see this, yet nothing looks as or betrays the "slut" so quickly. Nothing saves the edges of your skirt like braid, so have the edges of your skirts all neatly edged with it. It saves the skirt immeasurably and is easily replaced when worn or frayed. If you keep all your skirts nicly bound, the edges will stay "good" as long as the rest of your suit, and a neat edging of velveteen or "brush" braid looks neat as well as preserving the skirt. It should project one-eighth of an inch below the edge of the skirt so as to afford the necessary protection. A friend of mine, who always looks the acme of neatness, edges even her white tub skirts with "rick-rack" braid, and she is always a pattern of neatness. For her morning skirts for house wear, she saves all her pieces of black velvet neck ribbon and waist ribbon and binds her skirts with this. She says she finds it of a much better wearing quality than the bought velveteen edging and for a morning skirt the many joins don't matter.

To Clean Laces.

Laces always look dainty when clean but dirt makes them neither valuable nor attractive. Old lace which has become too much yellowed to look pretty may be bleached a little by being wetted and put in strong sunlight for a short time. As a rule real lace is not ironed, but if this seems necessary, iron it under muslin and over a pad, (say a folded sheet) so as to raise the design. White lace which has become dirty, may be soaked all night in milk and soapy water, then soused up and down in the liquid, rinsed in cold water, and patted till nearly dry. Then lay out flat on a folded sheet, pinning out each scallop till nearly dry, when it should look like new. Ordinary imitation lace looks best done in this way, or if it must be ironed, that is, if it is a fairly heavy make, it is best ironed under muslin on a pretty thick pad, pressing it, of course, on the wrong side. To clean real lace it should be placed between layers of clean tissue paper, well spr nkled with calcined magnesia, and put between the leaves of a book under a heavy weight for three or four days. Then shake the powder off and you will find the lace to look almost like new.

Rusty Looking Black Lace

should be rinsed in a cupful of water with a tablespoonful of borax and the same of alcohol, wind round a bottle covered with muslin, and pin down each scallop till perfectly dry.

To Stiffen Silk Waists.

These will have just the stiffness of new silk waists if when washed, they are rinsed in water in which a little methylated spirit has been put.

Initialling Your Linen

Many girls are very fond of having their Christian initial embroidered on all their linen, and it is quite a pretty fad, don't you think? But when one has to buy separate transfers for each article, say, 1 doz. for handkerchiefs, ½ doz. for corset covers and so on, it becomes quite an expensive item. Now, it is quite a simple matter to let one transfer mark any quantity, if you will let me whisper my secret in your ear. Have a piece of coarse open Swiss muslin and press your transfer on to this with a hot iron. The transfer will come off on the muslin and this can be placed on each article where you want the lettering to be, and gone over with a lead pencil. The pencil marks through the open work of the muslin and you have the transfer just as neat as if you bought a separate one for each article. If not quite distinct on the article when you remove the muslin, go over it again with a pencil, as sewing tends to obliterate it at anyrate.

To Wash Your Silk Waist Well

is not a difficult matter, but they must get separate treatment from the rest of the family wash, if they are to retain their prestine freshness for an indefinite period. Here are a few general rules:

Do the work quickly; rinse thoroughly press or squeeze out the dirty water, but never wring the silk. When the washing is completed, spread out the articles on a clean dry sheet or cloth and roll up, trying to have always a fold of the dry sheet next a fold of the wet silk. Iron in an hour or less. My rule is to put on the irons to heat after I have the waists rolled up in their dry sheet. Never hang silk out in the open air to dry; if you are delayed in getting to your ironing and and you find the silk too dry; do not dampen it as this is never a success, instead damp the cloth and roll up the too dry silk in it having a roll of damp cloth always next the dry silk. Do not use too hot an iron. Iron with a piece of cheese cloth or muslin between the silk and the iron. To wash the white silk, it is a good plan to melt soap as you would for woollens, or to shred some white soap finely into a basin of hot water, then stir with a spoon till it is dissolved. When cooled a little put in the dirty waists, squeezing out the dirt, rather than rubbing, and above all being careful never to wring or stretch the silk as this breaks the threads quicker than anything. If ironed damp they do not need stiffening, but if a little is liked and some silks seem to require it put a little methylated spirit into the rinsing water. Above all take an afternoon to your silk waists, when you are not rushed, as careful washing will prolong their beauty indefinitely and one careless washing will ruin all.

Comfort for the Dyspeptic.—There is no ailment so harassing and exhausting as dyspepsia, which arises from defective action of the stomach and liver, and the victim of it is to be pitied. Yet he can find ready relief in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, a preparation that has established itself by years of effective use. There are pills that are widely advertised as the greatest ever compounded, but not one of them can rank in value with Parmelee's.

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They are made in the big sanitary factory in Winnipeg and come to you in air-tight packages or in sealed tins as you prefer

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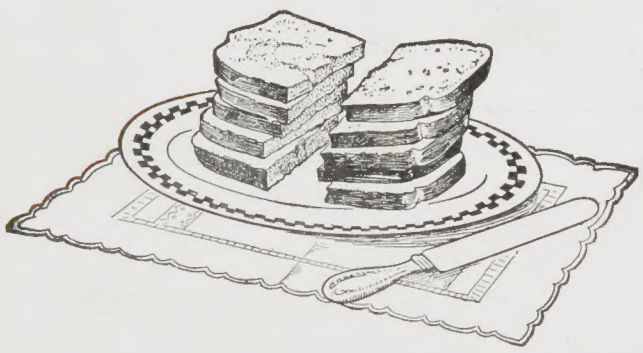

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